31 songs and 3 cheers for the IRISH

Words and Music/Chord Symbols Included

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING ■ A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN ■ MOTHER MACHREE ■ TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL ■ WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS ■ THE DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY AND 25 OTHERS

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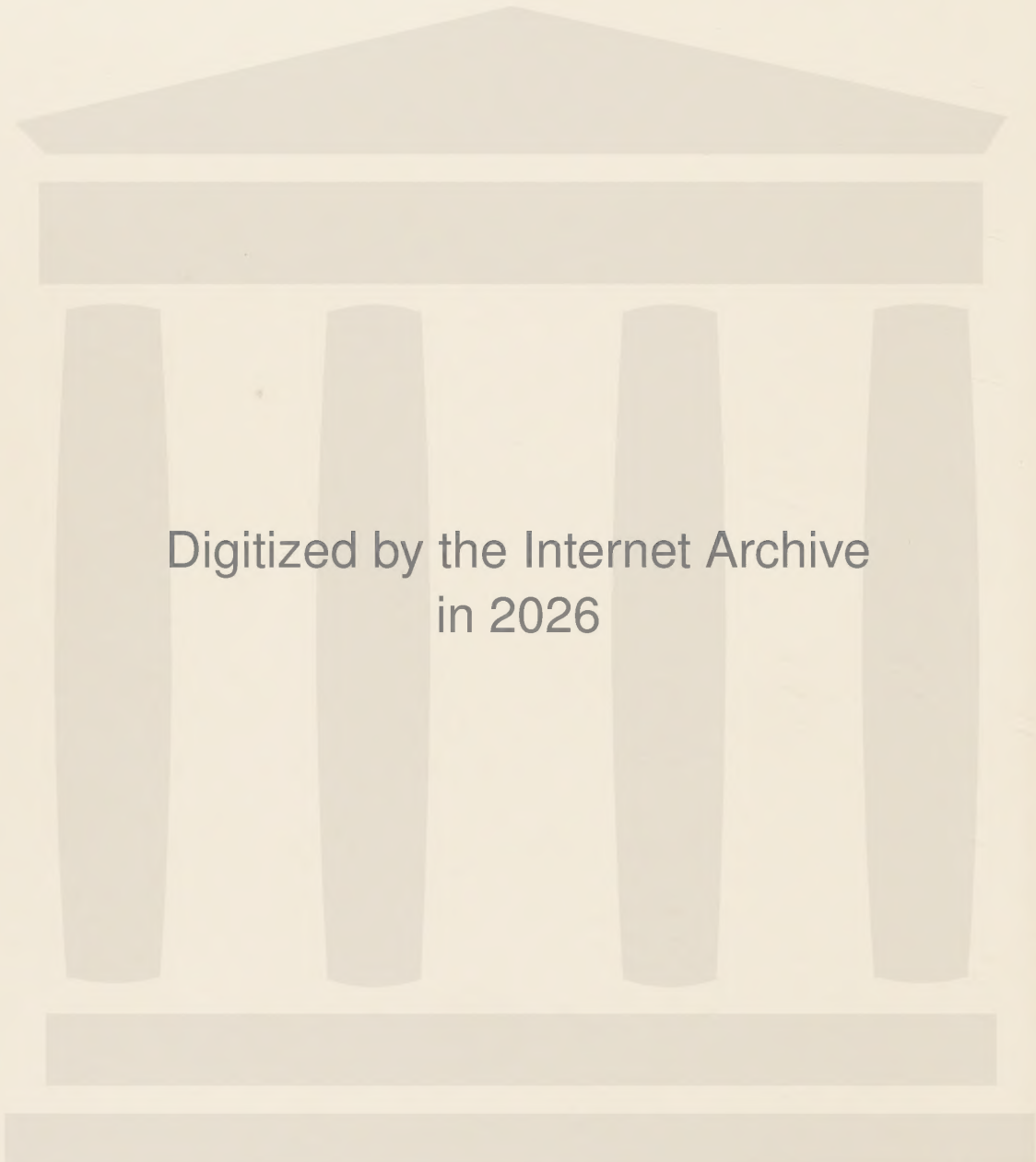

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31 songs and 3 cheers for the IRISH

Compiled by NAT KORN
Edited by ROSS HASTINGS

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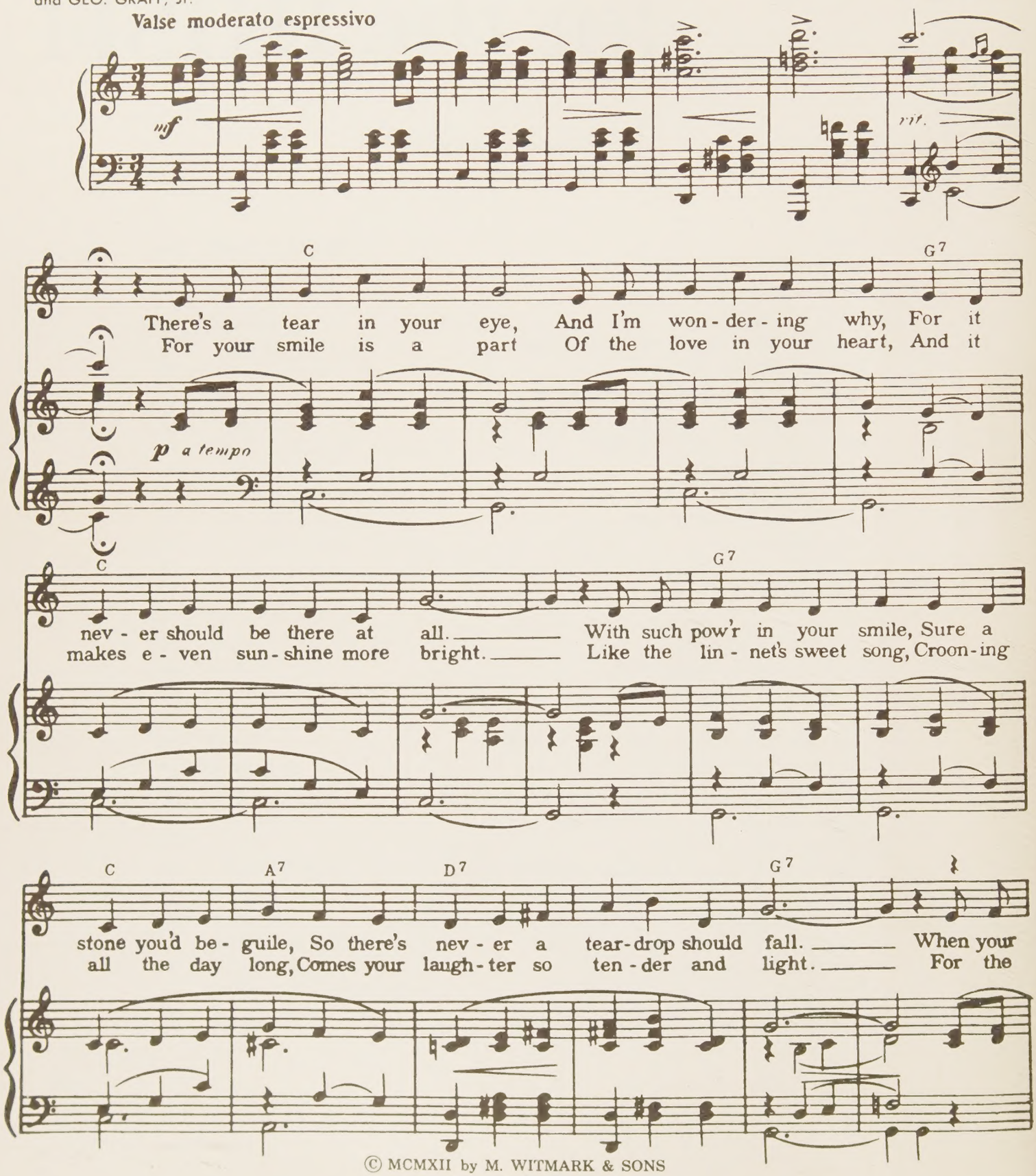
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Lyric by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
and GEO. GRAFF, Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Valse moderato espressivo



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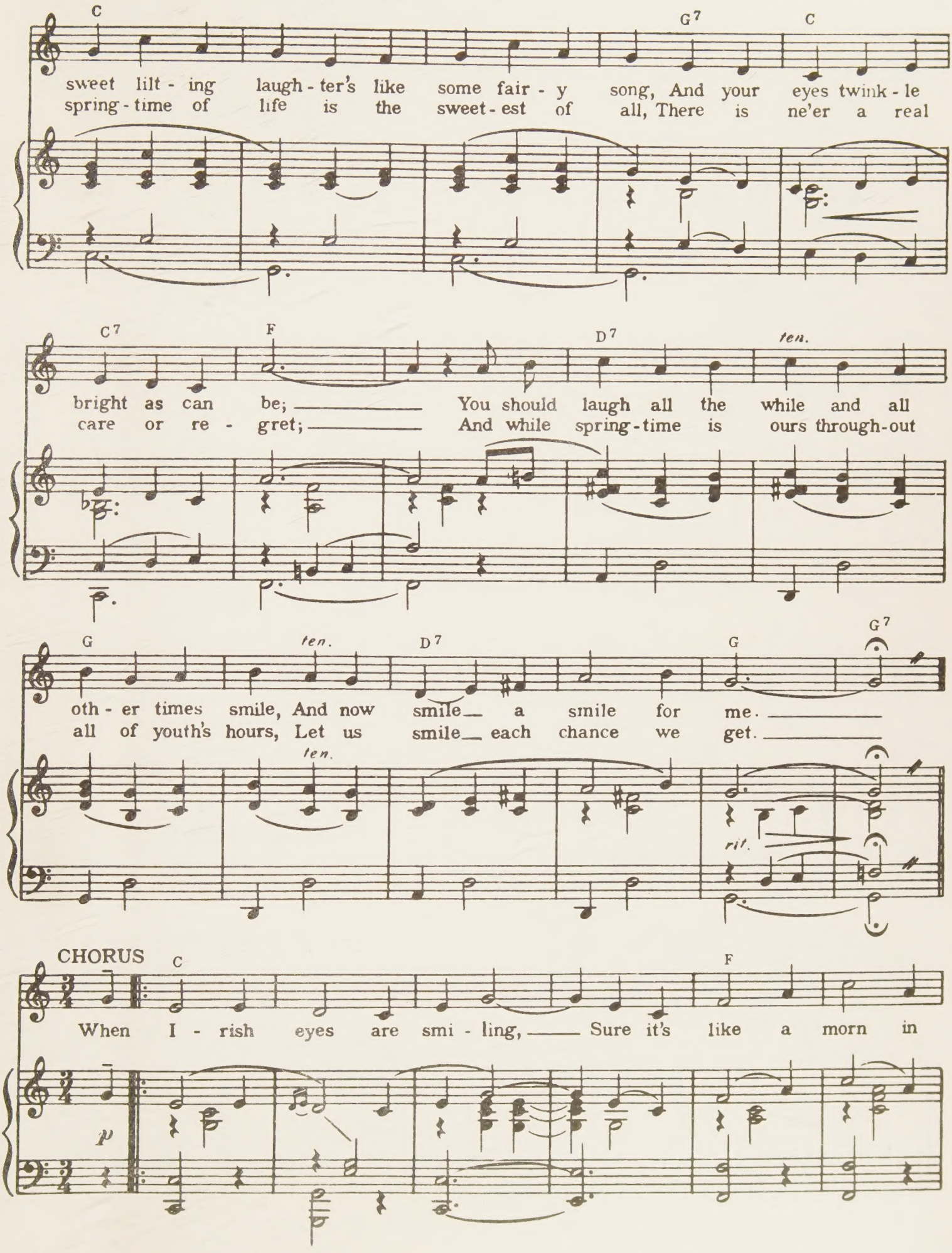
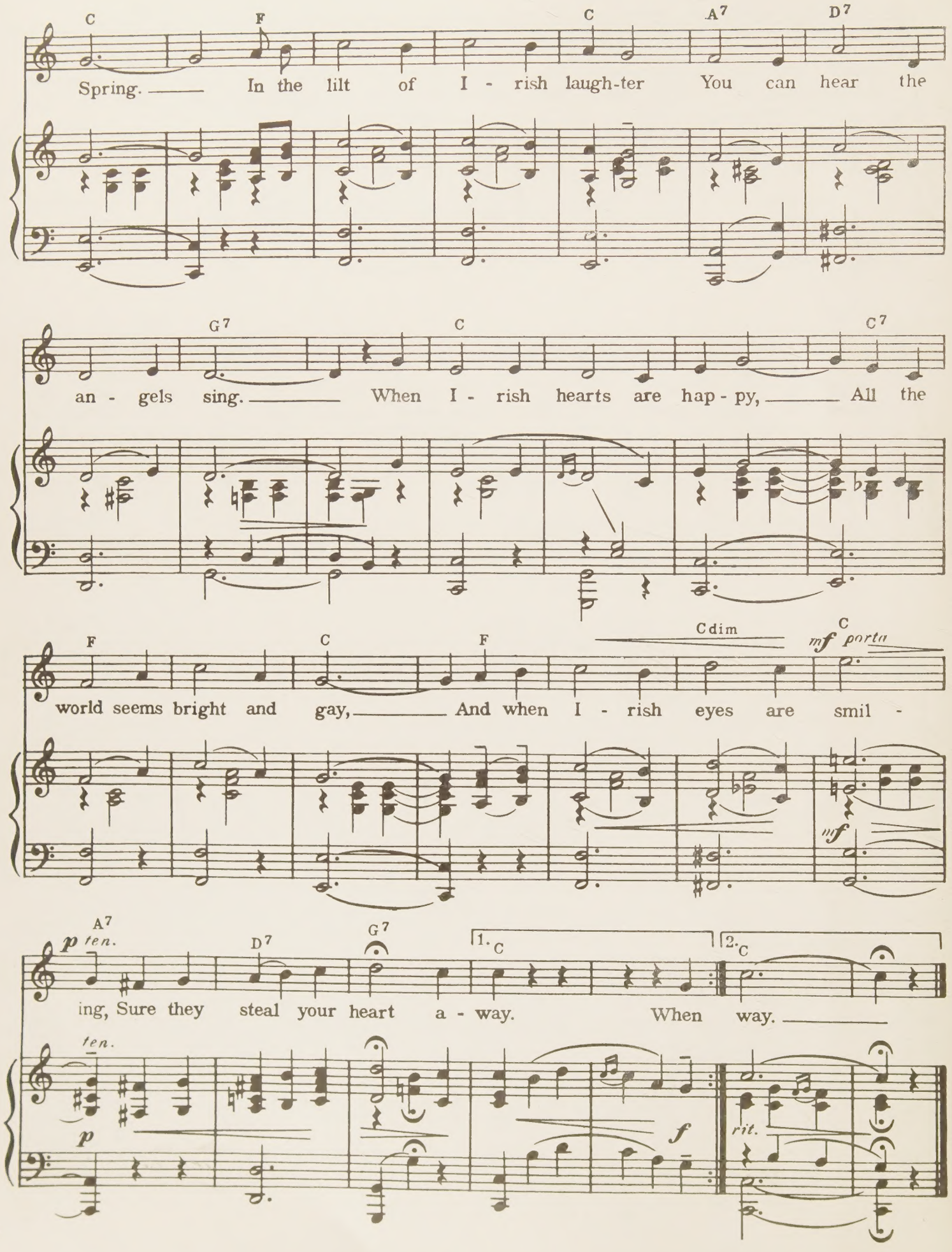

C
G7
C
sweet lilt - ing laugh - ter's like some fair - y song, And your eyes twink - le
spring - time of life is the sweet - est of all, There is ne'er a real
C7
F
D7
ten.
bright as can be; You should laugh all the while and all
care or re - gret; And while spring - time is ours through - out
G
ten.
D7
G
G7
oth - er times smile, And now smile a smile for me.
all of youth's hours, Let us smile each chance we get.
ten.
rit.
CHORUS
C
F
When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure it's like a morn in
p


C F C A7 D7
Spring. In the lilt of I - rish laugh-ter You can hear the
G7 C C7
an - gels sing. When I - rish hearts are hap - py, All the
F C F Cdim C
mf porta
world seems bright and gay, And when I - rish eyes are smil -
mf
A7
p ten.
D7 G7
1. C 2. C
ing, Sure they steal your heart a - way. When way.
ten.
p
f
rit.

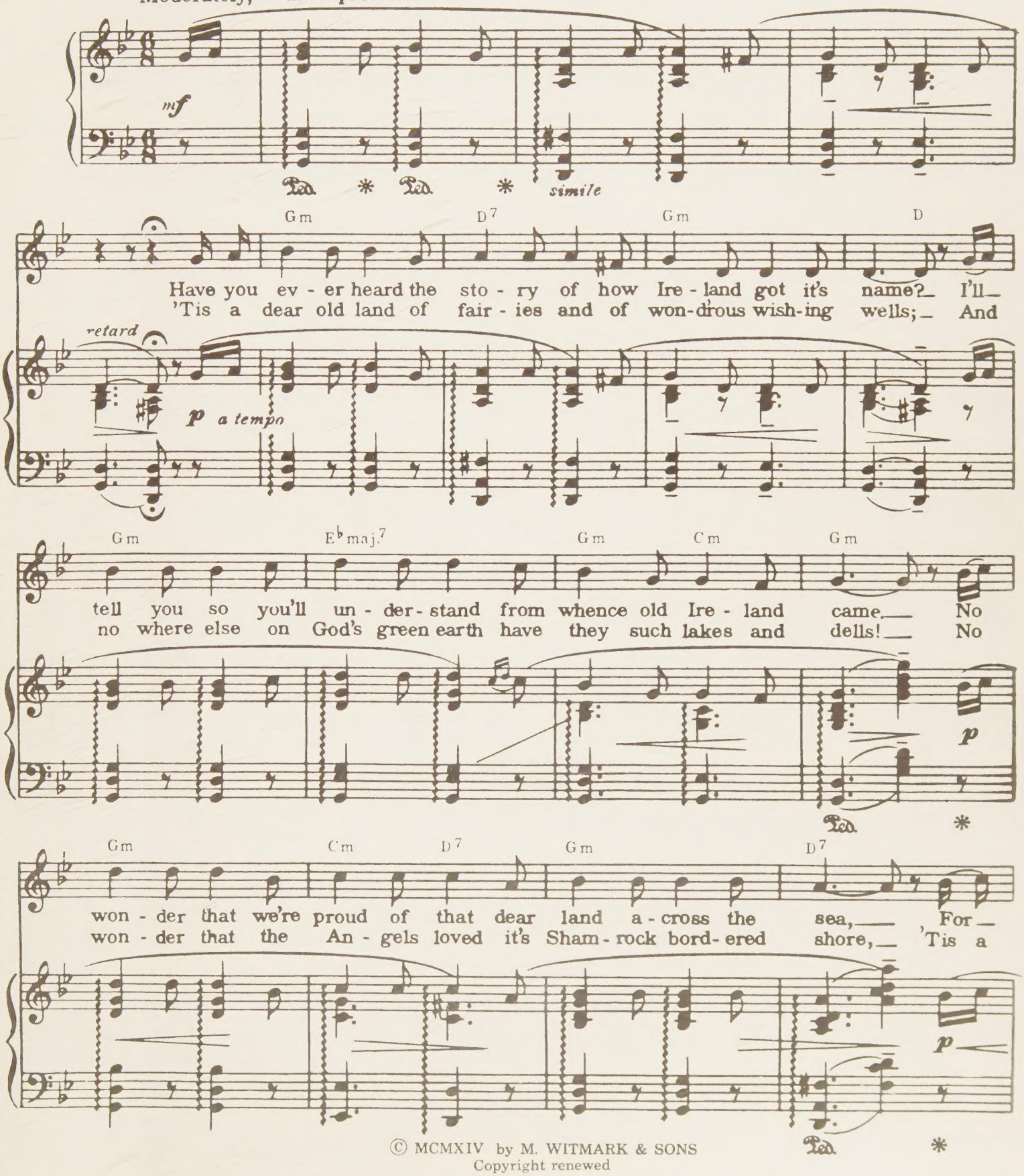
A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Shure They Call It Ireland

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately, with expression



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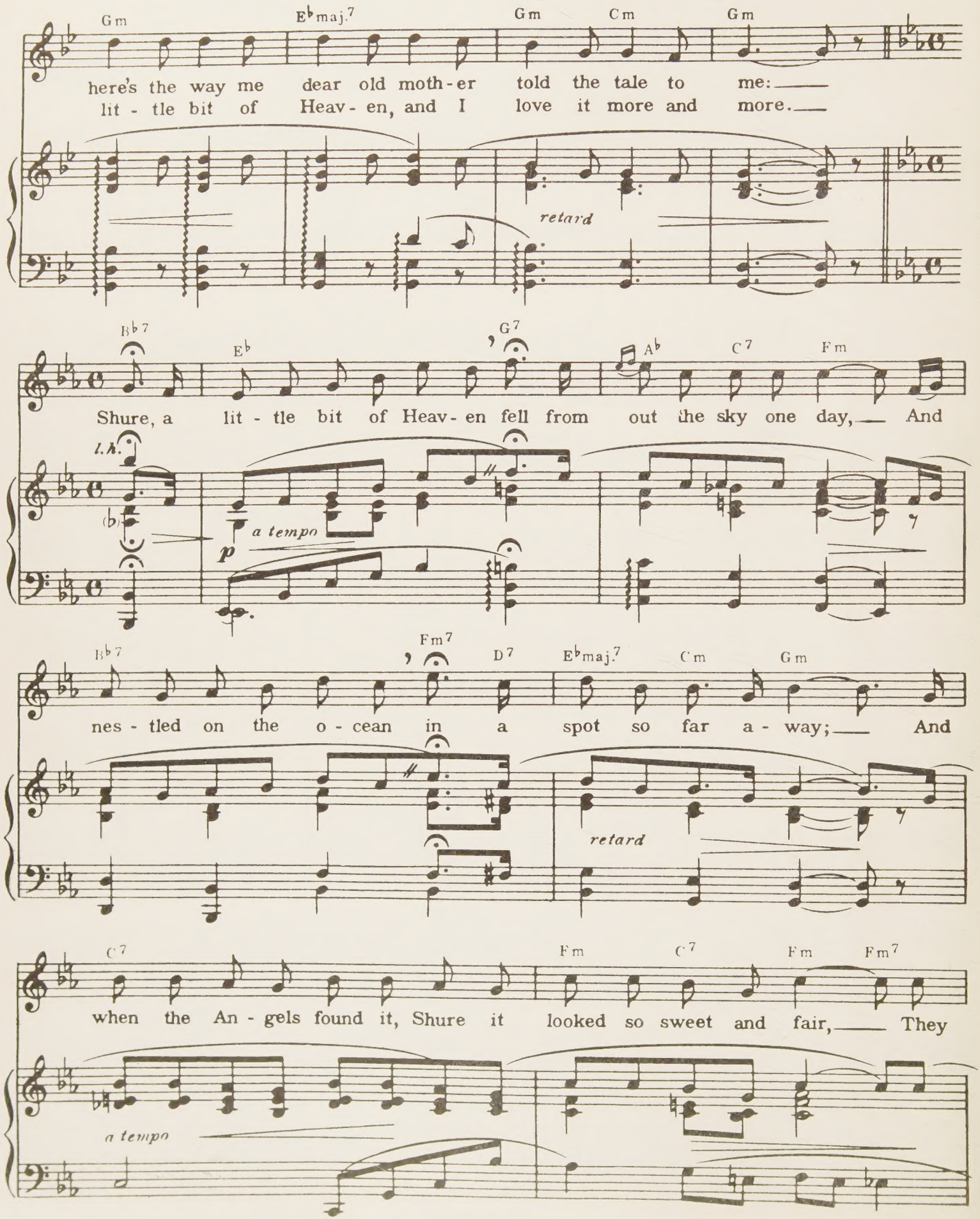
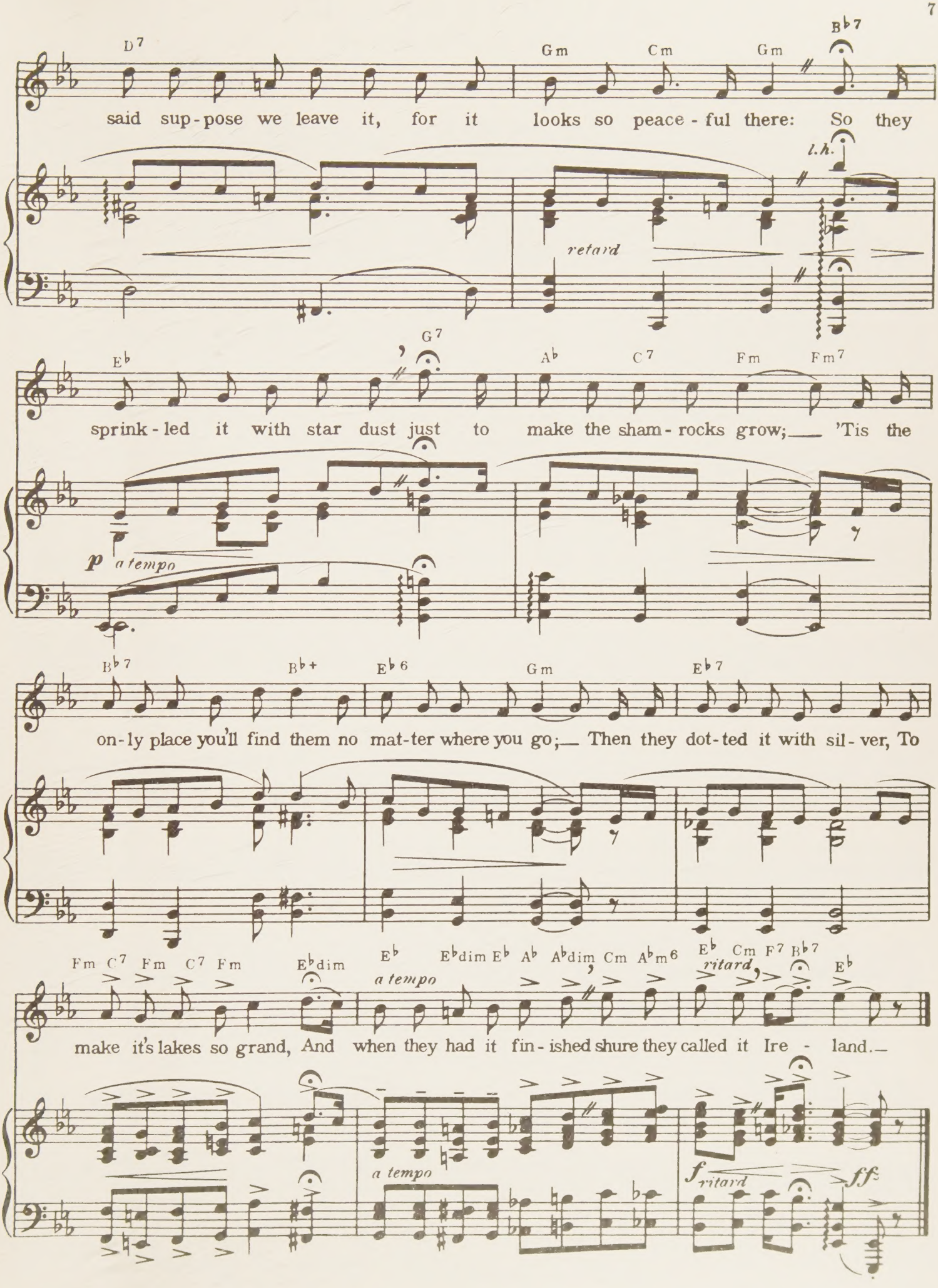

Gm Eb maj.7 Gm Cm Gm
here's the way me dear old moth-er told the tale to me:
lit - tle bit of Heav - en, and I love it more and more.
retard
Bb 7 Eb G7 Ab C7 Fm
Shure, a lit - tle bit of Heav - en fell from out the sky one day, And
l.h.
a tempo
p
Bb 7 Fm7 D7 Eb maj.7 Cm Gm
nes - tled on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way; And
retard
C7 Fm C7 Fm Fm7
when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They
a tempo

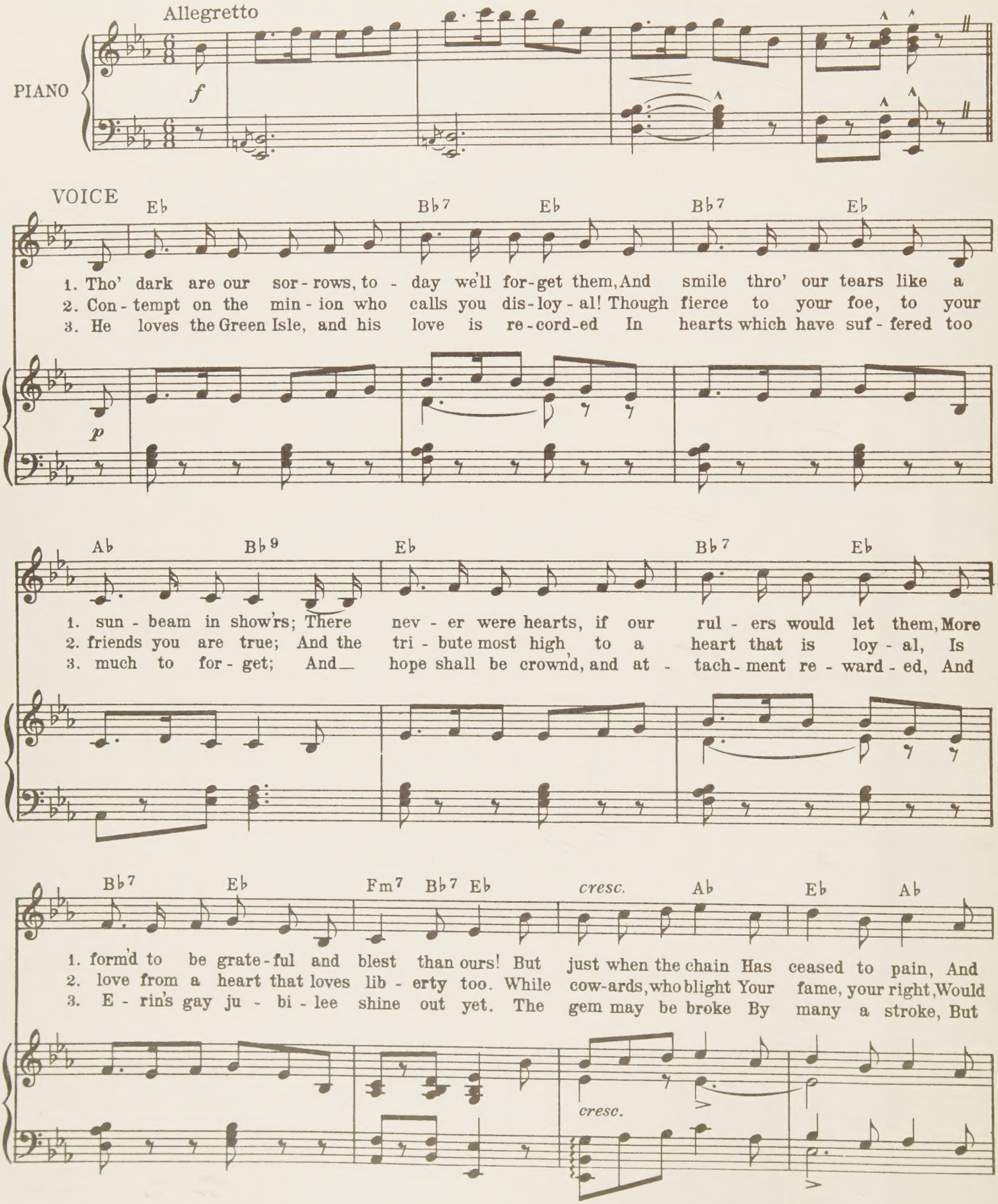

D7
Gm
Cm
Gm
B♭7
said sup-pose we leave it, for it looks so peace-ful there: So they
l.h.
retard
E♭
G7
A♭
C7
Fm
Fm7
sprink-led it with star dust just to make the sham-rocks grow; 'Tis the
p
a tempo
B♭7
B♭+
E♭6
Gm
E♭7
on-ly place you'll find them no mat-ter where you go; Then they dot-ted it with sil-ver, To
Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm
E♭dim
E♭
E♭dim E♭ A♭ A♭dim Cm A♭m6
E♭ Cm F7 B♭7
ritard
E♭
a tempo
make it's lakes so grand, And when they had it fin-ished shure they called it Ire-land.
a tempo
f
ritard
ff

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)
(These verses were written for a *fete* in honor of the Prince of Wales' birthday)

Tune from Playfords "Dancing Master"
England (c 1651-1700)



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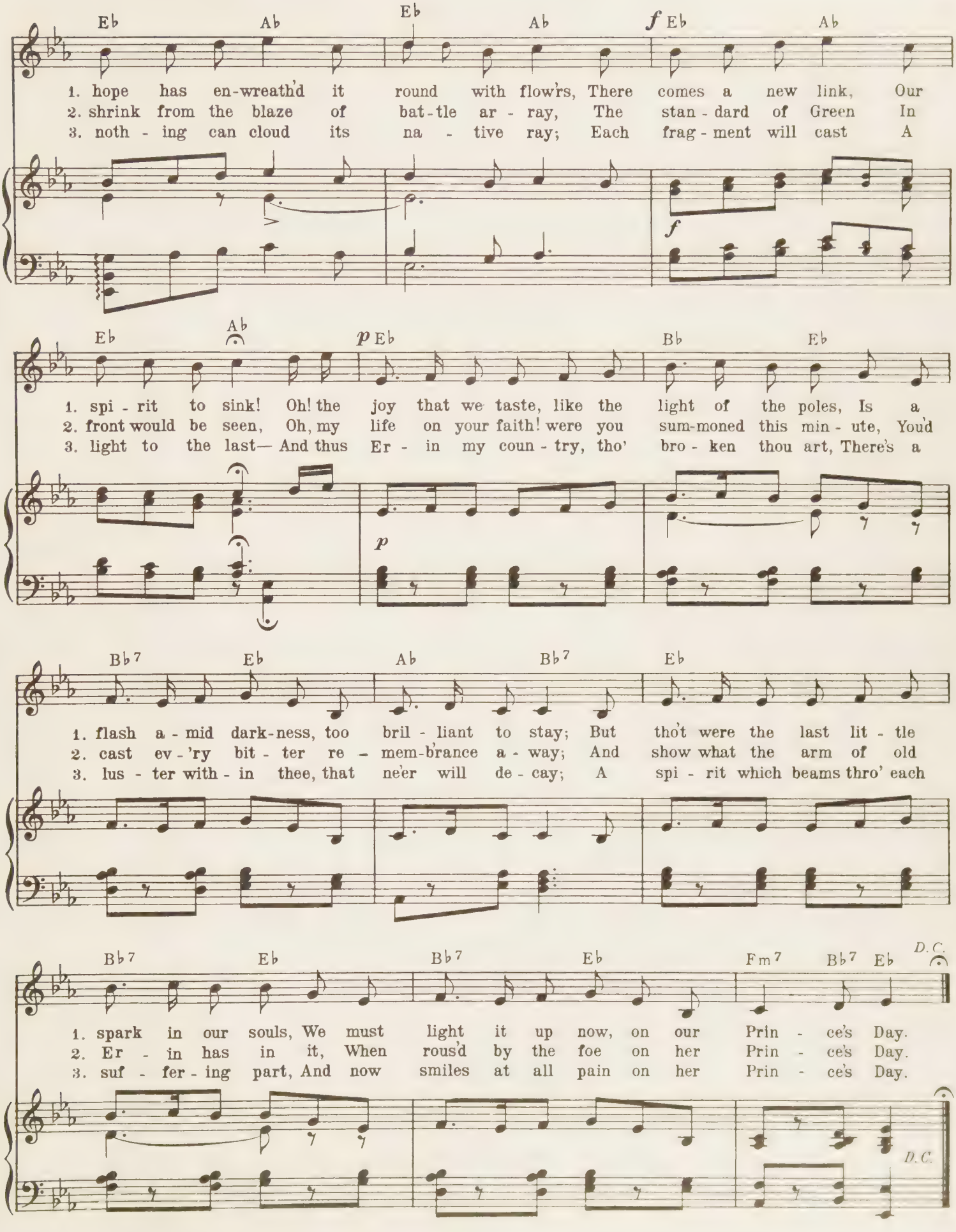
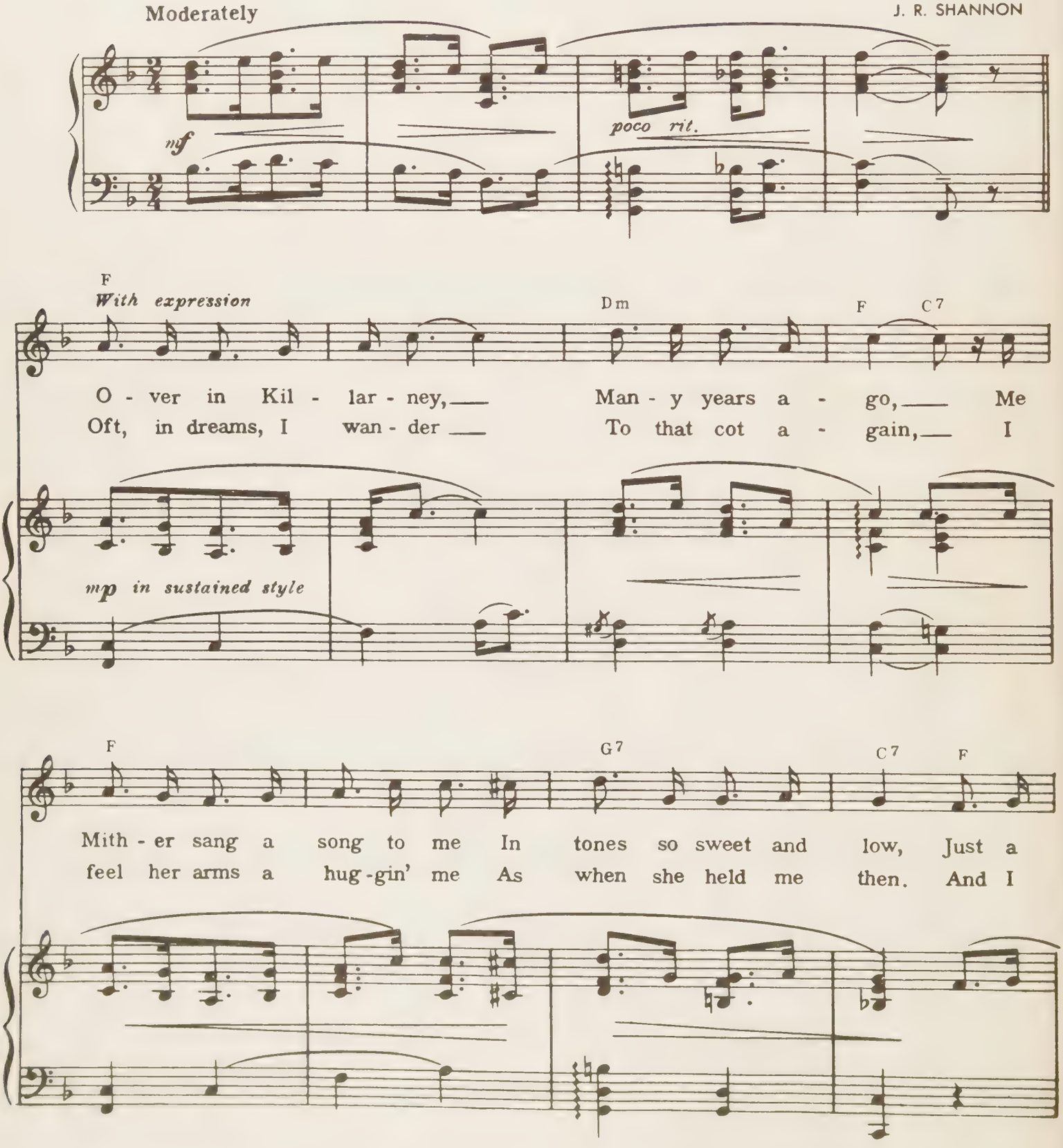

E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ f E♭ A♭
1. hope has en-wreath'd it round with flow'rs, There comes a new link, Our
2. shrink from the blaze of bat-tle ar-ray, The stan-dard of Green In
3. noth-ing can cloud its na-tive ray; Each frag-ment will cast A
f
E♭ A♭ p E♭ B♭ E♭
1. spi-rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a
2. front would be seen, Oh, my life on your faith! were you sum-moned this min-ute, You'd
3. light to the last— And thus Er-in my coun-try, tho' bro-ken thou art, There's a
p
B♭7 E♭ A♭ B♭7 E♭
1. flash a-mid dark-ness, too bril-liant to stay; But tho't were the last lit-tle
2. cast ev-'ry bit-ter re-mem-brance a-way; And show what the arm of old
3. lus-ter with-in thee, that ne'er will de-cay; A spi-rit which beams thro' each
B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ Fm7 B♭7 E♭ D.C.
1. spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prin-ce's Day.
2. Er-in has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her Prin-ce's Day.
3. suf-fer-ing part, And now smiles at all pain on her Prin-ce's Day.
D.C.

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL

That's An Irish Lullaby

Lyric and Music by
J. R. SHANNON



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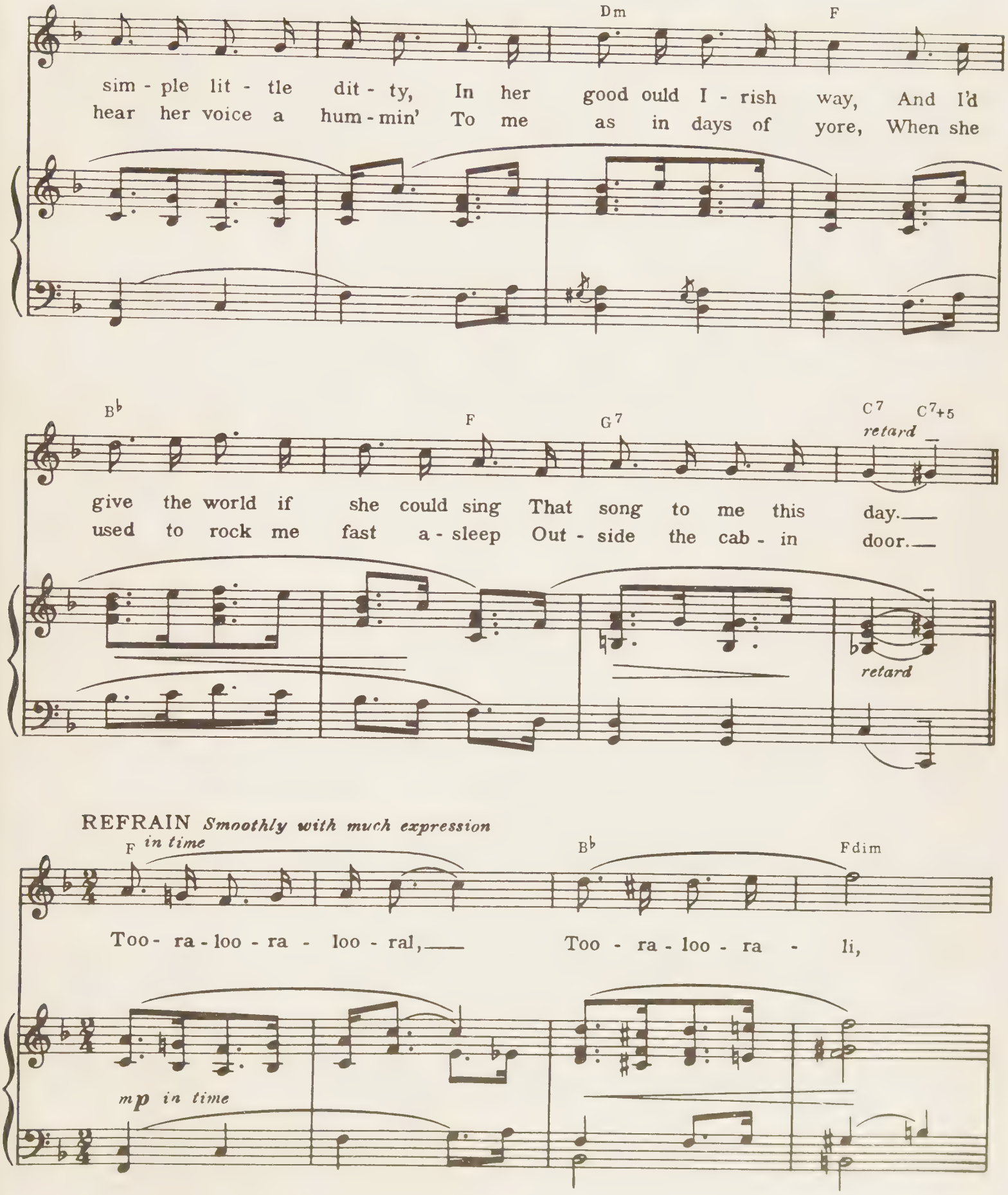
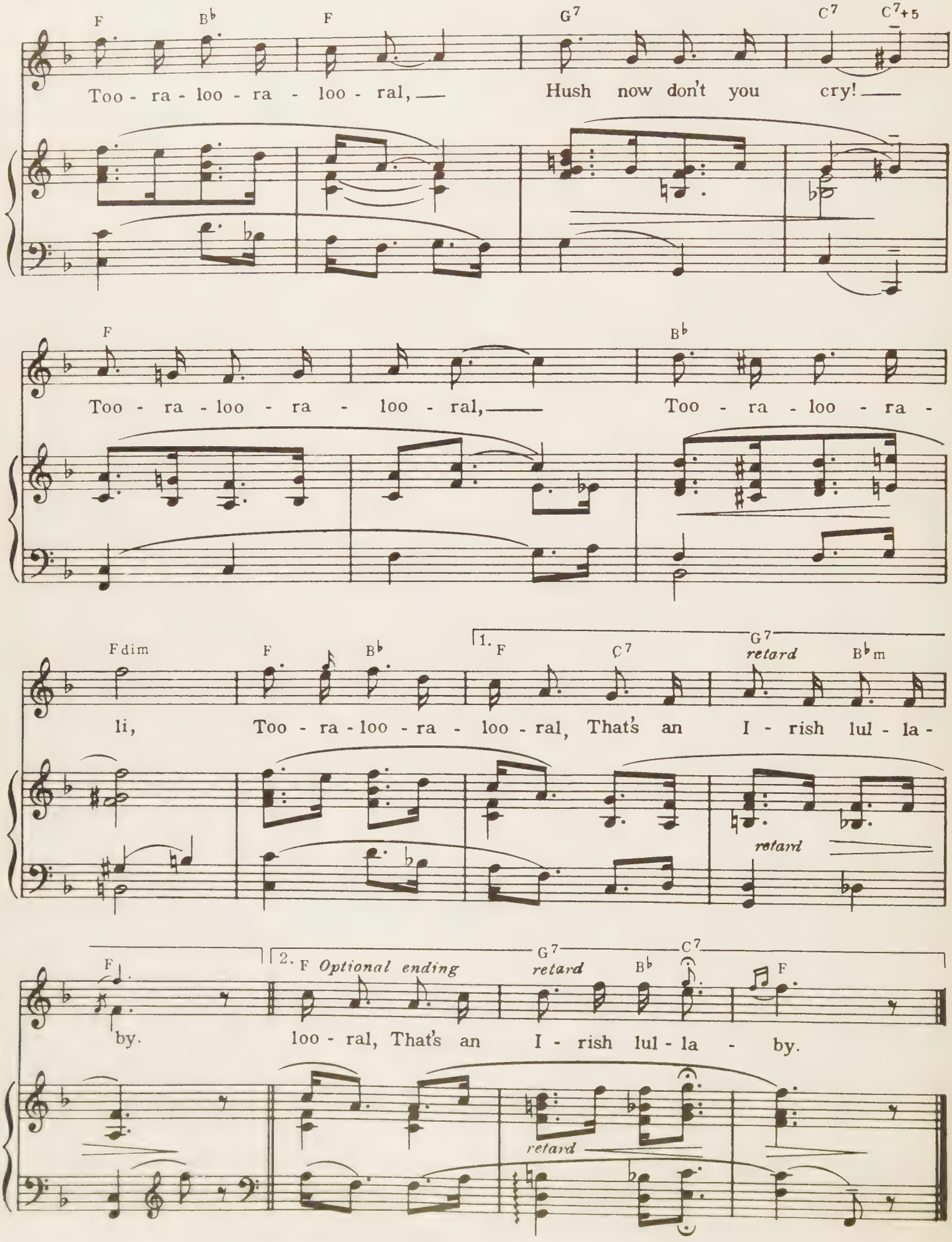

Dm
F
sim - ple lit - tle dit - ty, In her good ould I - rish way, And I'd
hear her voice a hum - min' To me as in days of yore, When she
B♭
F
G7
C7
C7+5
retard
give the world if she could sing That song to me this day.
used to rock me fast a - sleep Out - side the cab - in door.
retard
REFRAIN Smoothly with much expression
F in time
B♭
Fdim
Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra - li,
mp in time

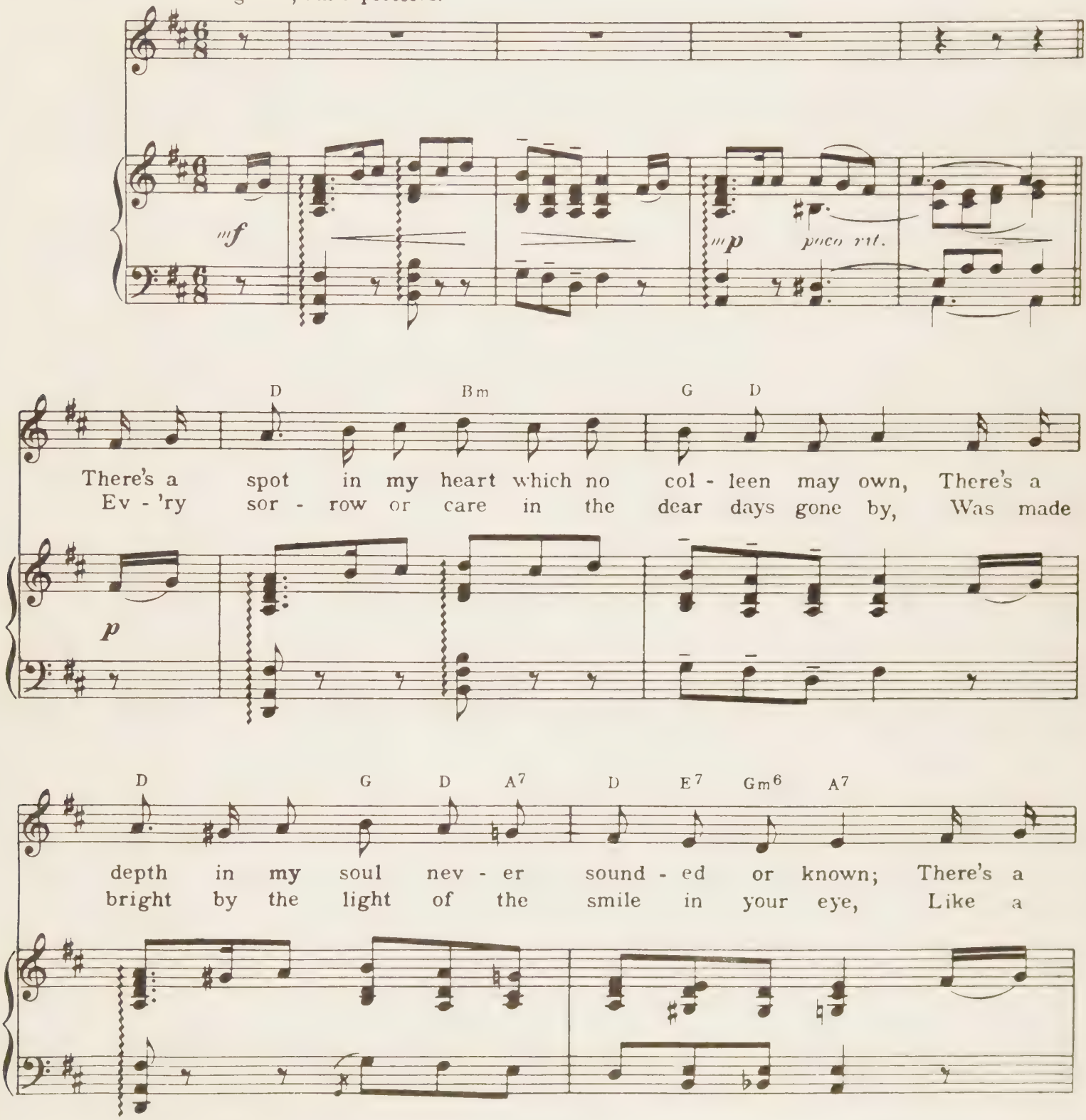

F B♭ F G7 C7 C7+5
Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Hush now don't you cry!
F B♭
Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra -
Fdim F B♭ 1. F C7 G7 retard B♭m
li, Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, That's an I - rish lul - la -
retard
F 2. F Optional ending G7 retard B♭ C7 F
by. loo - ral, That's an I - rish lul - la - by.
retard

MOTHER MACHREE

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
and ERNEST R. BALL

Allegretto, ma espressivo.



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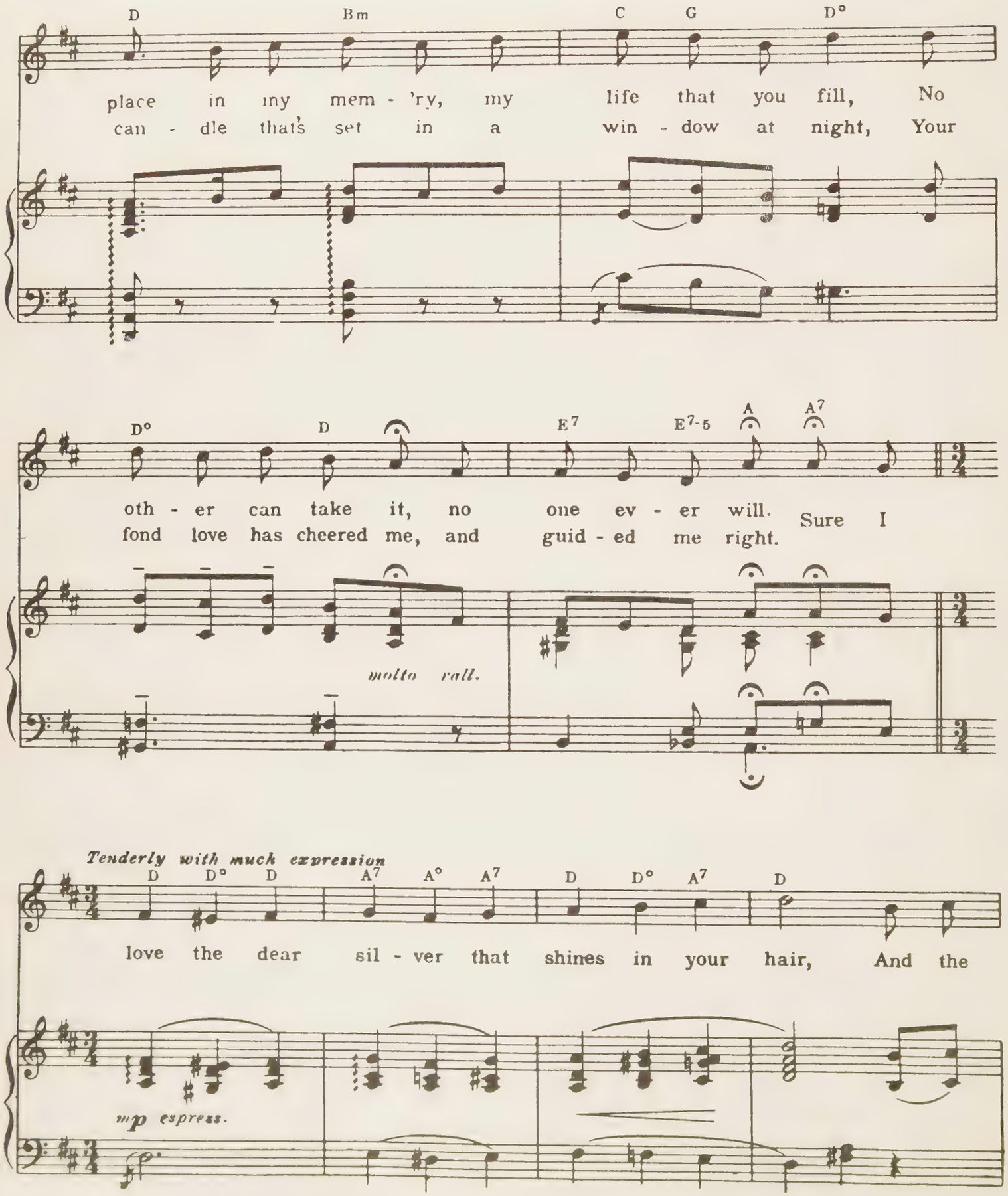
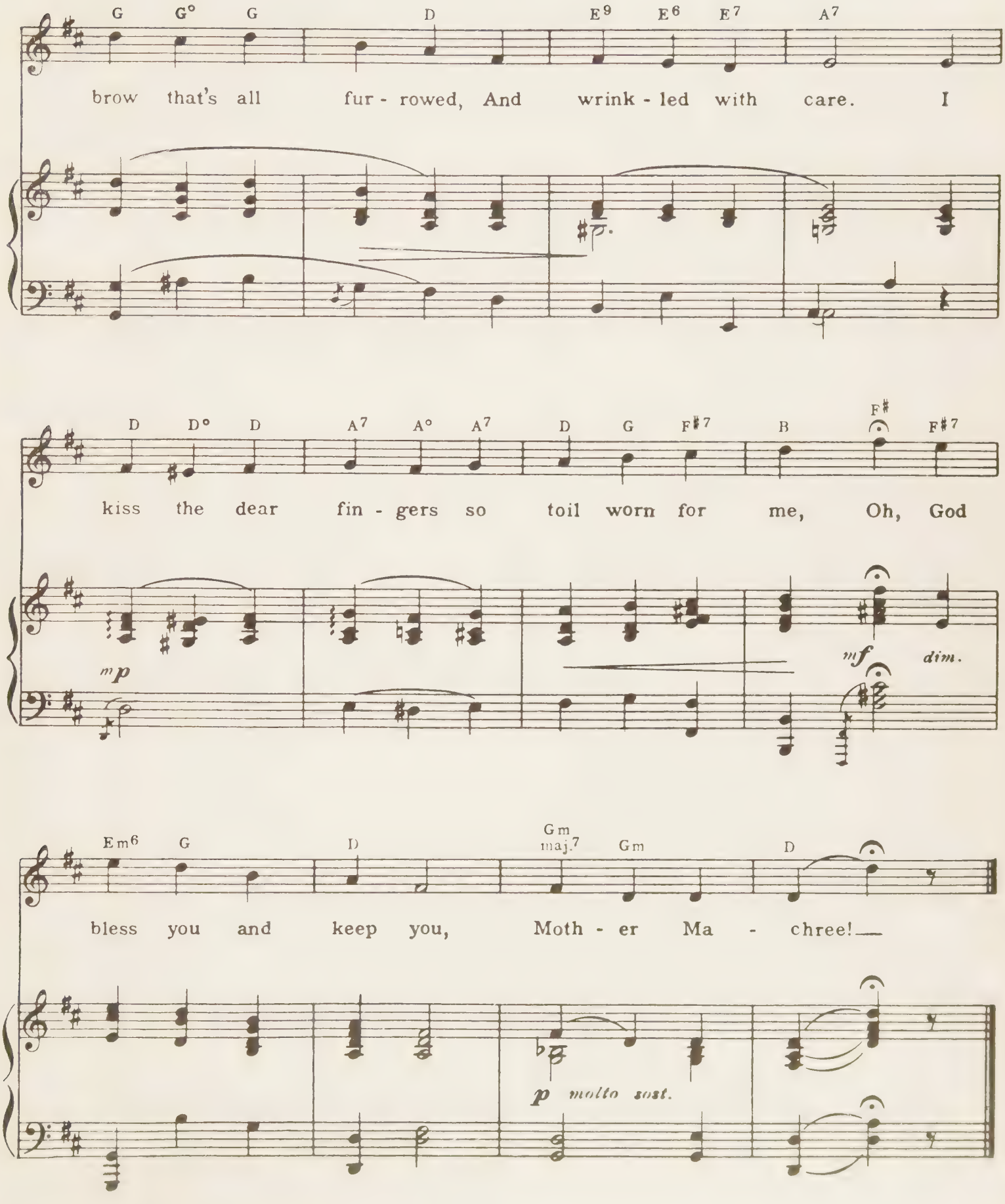
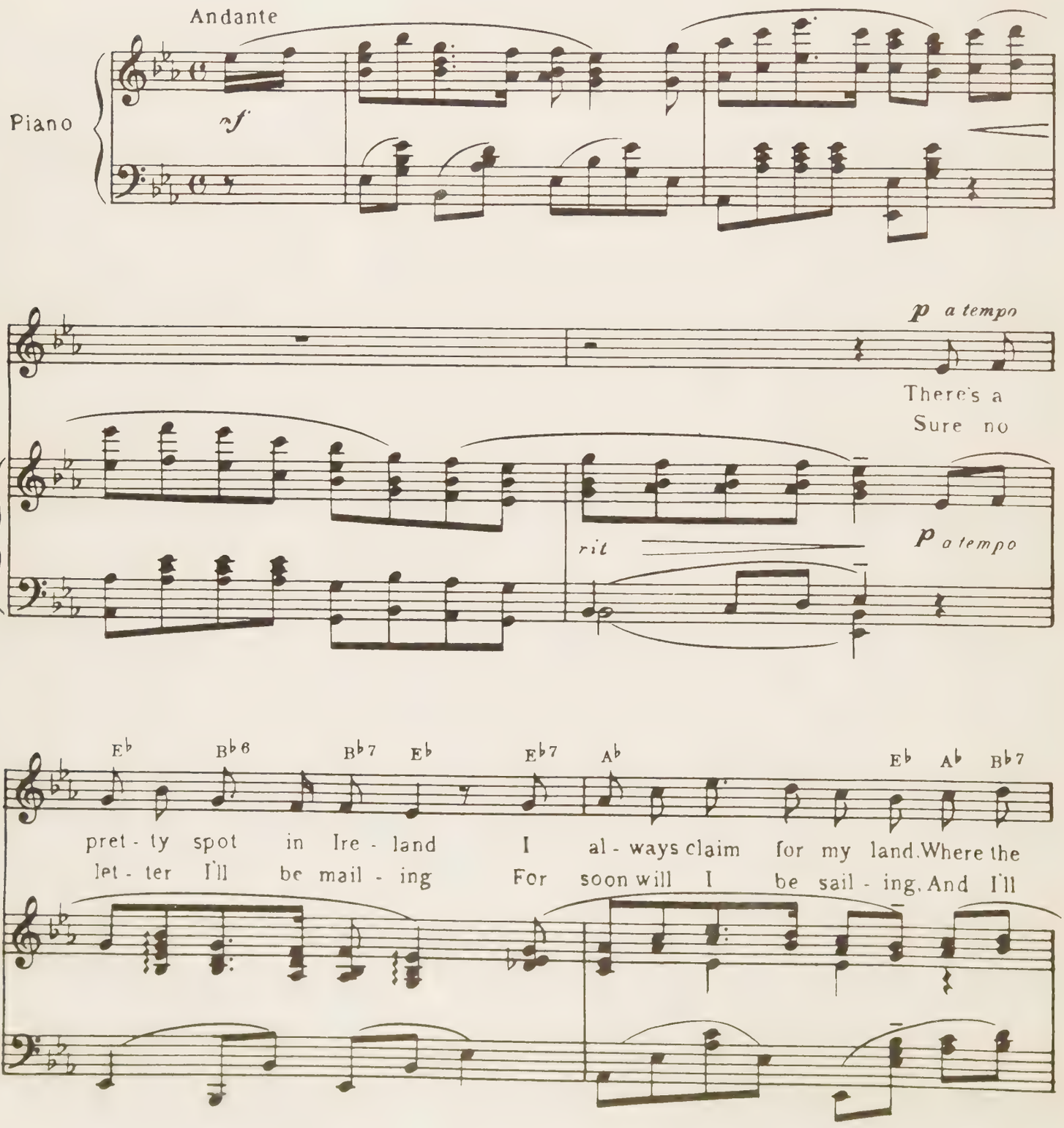
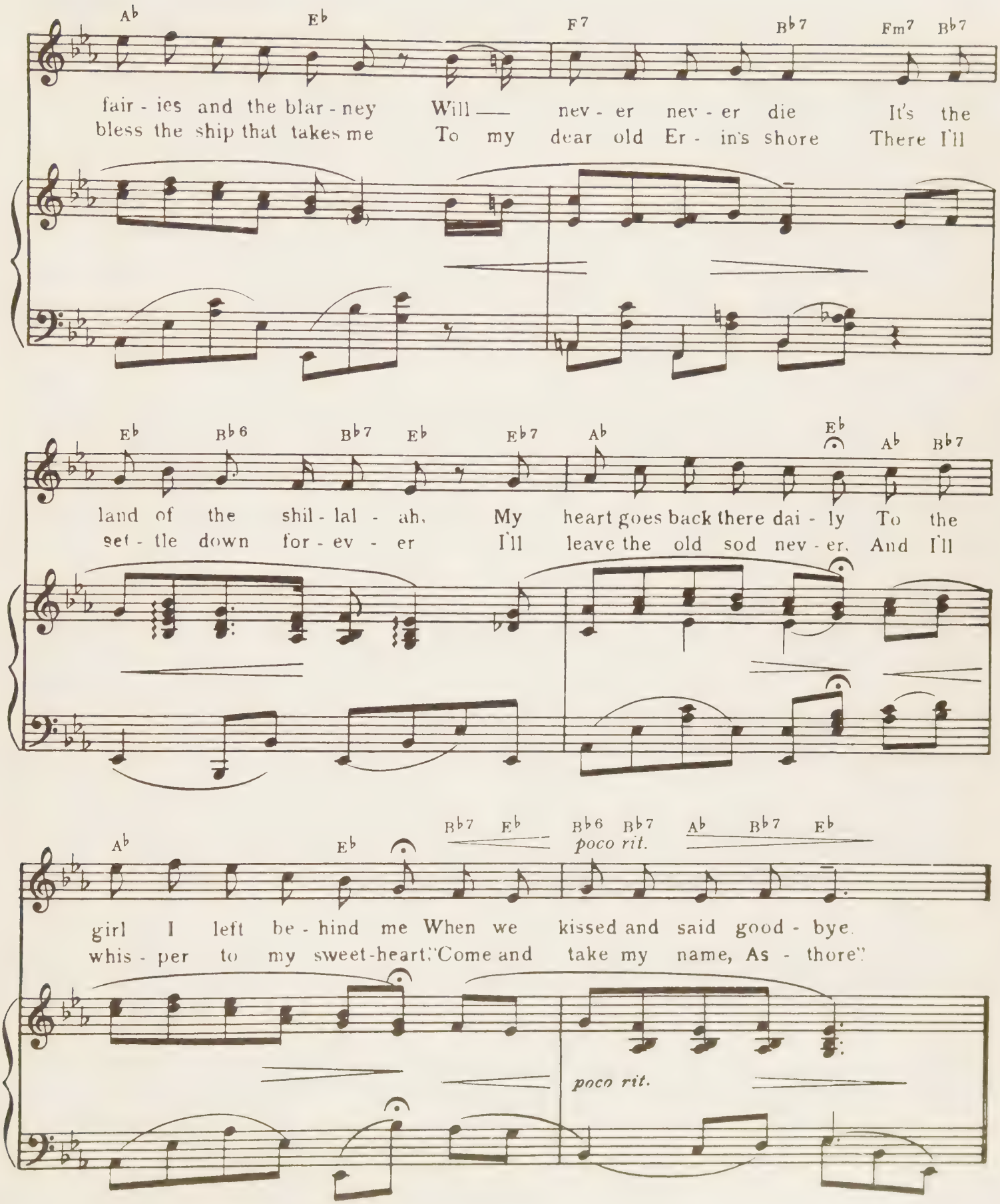

D Bm C G D°
place in my mem - 'ry, my life that you fill, No
can - dle that's set in a win - dow at night, Your
D° D E7 E7-5 A A7
oth - er can take it, no one ev - er will. Sure I
fond love has cheered me, and guid - ed me right.
molto rall.
Tenderly with much expression
D D° D A7 A° A7 D D° A7 D
love the dear sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the
mp espress.

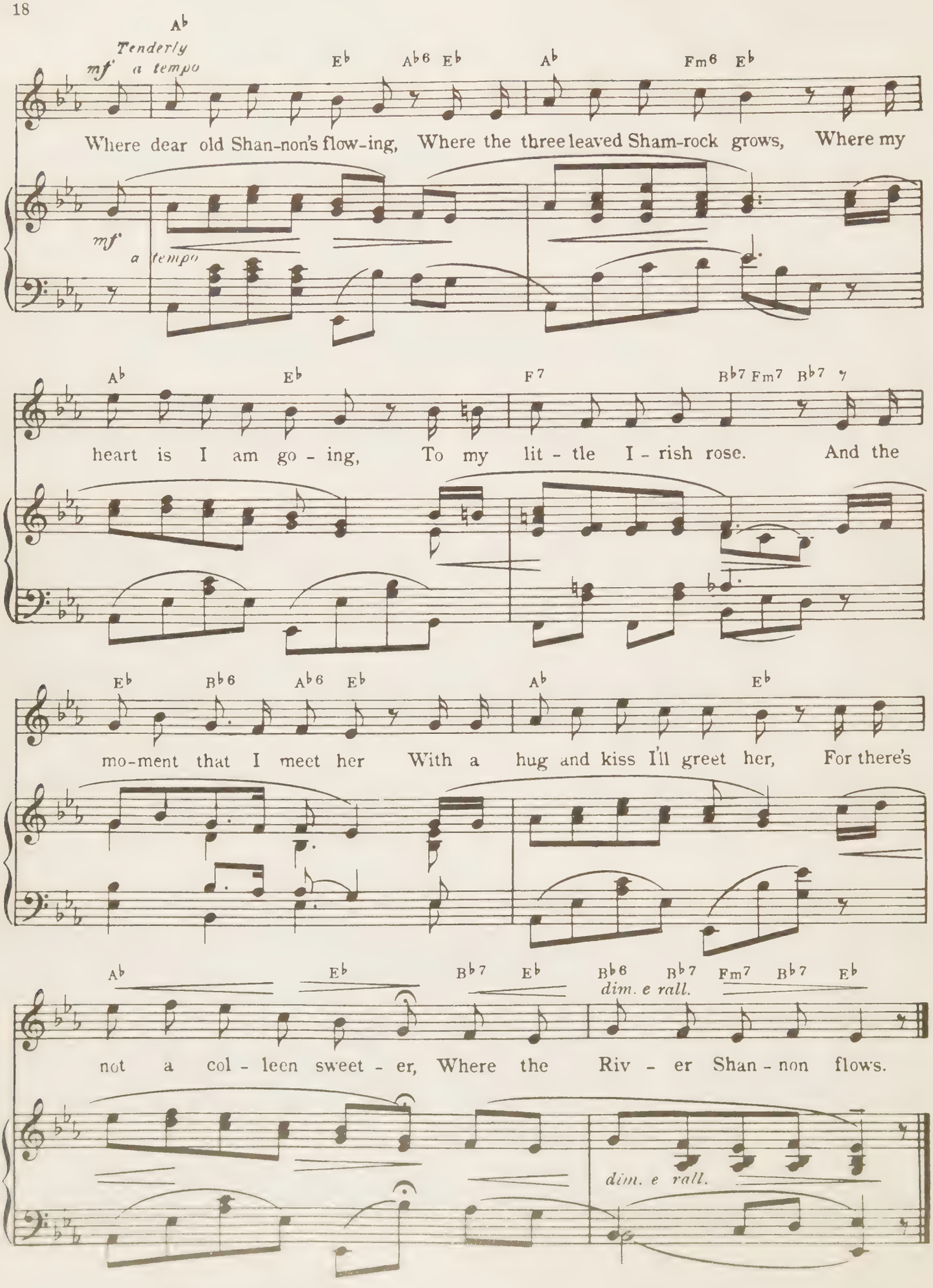

G G° G D E9 E6 E7 A7
brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrink - led with care. I
D D° D A7 A° A7 D G F♯7 B F♯ F♯7
kiss the dear fin - gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God
mp
mf dim.
Em6 G D Gm maj.7 Gm D
bless you and keep you, Moth - er Ma - chree!
p molto sost.

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

Lyric and Music by
JAMES I. RUSSELL




A♭ E♭ F7 B♭7 Fm7 B♭7
fair - ies and the blar - ney Will — nev - er nev - er die It's the
bless the ship that takes me To my dear old Er - in's shore There I'll
E♭ B♭6 B♭7 E♭ E♭7 A♭ E♭ A♭ B♭7
land of the shil - lal - ah. My heart goes back there dai - ly To the
set - tle down for - ev - er I'll leave the old sod nev - er. And I'll
A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭6 B♭7 A♭ B♭7 E♭
poco rit.
girl I left be - hind me When we kissed and said good - bye.
whis - per to my sweet-heart "Come and take my name, As - thore"
poco rit.

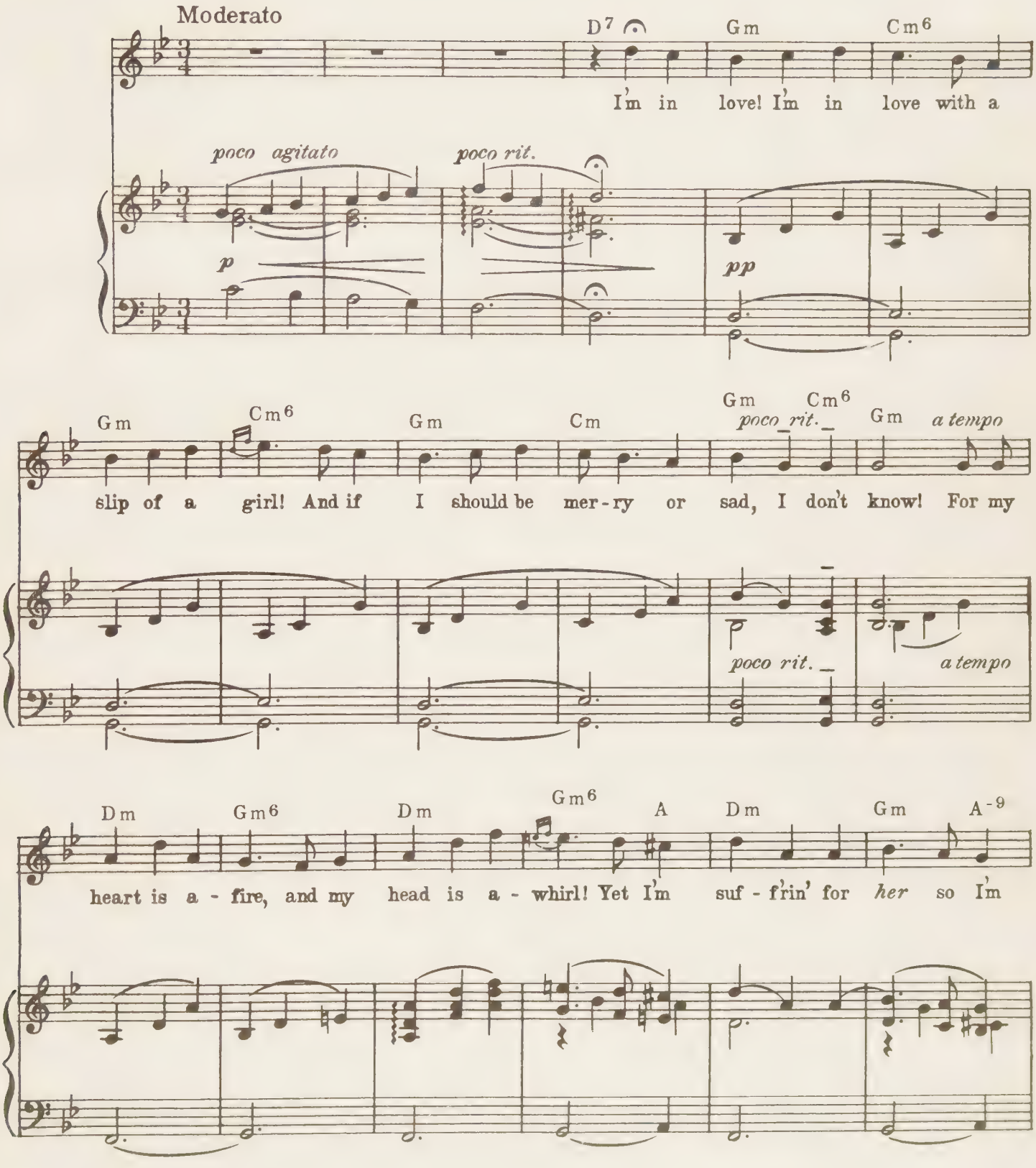

Tenderly
mf a tempo
Where dear old Shan-non's flow-ing, Where the three leaved Sham-rock grows, Where my
mf a tempo
heart is I am go - ing, To my lit - tle I - rish rose. And the
mo-ment that I meet her With a hug and kiss I'll greet her, For there's
dim. e rall.
not a col - leen sweet - er, Where the Riv - er Shan - non flows.
dim. e rall.

Eileen!

(Alanna, Asthore)

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT



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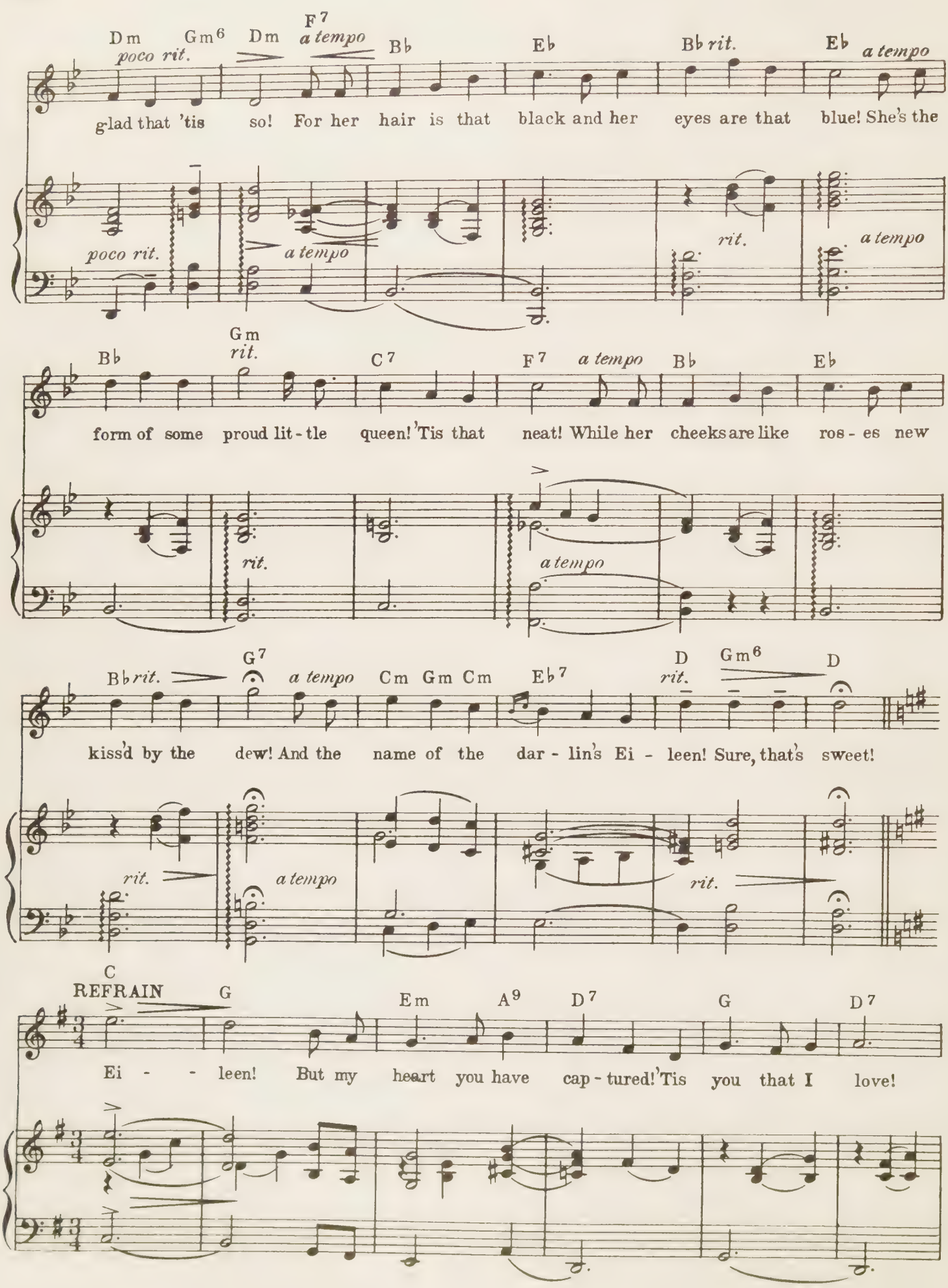
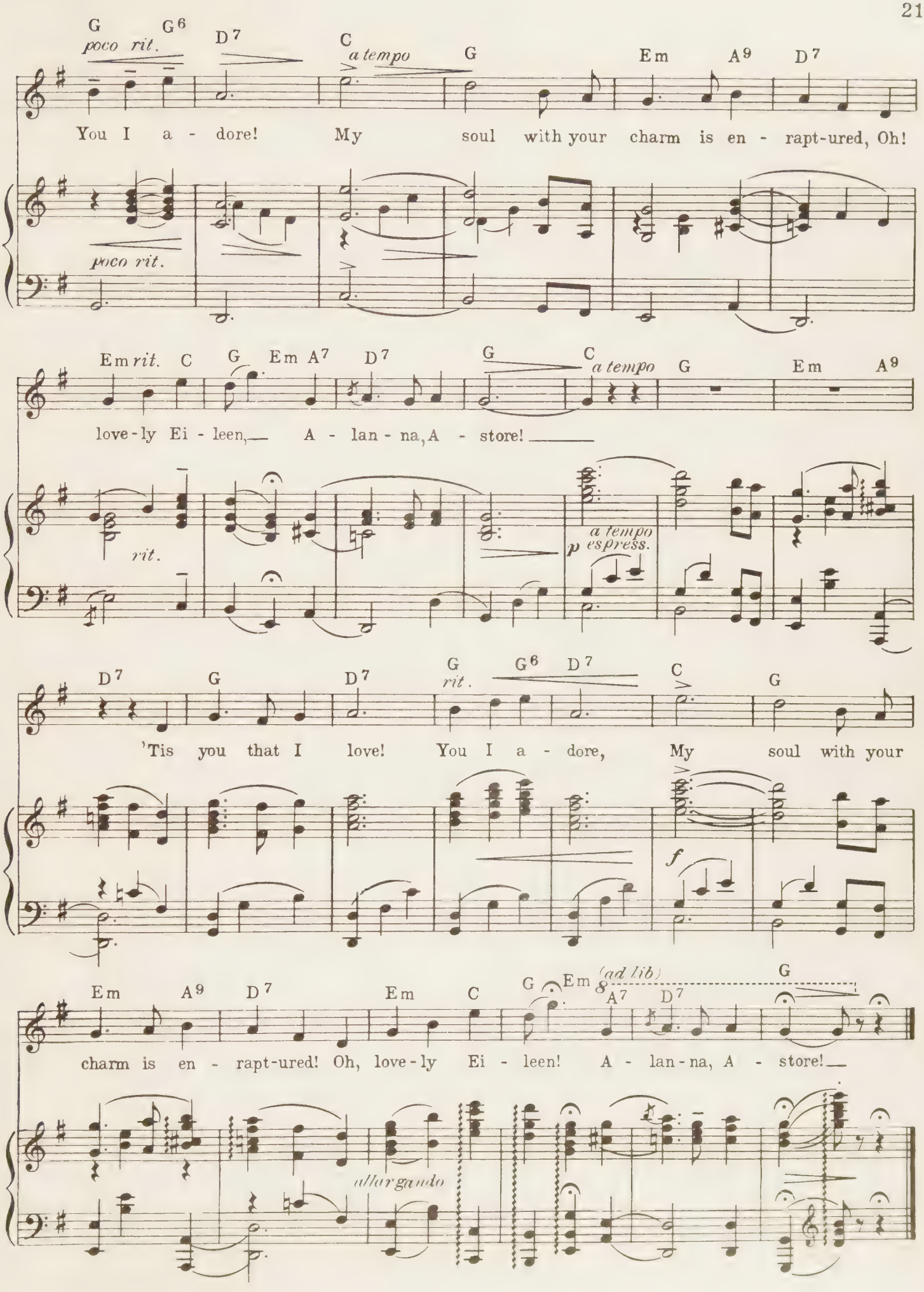
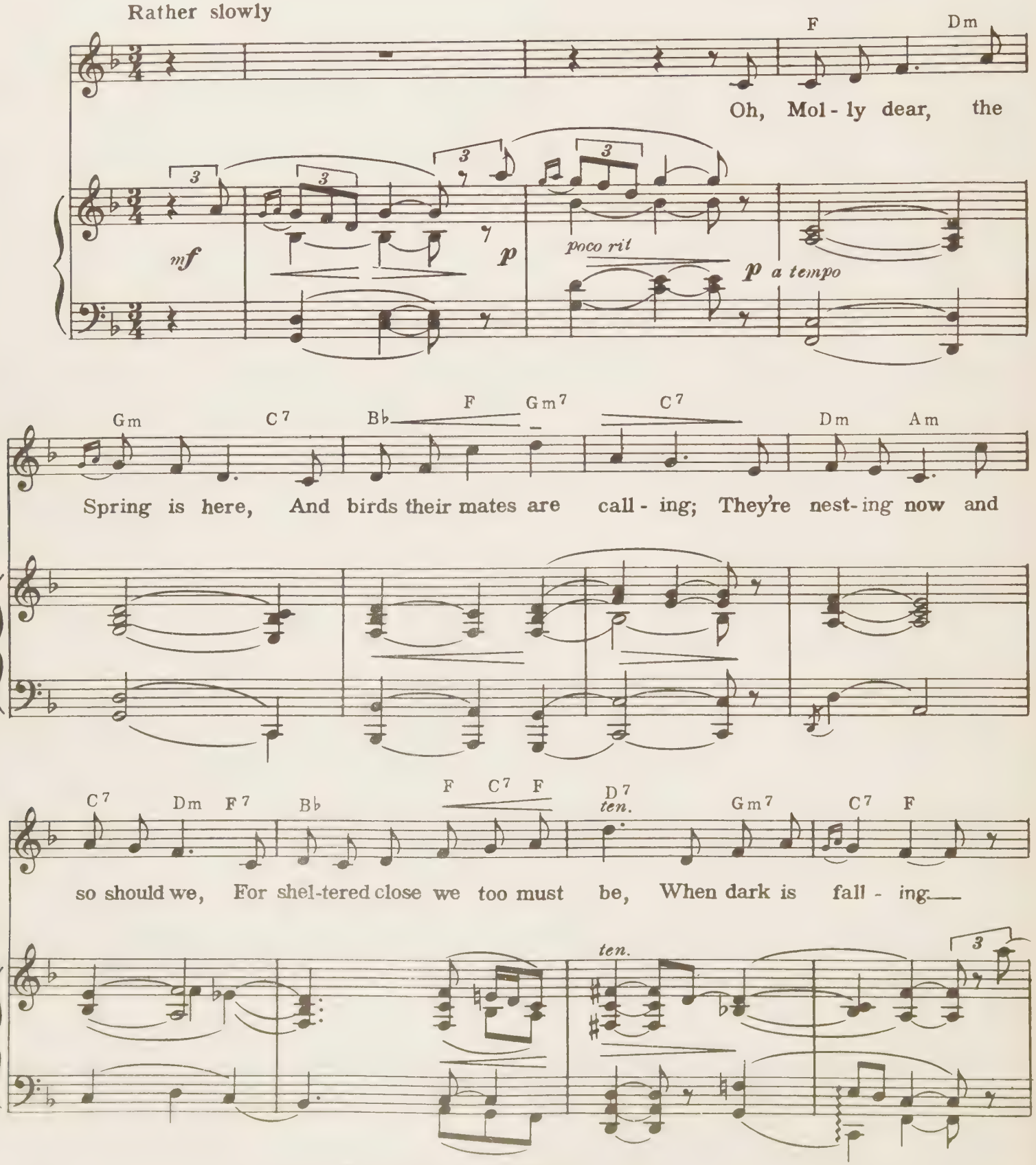

Dm Gm6 Dm F7 Bb Eb Bb Eb
poco rit. a tempo rit. a tempo
glad that 'tis so! For her hair is that black and her eyes are that blue! She's the
poco rit. a tempo rit. a tempo
Bb Gm C7 F7 Bb Eb
rit. a tempo
form of some proud lit-tle queen! 'Tis that neat! While her cheeks are like ros-es new
rit. a tempo
Bb rit. G7 Cm Gm Cm Eb7 D Gm6 D
a tempo rit.
kiss'd by the dew! And the name of the dar-lin's Ei-leen! Sure, that's sweet!
rit. a tempo rit.
C
REFRAIN G Em A9 D7 G D7
Ei - - leen! But my heart you have cap-tured! 'Tis you that I love!


G G6 D7 C G Em A9 D7
poco rit. a tempo
You I a - dore! My soul with your charm is en - rapt-ured, Oh!
poco rit.
Em rit. C G Em A7 D7 G C G Em A9
a tempo
love-ly Ei - leen, A - lan - na, A - store!
rit.
a tempo
p espress.
D7 G D7 G G6 D7 C G
rit.
'Tis you that I love! You I a - dore, My soul with your
f
Em A9 D7 Em C G Em A7 D7 G
(ad lib)
charm is en - rapt-ured! Oh, love-ly Ei - leen! A - lan-na, A - store!
allargando

Molly

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT



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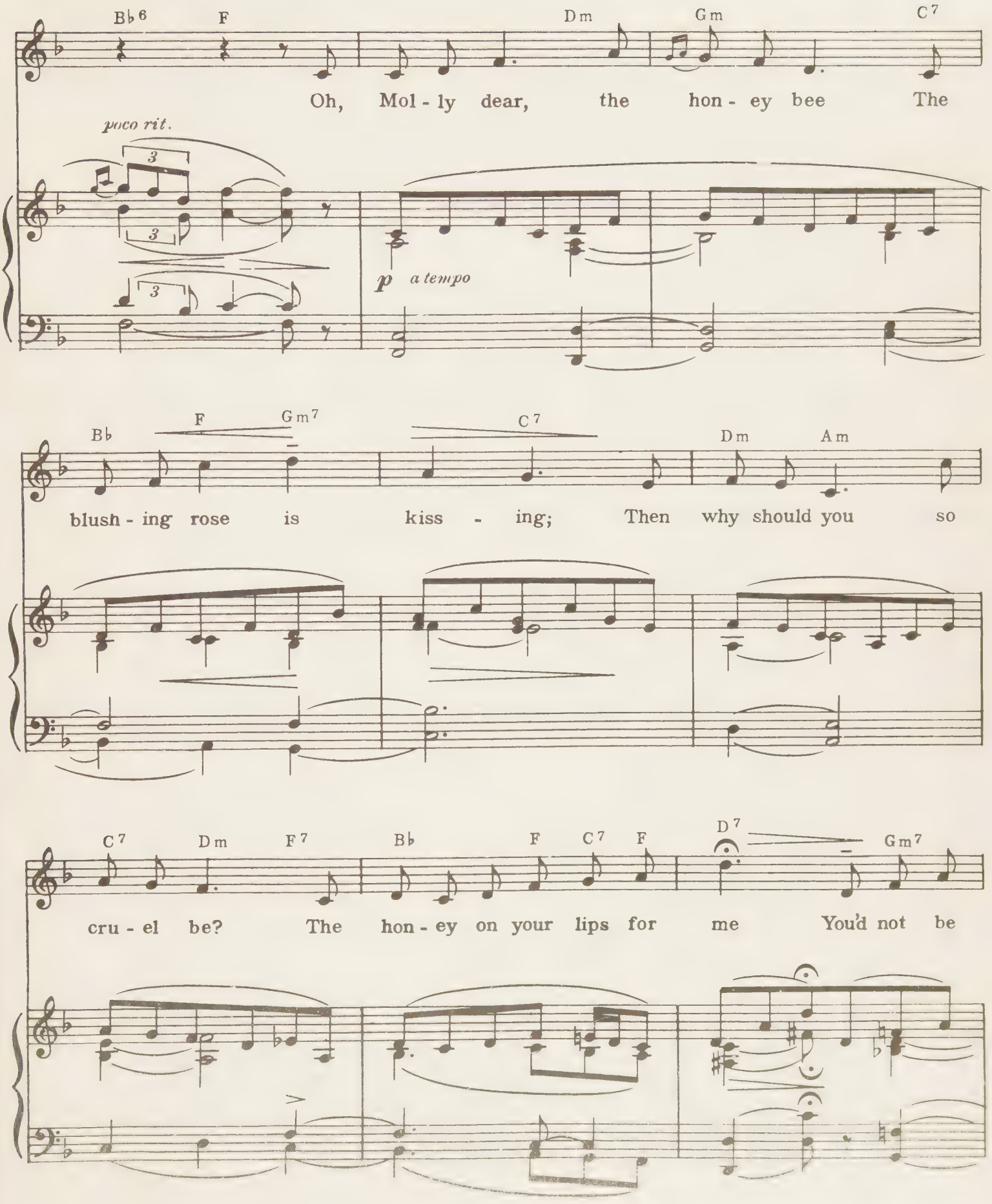
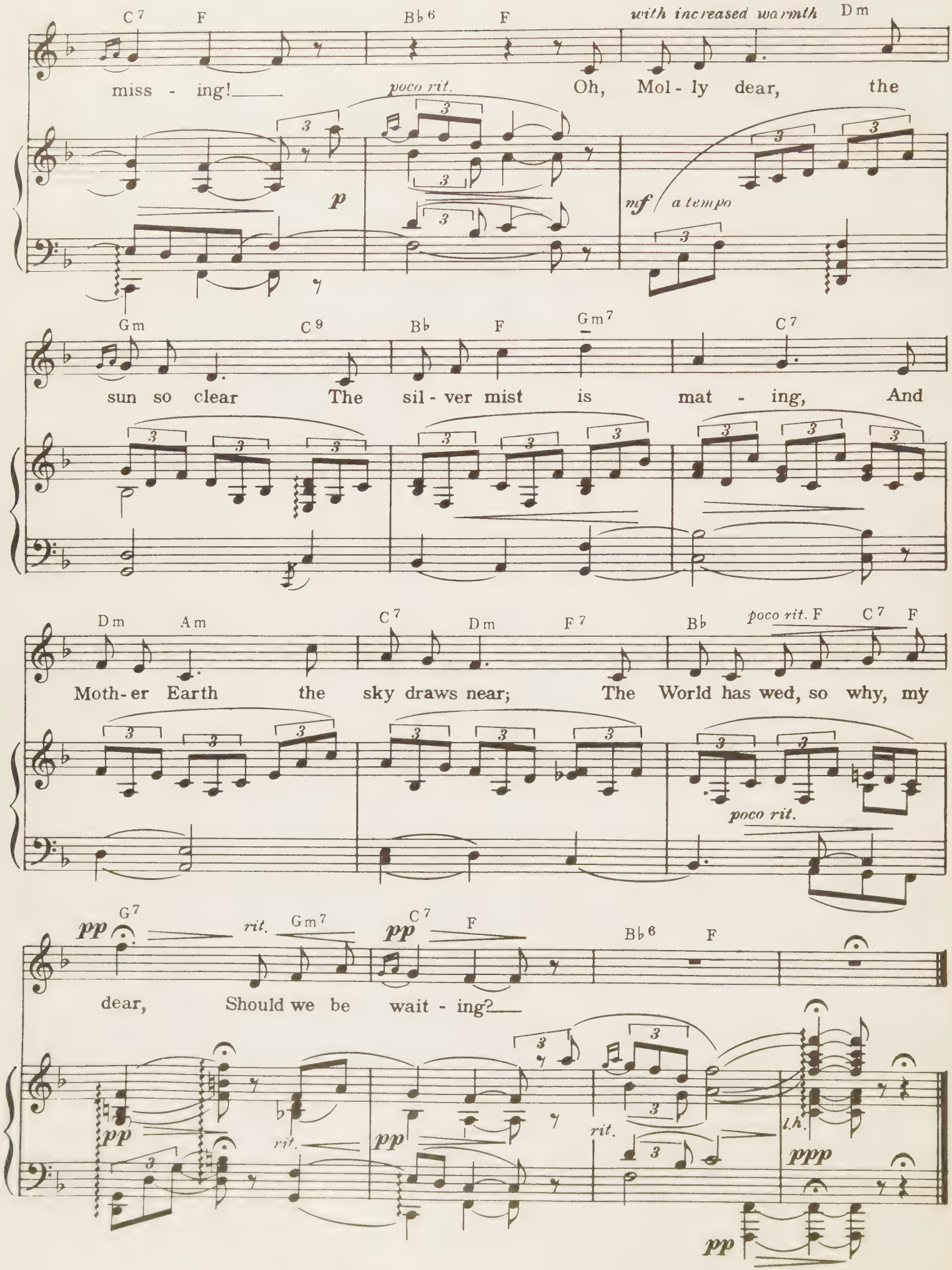
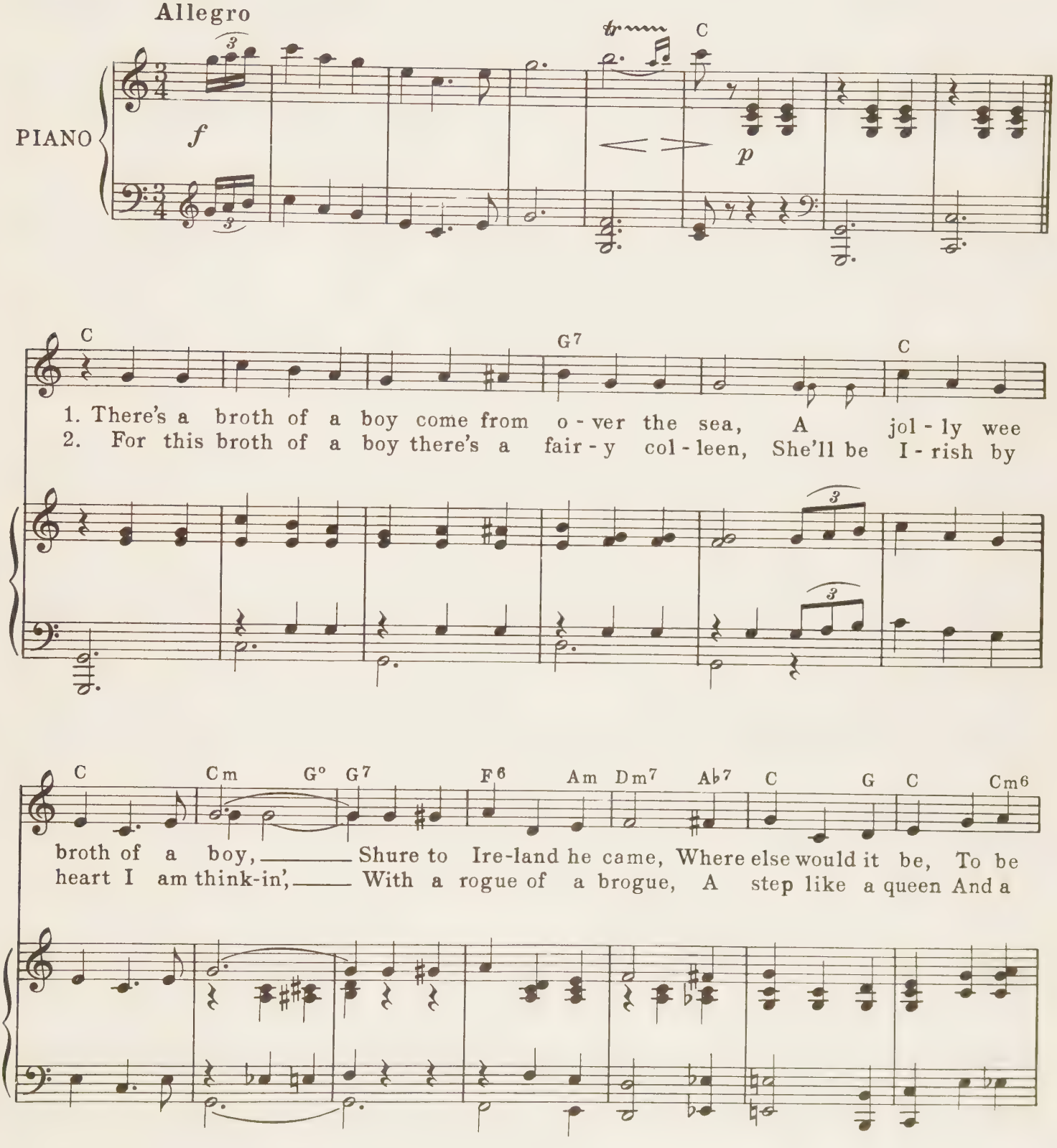

B♭6
F
Dm
Gm
C7
Oh, Mol - ly dear, the hon - ey bee The
poco rit.
3
3
3
p a tempo
B♭
F
Gm7
C7
Dm
Am
blush - ing rose is kiss - ing; Then why should you so
C7
Dm
F7
B♭
F
C7
F
D7
Gm7
cru - el be? The hon - ey on your lips for me You'd not be


C7 F B♭6 F with increased warmth Dm
miss - ing! poco rit. Oh, Mol - ly dear, the
p mf a tempo
Gm C9 B♭ F Gm7 C7
sun so clear The sil - ver mist is mat - ing, And
Dm Am C7 Dm F7 B♭ poco rit. F C7 F
Moth - er Earth the sky draws near; The World has wed, so why, my
poco rit.
pp G7 rit. Gm7 pp C7 F B♭6 F
dear, Should we be wait - ing?
pp rit. pp rit. l.h. ppp
pp

A BROTH OF A BOY

Words by
FLORENCE FINK

Music by
GEORGE H. GARTLAN



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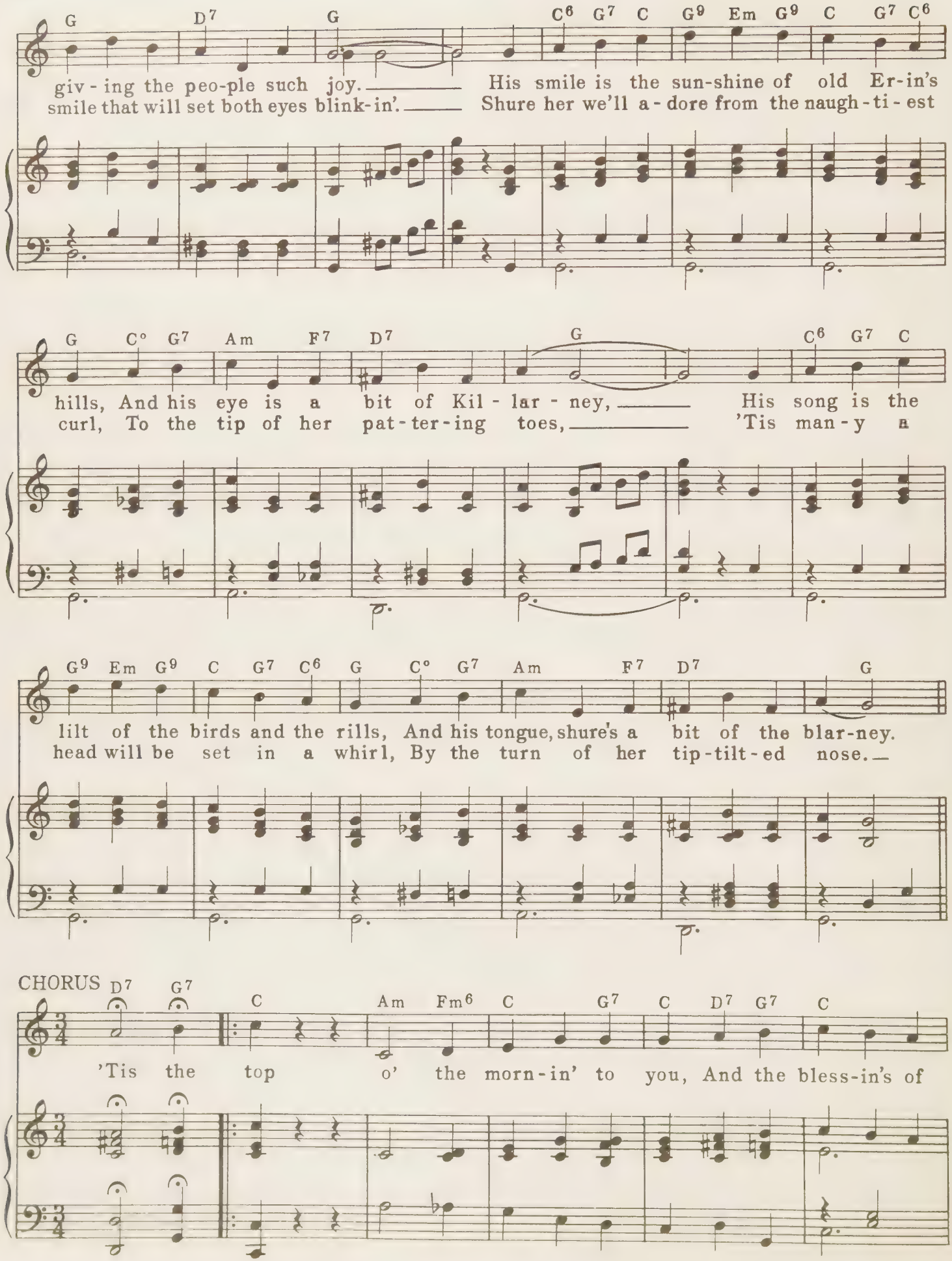
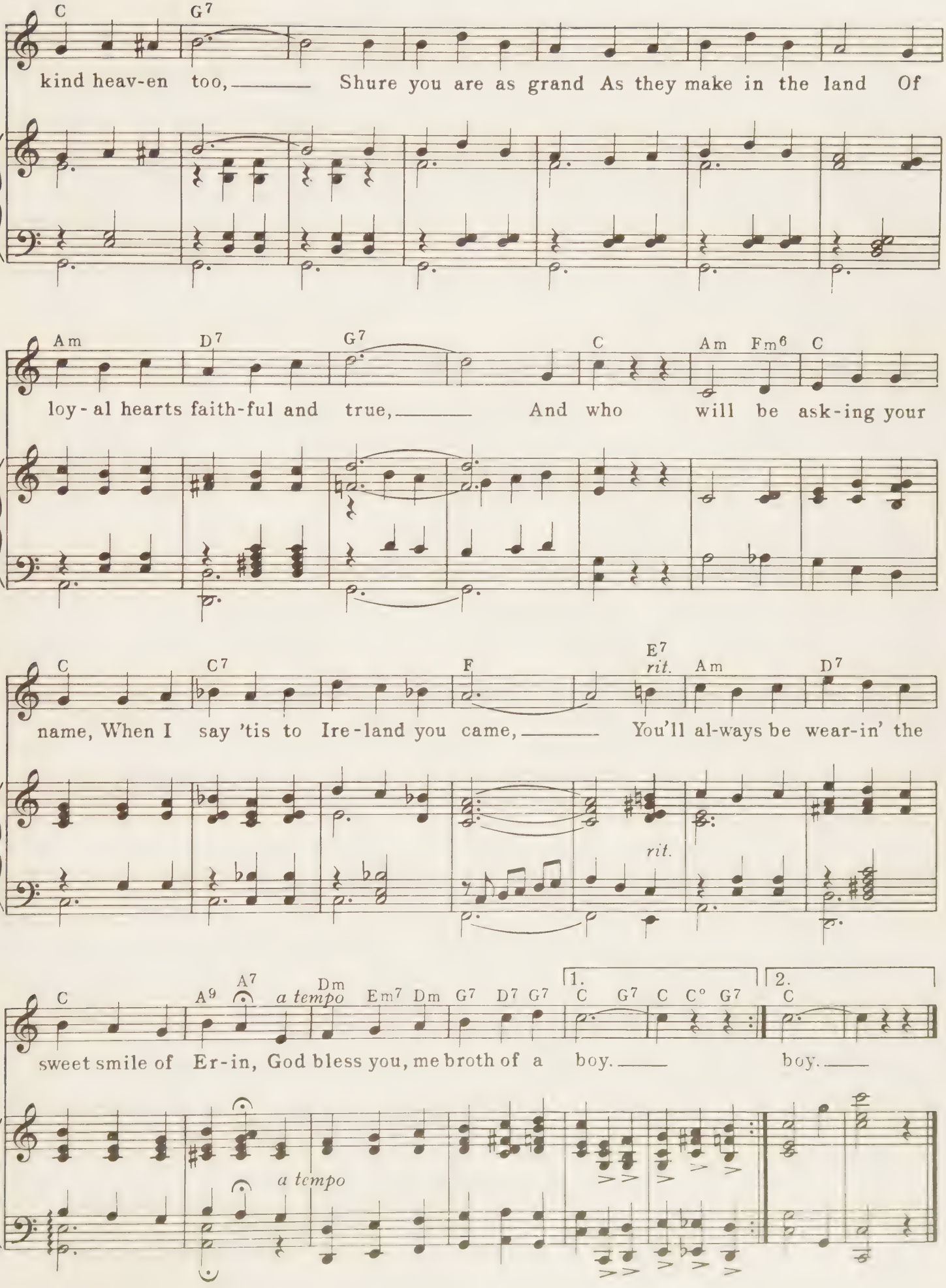
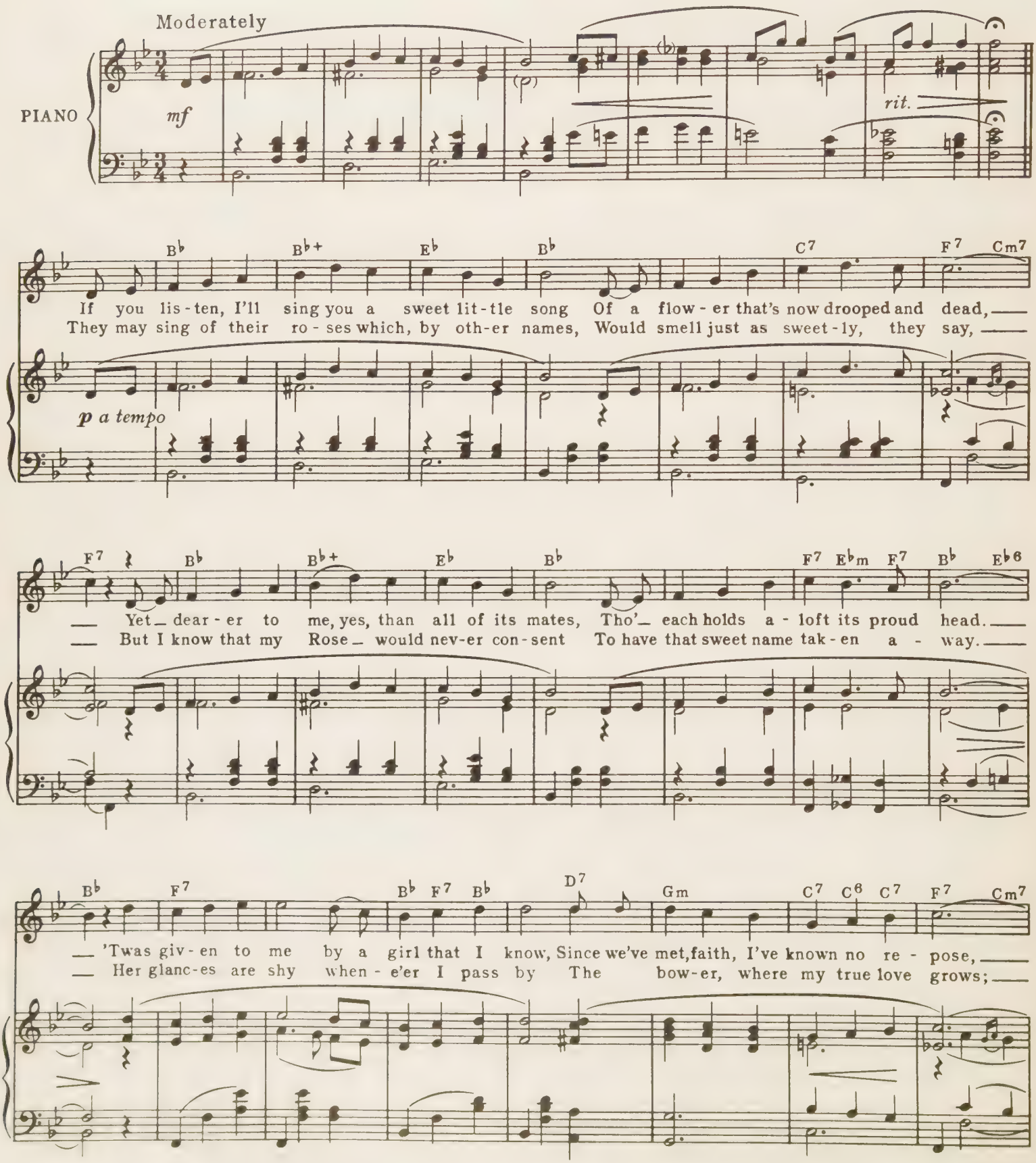
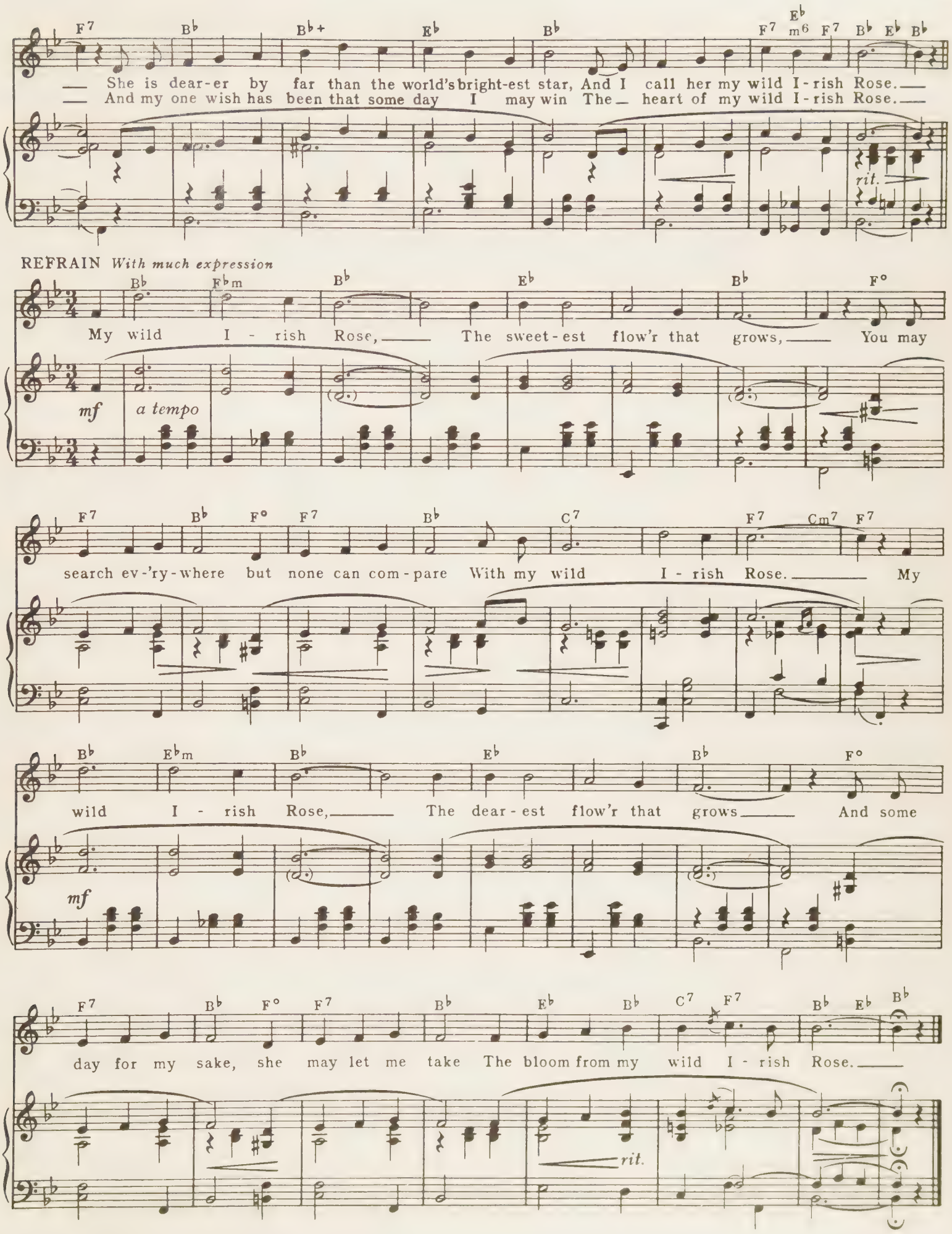

G D7 G C6 G7 C G9 Em G9 C G7 C6
giv - ing the peo-ple such joy. —— His smile is the sun-shine of old Er-in's
smile that will set both eyes blink-in'. —— Shure her we'll a - dore from the naugh - ti - est
G C° G7 Am F7 D7 G C6 G7 C
hills, And his eye is a bit of Kil - lar - ney, —— His song is the
curl, To the tip of her pat - ter - ing toes, —— 'Tis man - y a
G9 Em G9 C G7 C6 G C° G7 Am F7 D7 G
lilt of the birds and the rills, And his tongue, shure's a bit of the blar-ney.
head will be set in a whirl, By the turn of her tip - tilt - ed nose. —
CHORUS D7 G7 C Am Fm6 C G7 C D7 G7 C
'Tis the top o' the morn-in' to you, And the bless-in's of


C G7
kind heav-en too, Shure you are as grand As they make in the land Of
Am D7 G7 C Am Fm6 C
loy-al hearts faith-ful and true, And who will be ask-ing your
C C7 F E7 rit. Am D7
name, When I say 'tis to Ire-land you came, You'll al-ways be wear-in' the
rit.
C A9 A7 a tempo Dm Em7 Dm G7 D7 G7 1. C G7 C C° G7 2. C
sweet smile of Er-in, God bless you, me broth of a boy. boy.
a tempo

My Wild Irish Rose

Lyric and Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

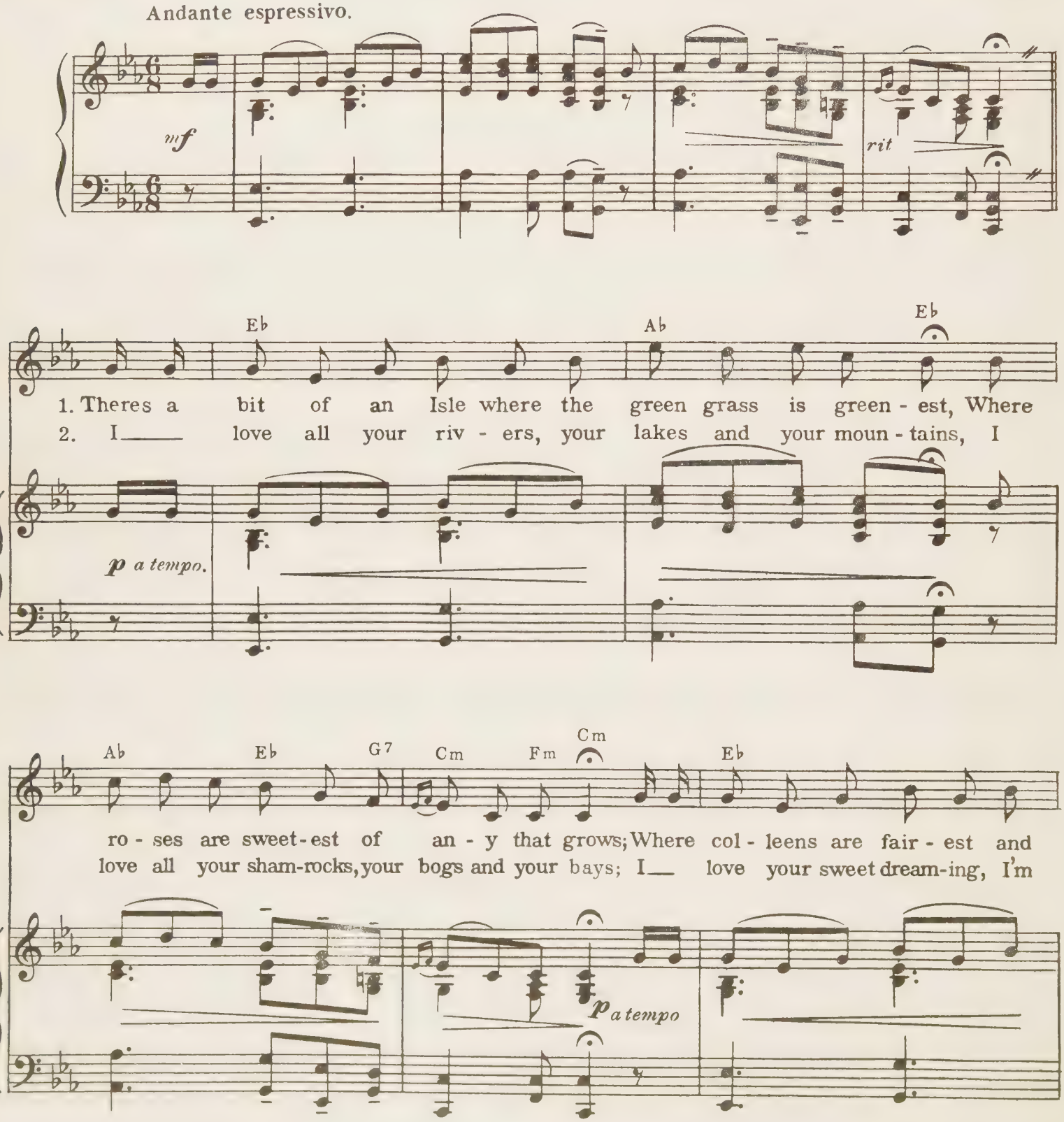



F7 B♭ B♭+ E♭ B♭ F7 E♭ m6 F7 B♭ E♭ B♭
— She is dear-er by far than the world's bright-est star, And I call her my wild I-rish Rose.—
— And my one wish has been that some day I may win The— heart of my wild I-rish Rose.—
rit.
REFRAIN With much expression
B♭ F♭m B♭ E♭ B♭ F°
My wild I - rish Rose,— The sweet-est flow'r that grows,— You may
mf a tempo
F7 B♭ F° F7 B♭ C7 F7 Cm7 F7
search ev-'ry-where but none can com-pare With my wild I - rish Rose.— My
B♭ E♭m B♭ E♭ B♭ F°
wild I - rish Rose,— The dear-est flow'r that grows— And some
mf
F7 B♭ F° F7 B♭ E♭ B♭ C7 F7 B♭ E♭ B♭
day for my sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I - rish Rose.—
rit.

Isle O' Dreams

Words by
GEO. GRAFF Jr. and
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL



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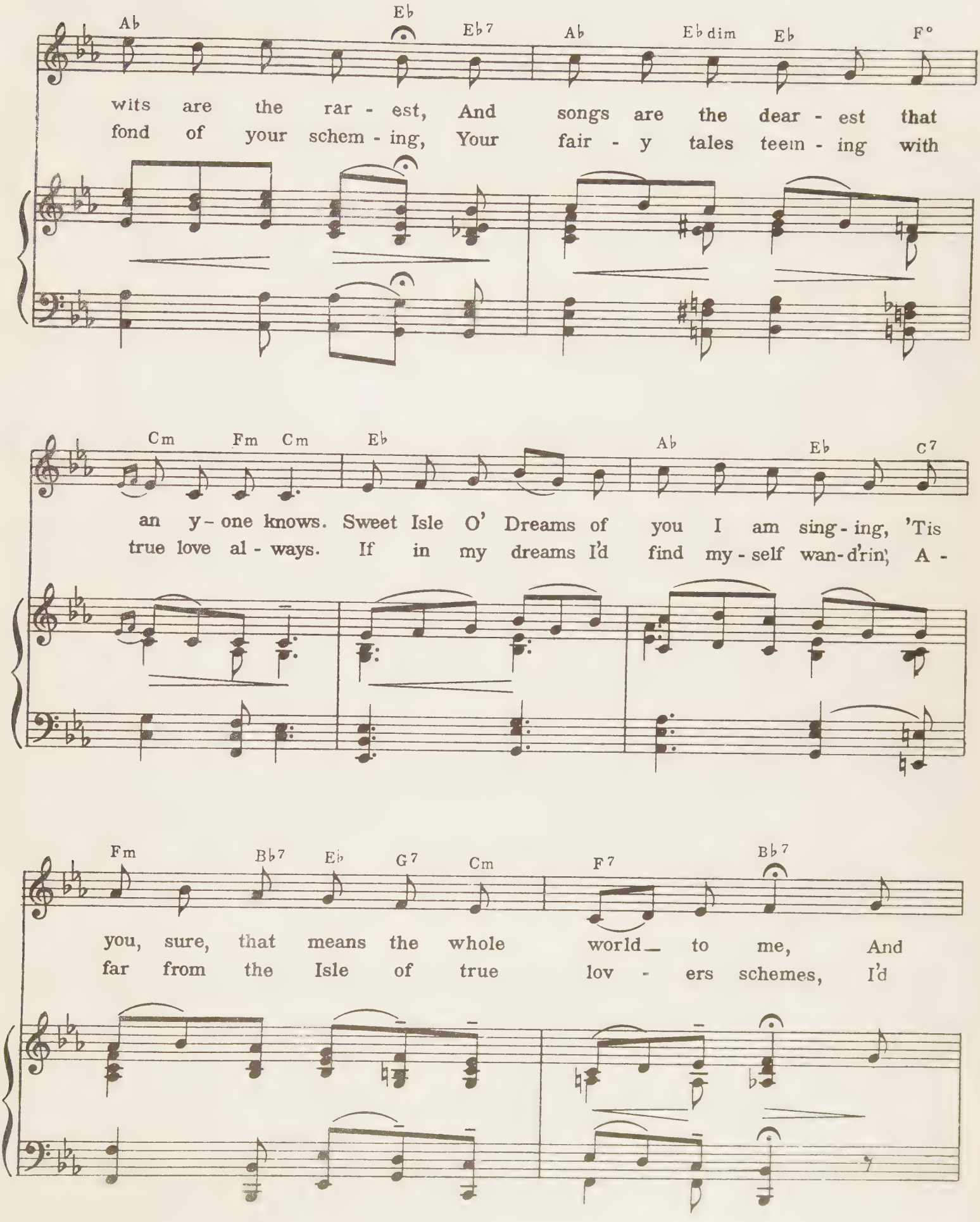
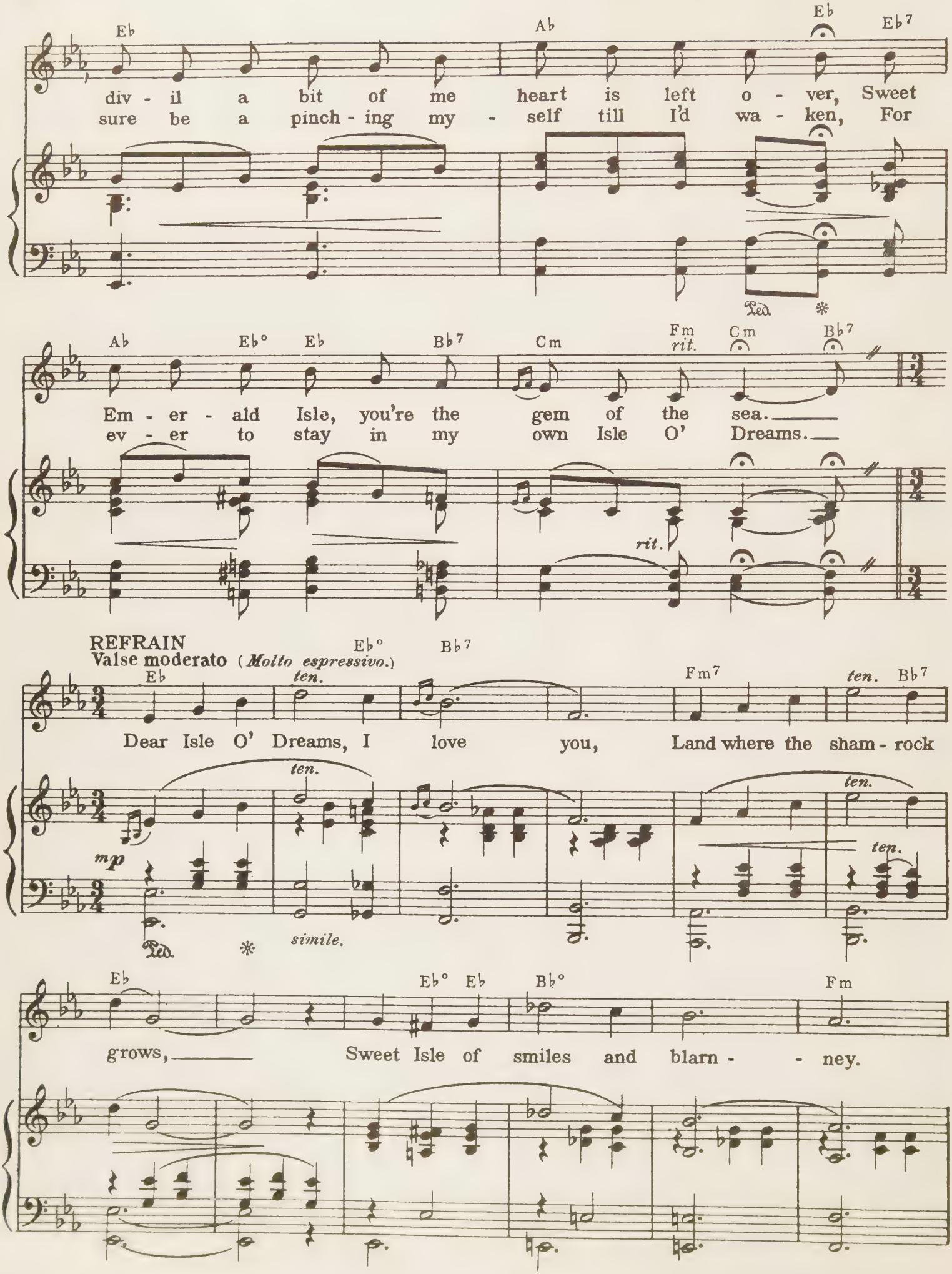
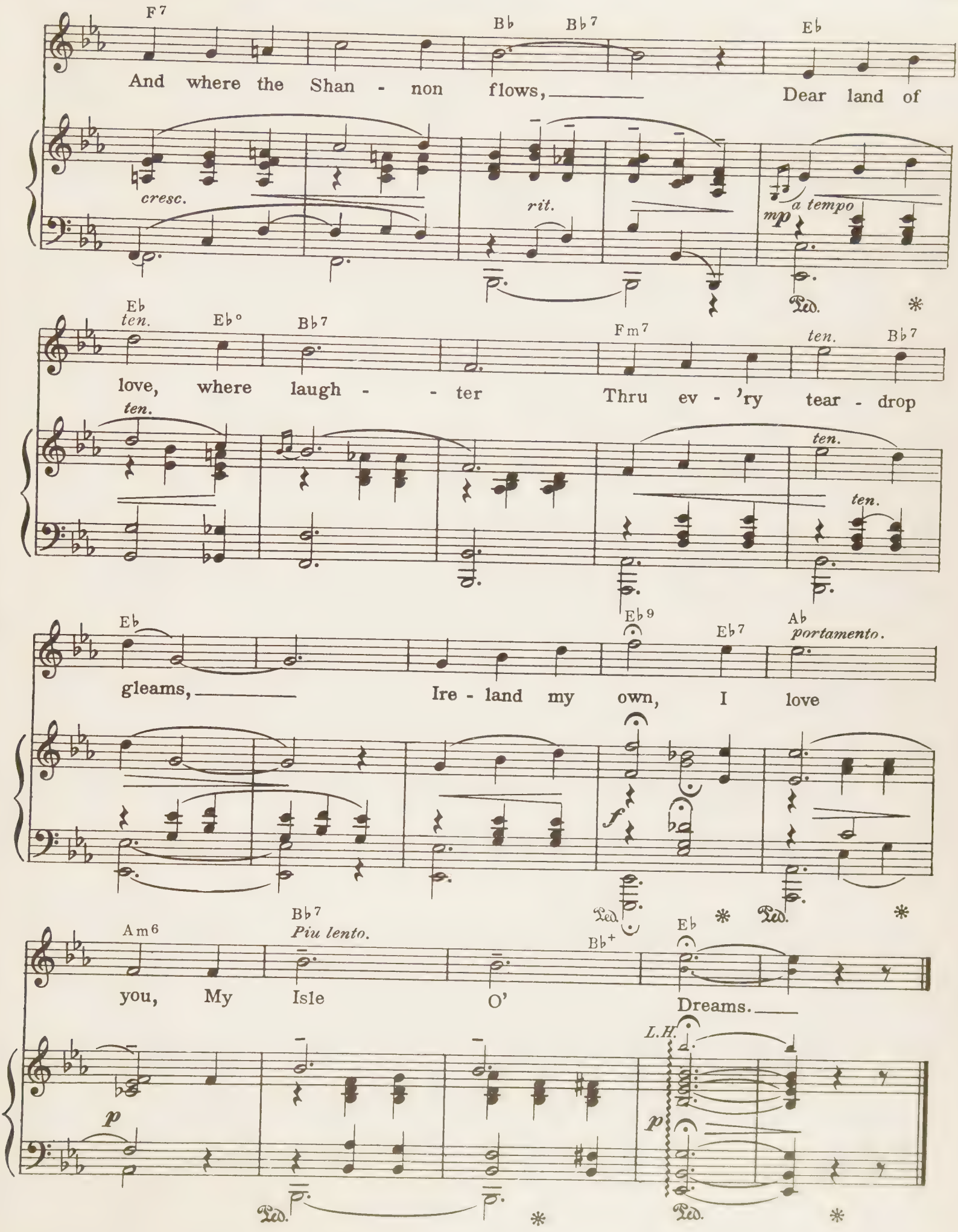

Ab
Eb
Eb7
Ab
Eb dim
Eb
F°
wits are the rar - est, And songs are the dear - est that
fond of your schem - ing, Your fair - y tales teem - ing with
Cm
Fm
Cm
Eb
Ab
Eb
C7
an y - one knows. Sweet Isle O' Dreams of you I am sing - ing, 'Tis
true love al - ways. If in my dreams I'd find my - self wan-d'rin', A -
Fm
Bb7
Eb
G7
Cm
F7
Bb7
you, sure, that means the whole world to me, And
far from the Isle of true lov - ers schemes, I'd

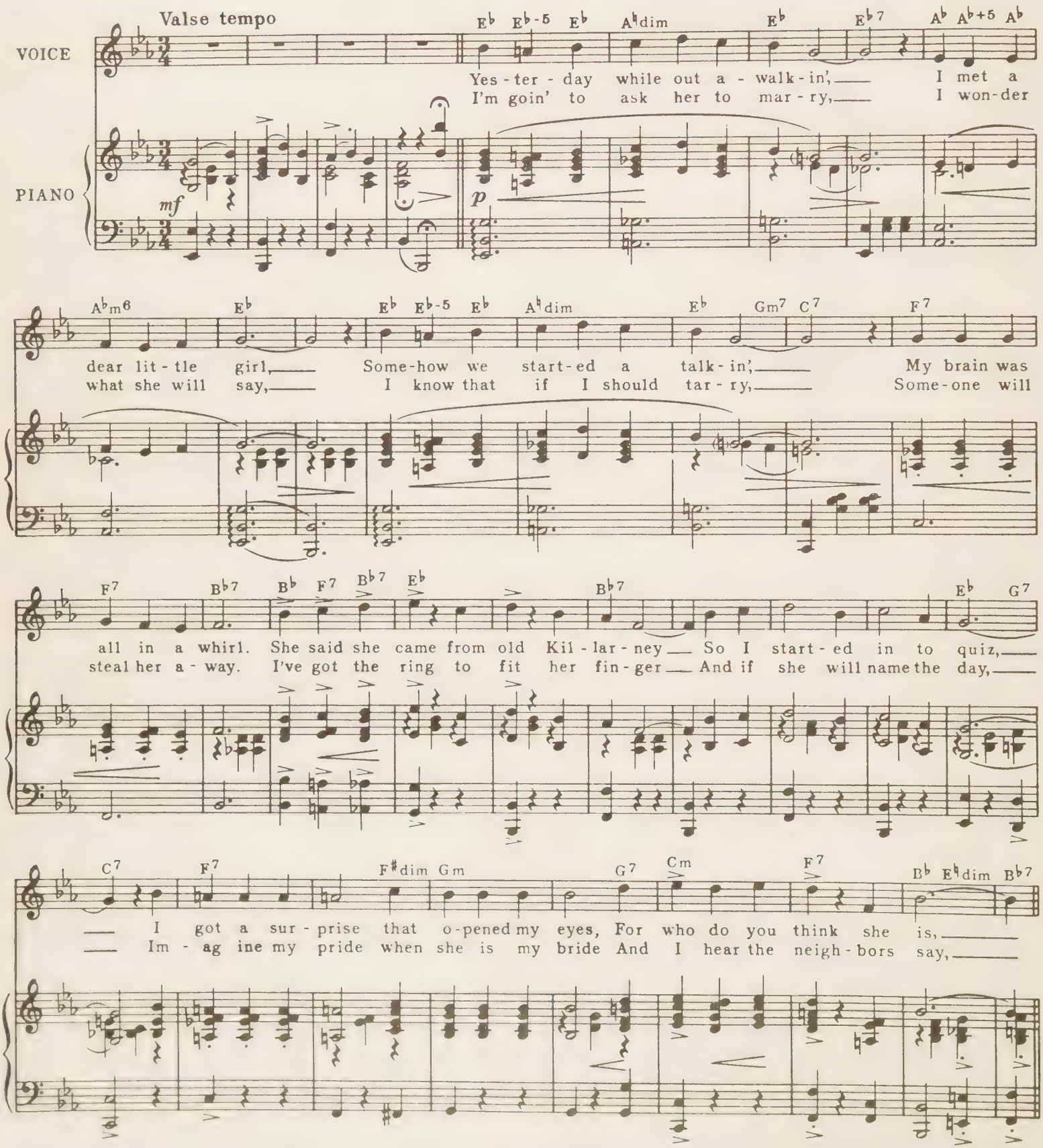

Eb
Ab
Eb
Eb7
div - il a bit of me heart is left o - ver, Sweet
sure be a pinch - ing my - self till I'd wa - ken, For
Ped.
Ab
Eb°
Eb
Bb7
Cm
Fm
rit.
Cm
Bb7
Em - er - ald Isle, you're the gem of the sea.
ev - er to stay in my own Isle O' Dreams.
rit.
REFRAIN
Valse moderato (Molto espressivo.)
Eb°
Bb7
Eb
ten.
Fm7
ten.
Bb7
Dear Isle O' Dreams, I love you, Land where the sham - rock
ten.
ten.
ten.
mp
Ped.
simile.
Eb
Eb°
Eb
Bb°
Fm
grows, Sweet Isle of smiles and blarn - - ney.


F7
B♭
B♭7
E♭
And where the Shan - non flows, Dear land of
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
mp
Ped. *
E♭
ten.
E♭°
B♭7
Fm7
ten.
B♭7
love, where laugh - - ter Thru ev - 'ry tear - drop
ten.
ten.
ten.
E♭
E♭9
E♭7
A♭
portamento.
gleams, Ire - land my own, I love
f
Ped. * Ped. *
A m6
B♭7
Piu lento.
B♭+
E♭
you, My Isle O' Dreams.
L.H.
p
p
Ped. * Ped. *

The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady

Words by
MONTY C. BRICE

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON



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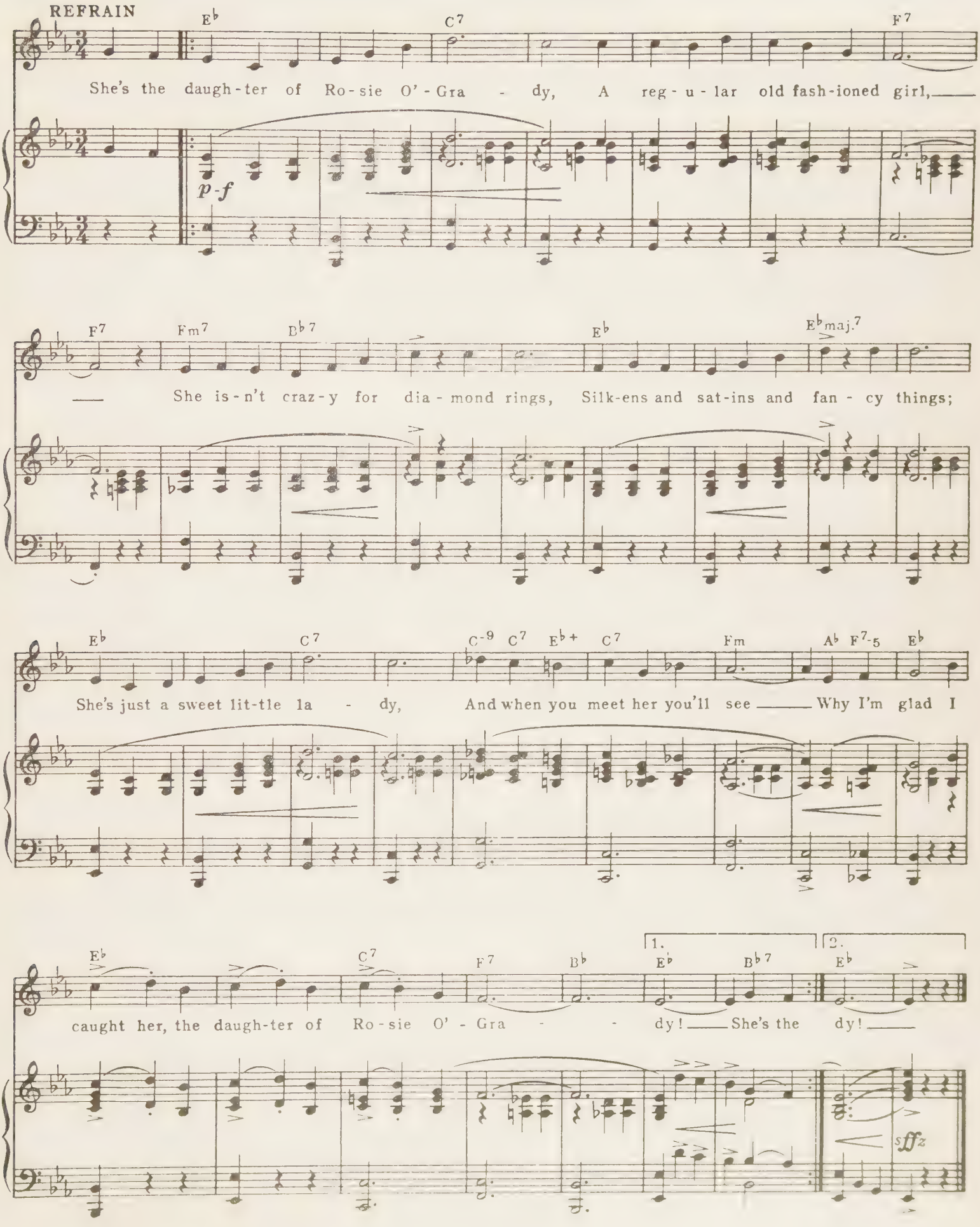
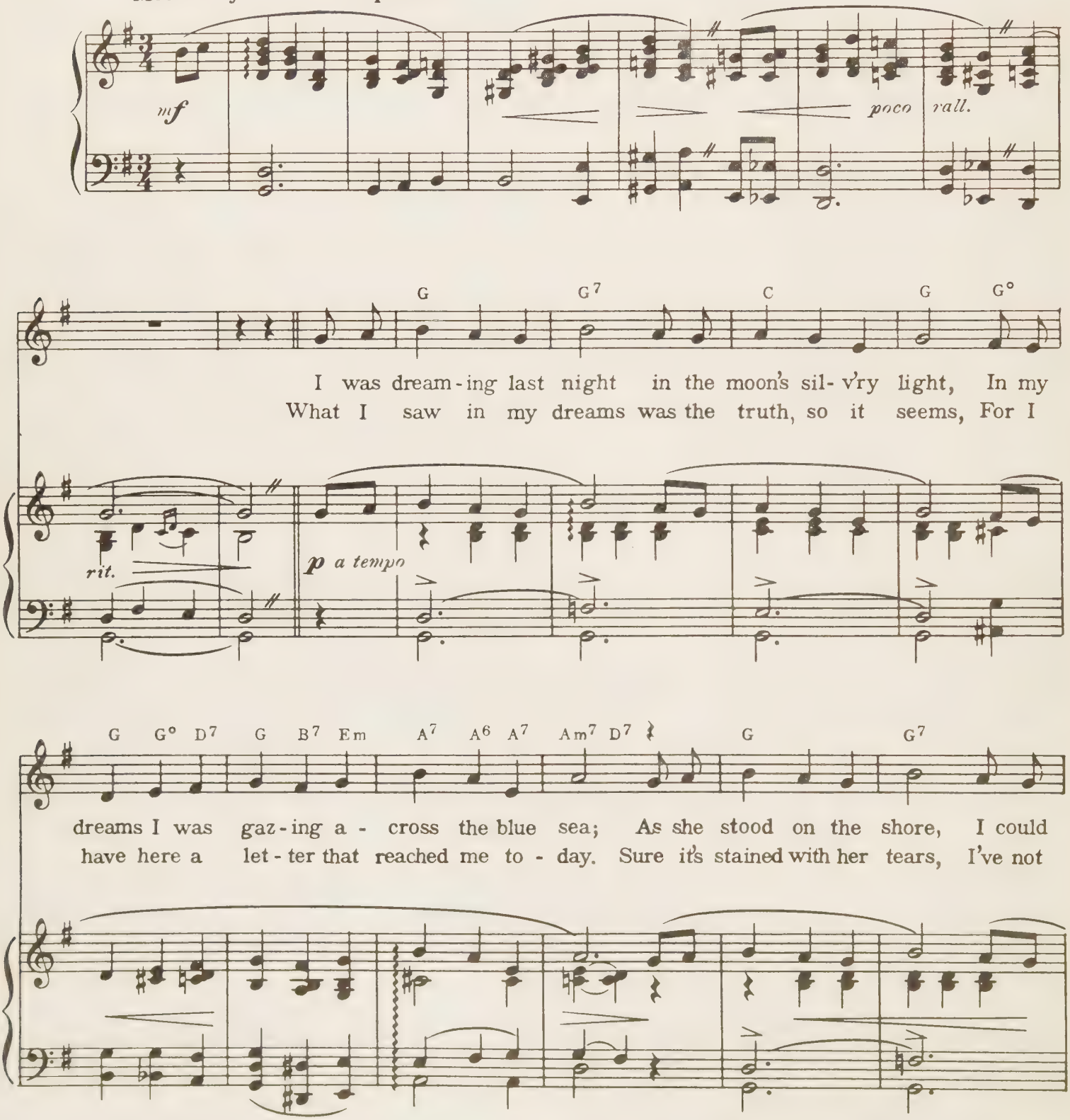

REFRAIN
E♭
C7
F7
She's the daugh-ter of Ro-sie O'-Gra - dy, A reg-u-lar old fash-ioned girl,
p-f
F7
Fm7
B♭7
E♭
E♭maj.7
She is-n't craz-y for dia-mond rings, Silk-ens and sat-ins and fan-cy things;
E♭
C7
C-9
C7
E♭+
C7
Fm
A♭
F7-5
E♭
She's just a sweet lit-tle la - dy, And when you meet her you'll see Why I'm glad I
E♭
C7
F7
B♭
1.
E♭
B♭7
2.
E♭
caught her, the daugh-ter of Ro-sie O'-Gra - - dy! She's the dy!
sffz

SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF MOTHER MACHREE

Lyric by
JEFF T. NENARB

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately slow with expression



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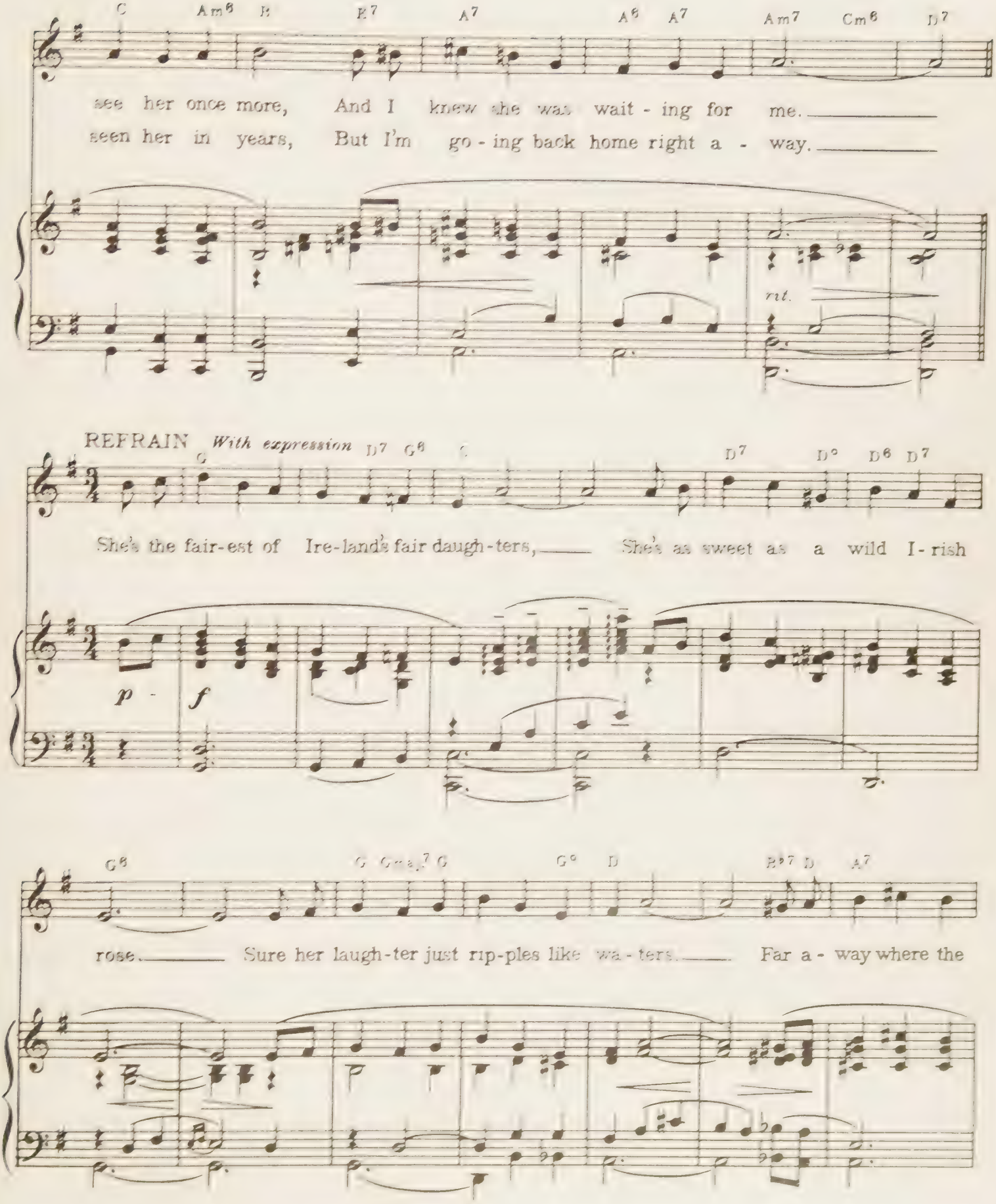
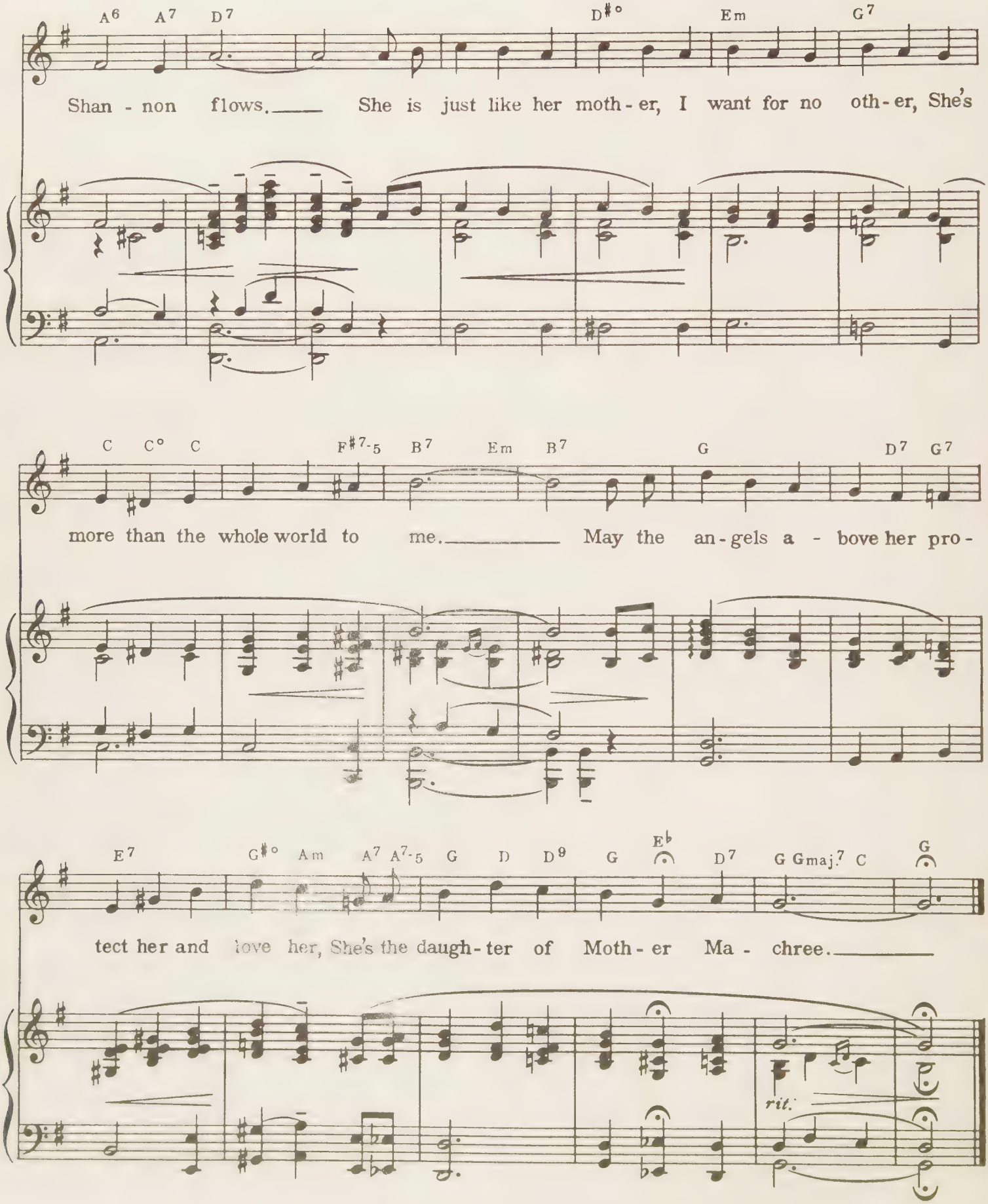
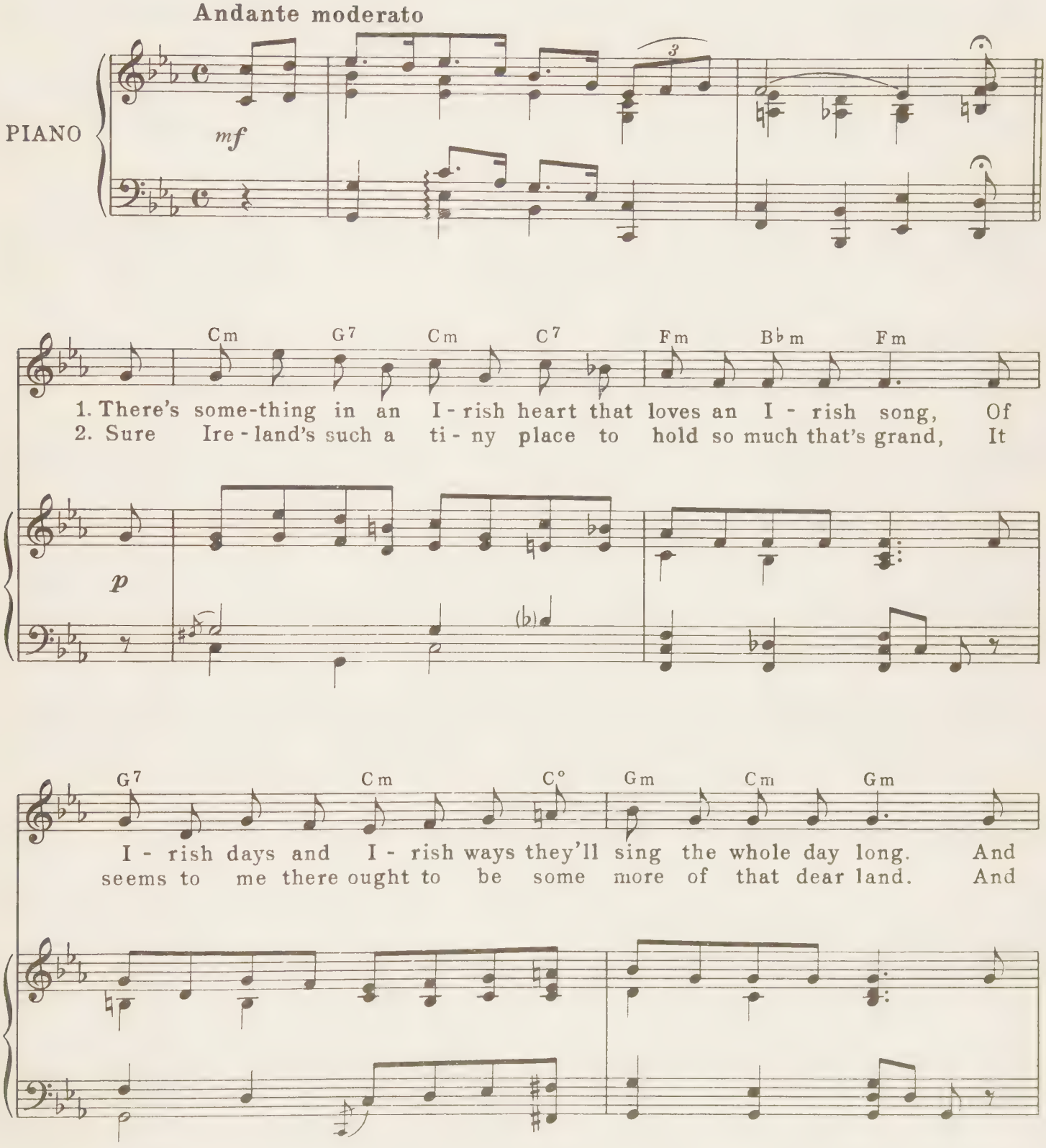

C Am6 E E7 A7 A6 A7 Am7 Cm6 D7
see her once more, And I knew she was wait - ing for me.
seen her in years, But I'm go - ing back home right a - way.
rit.
REFRAIN With expression G D7 G6 C D7 D° D6 D7
She's the fair-est of Ire-land's fair daugh-ters, She's as sweet as a wild I-rish
p - f
G6 G Gmaj7 G G° D B♭7 D A7
rose. Sure her laugh-ter just rip-ples like wa-ters. Far a - way where the


A6 A7 D7 D#° Em G7
Shan - non flows. She is just like her moth - er, I want for no oth - er, She's
C C° C F#7-5 B7 Em B7 G D7 G7
more than the whole world to me. May the an - gels a - bove her pro -
E7 G#° Am A7 A7-5 G D D9 G Eb D7 G Gmaj.7 C G
tect her and love her, She's the daugh - ter of Moth - er Ma - chree.
rit.

BECAUSE YOU'RE IRISH

Words by
GUSTAVE KAHN

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE



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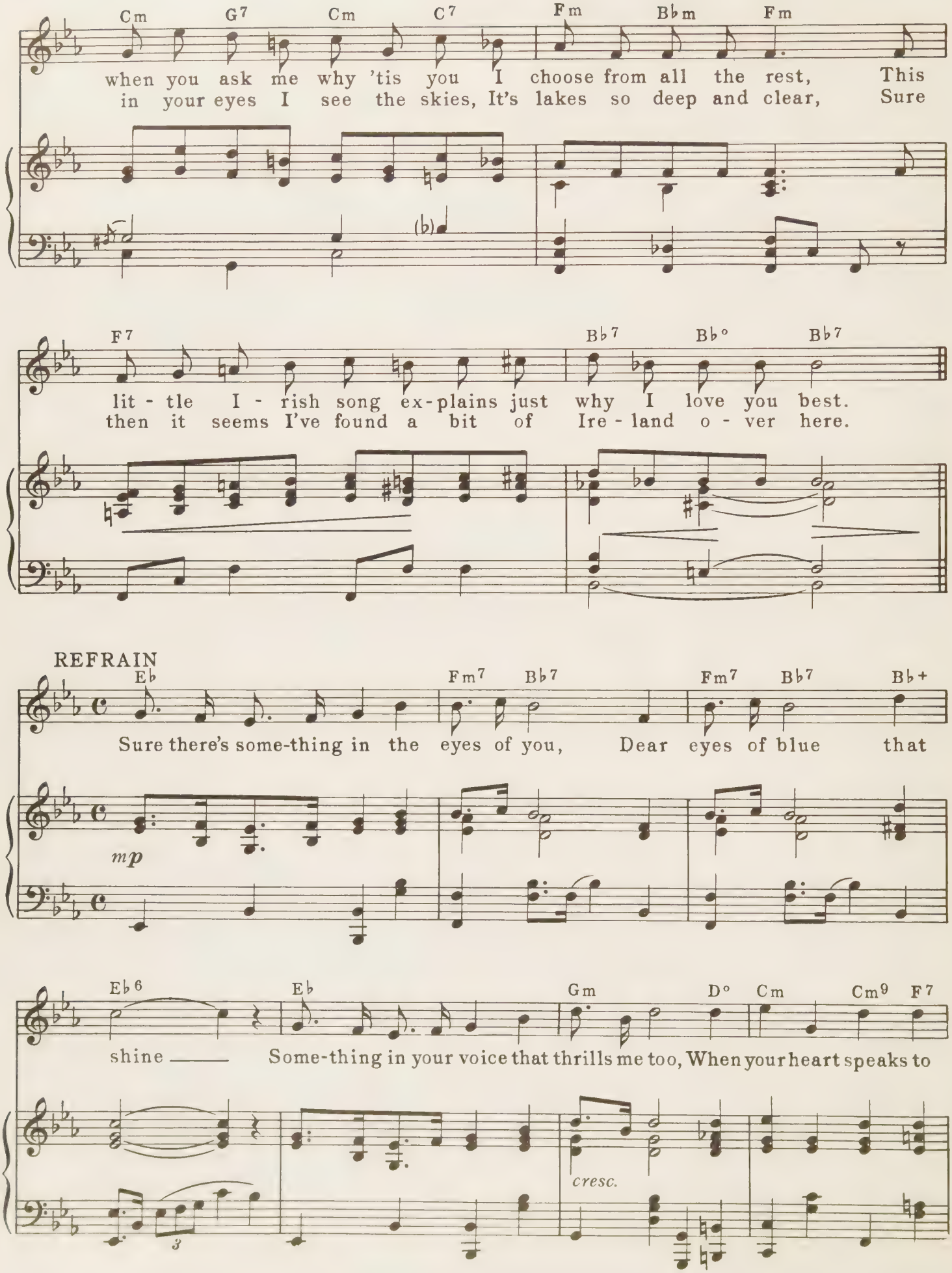
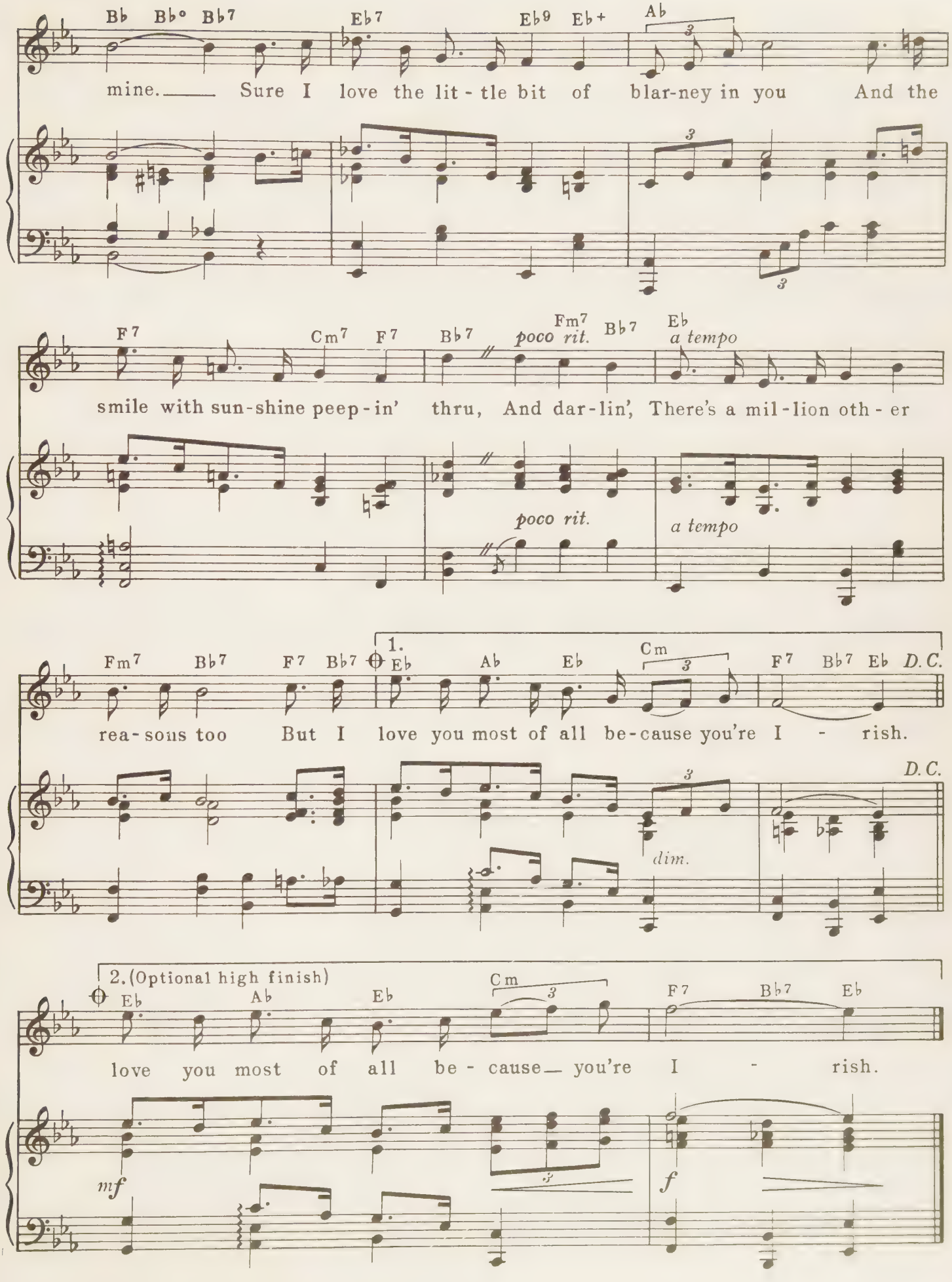
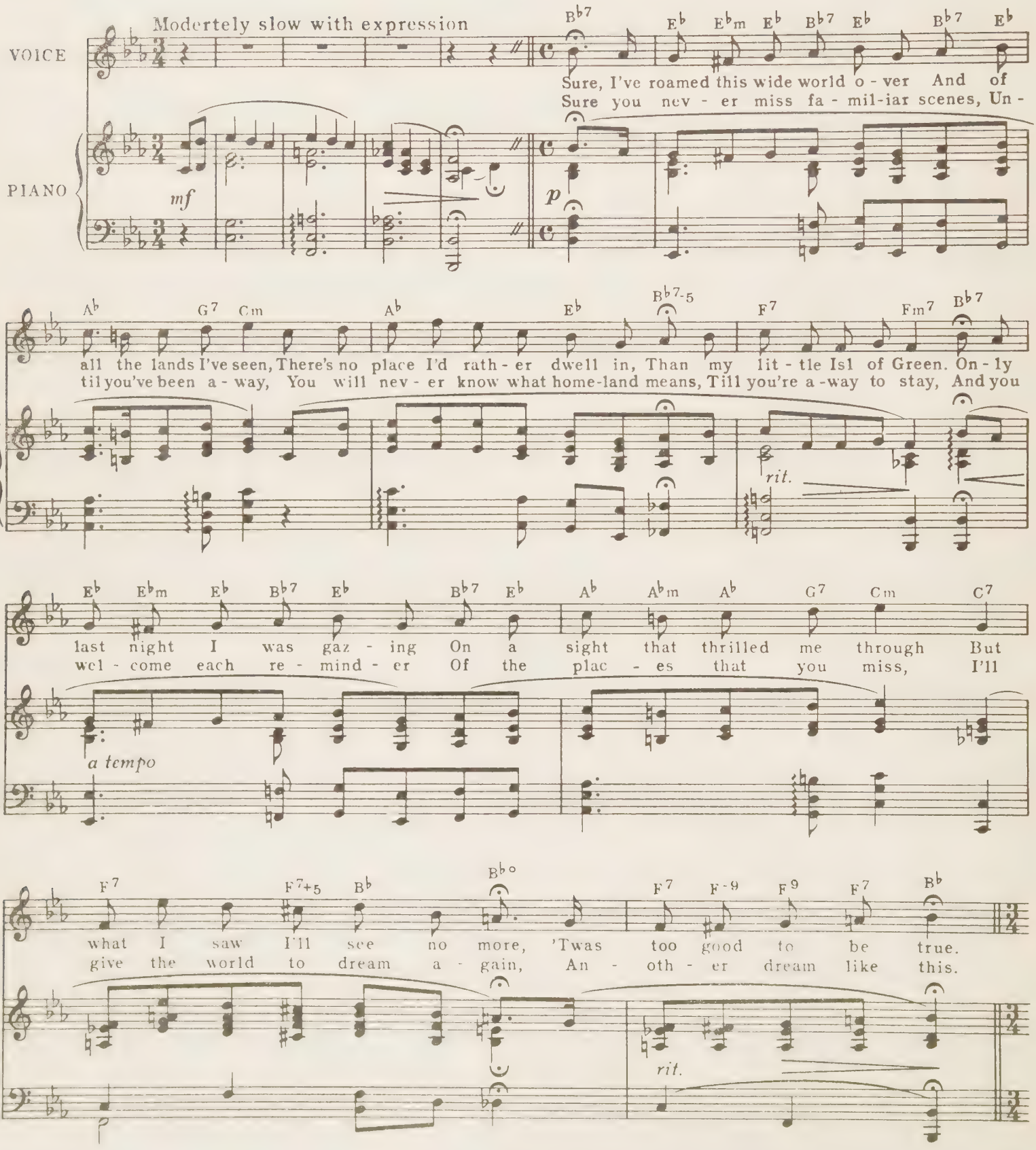

Cm G7 Cm C7 Fm B♭m Fm
when you ask me why 'tis you I choose from all the rest, This
in your eyes I see the skies, It's lakes so deep and clear, Sure
F7 B♭7 B♭° B♭7
lit - tle I - rish song ex-plains just why I love you best.
then it seems I've found a bit of Ire - land o - ver here.
REFRAIN
E♭ Fm7 B♭7 Fm7 B♭7 B♭+
Sure there's some-thing in the eyes of you, Dear eyes of blue that
mp
E♭6 E♭ Gm D° Cm Cm9 F7
shine Some-thing in your voice that thrills me too, When your heart speaks to
cresc.


B♭ B♭° B♭7 E♭7 E♭9 E♭+ A♭
mine. Sure I love the lit - tle bit of blar-ney in you And the
F7 Cm7 F7 B♭7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭
poco rit. a tempo
smile with sun-shine peep-in' thru, And dar-lin', There's a mil-lion oth - er
poco rit.
a tempo
Fm7 B♭7 F7 B♭7 1. E♭ A♭ E♭ Cm F7 B♭7 E♭ D.C.
rea-sons too But I love you most of all be-cause you're I - rish.
dim.
D.C.
2.(Optional high finish) E♭ A♭ E♭ Cm F7 B♭7 E♭
love you most of all be - cause you're I - rish.
mf
f

'Twas Only An Irishman's Dream

Lyric by
JOHN J. O'BRIEN
& AL DUBIN

Music by
RENNIE CORMACK



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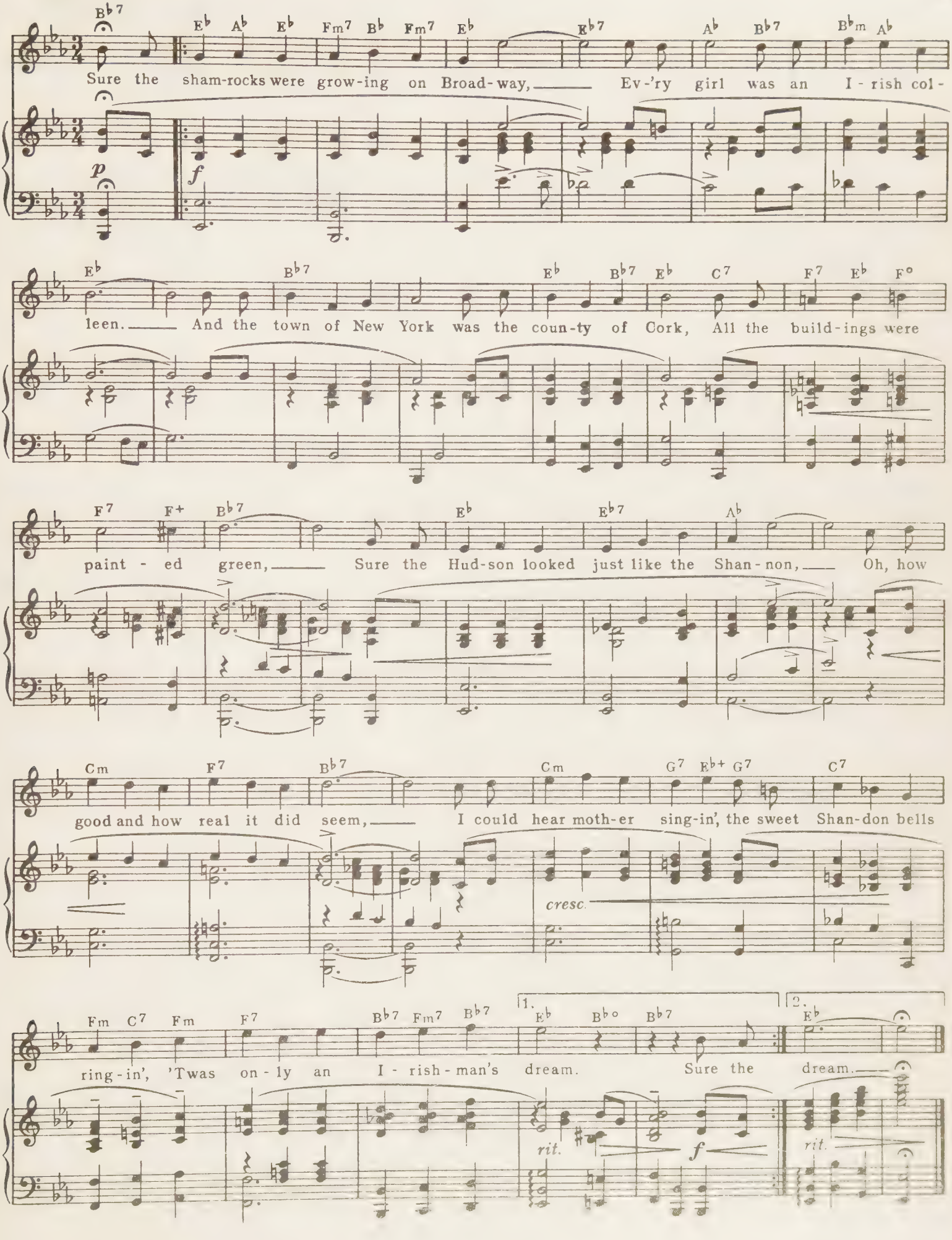
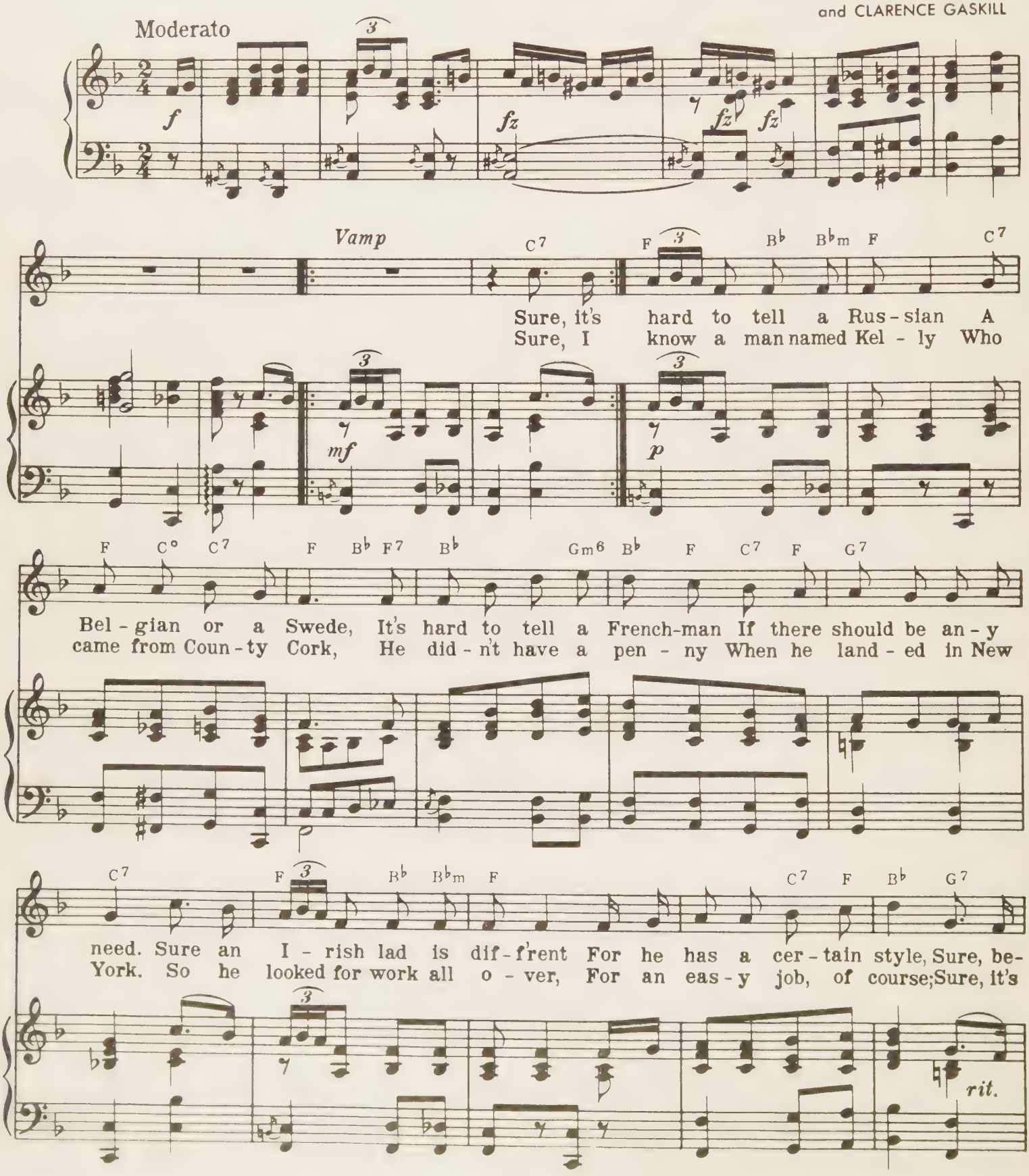

B♭7 E♭ A♭ E♭ Fm7 B♭ Fm7 E♭ E♭7 A♭ B♭7 B♭m A♭
Sure the sham-rocks were grow-ing on Broad-way, Ev-'ry girl was an I-rish col-
p f
E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ C7 F7 E♭ F°
leen. And the town of New York was the coun-ty of Cork, All the build-ings were
F7 F+ B♭7 E♭ E♭7 A♭
paint-ed green, Sure the Hud-son looked just like the Shan-non, Oh, how
Cm F7 B♭7 Cm G7 E♭+ G7 C7
good and how real it did seem, I could hear moth-er sing-in', the sweet Shan-don bells
cresc.
Fm C7 Fm F7 B♭7 Fm7 B♭7 1. E♭ B♭° B♭7 2. E♭
ring-in', 'Twas on-ly an I-rish-man's dream. Sure the dream.
rit. f rit.

THAT'S HOW YOU CAN TELL THEY'RE IRISH

Lyric and Music by
THOMAS J. GRAY
and CLARENCE GASKILL



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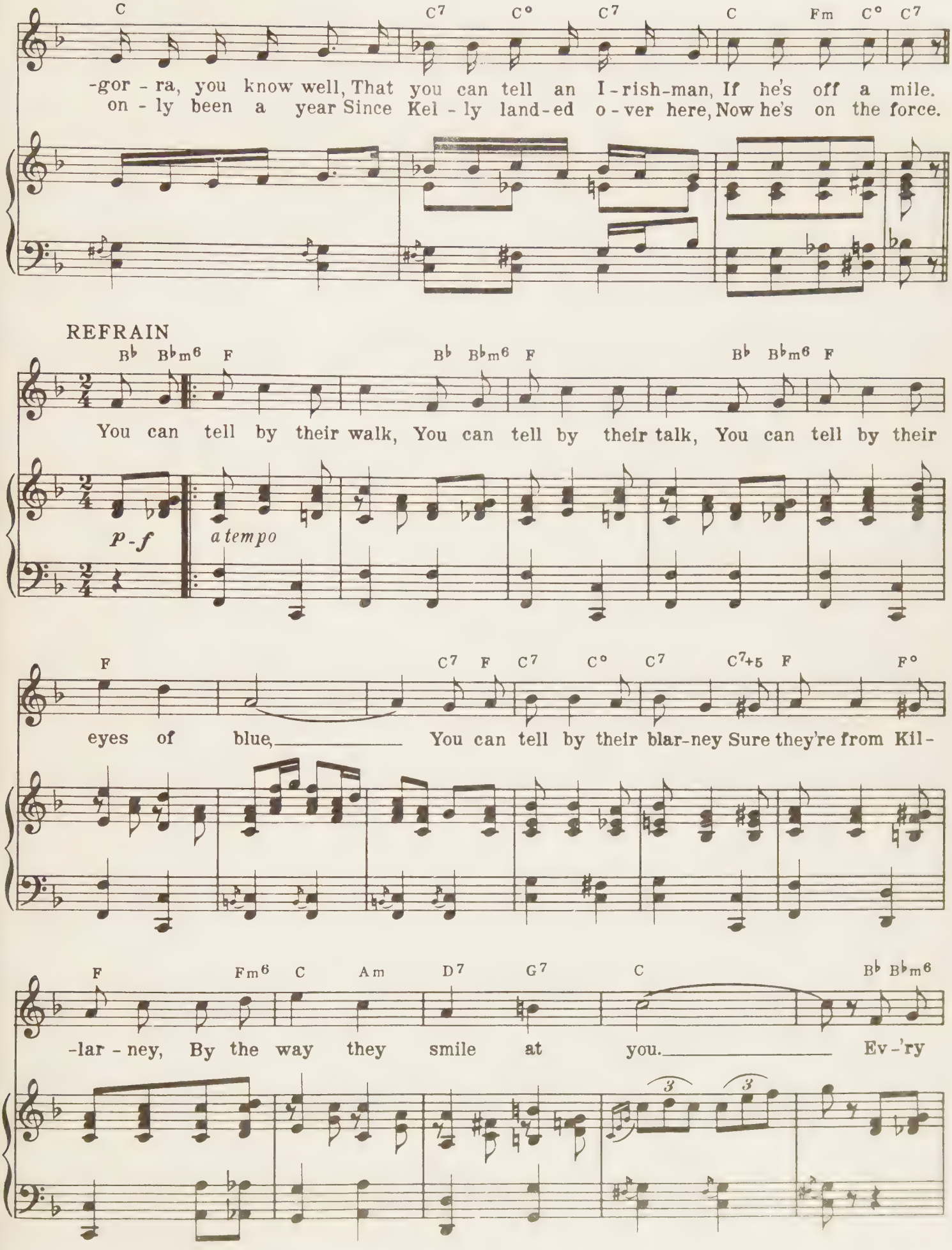
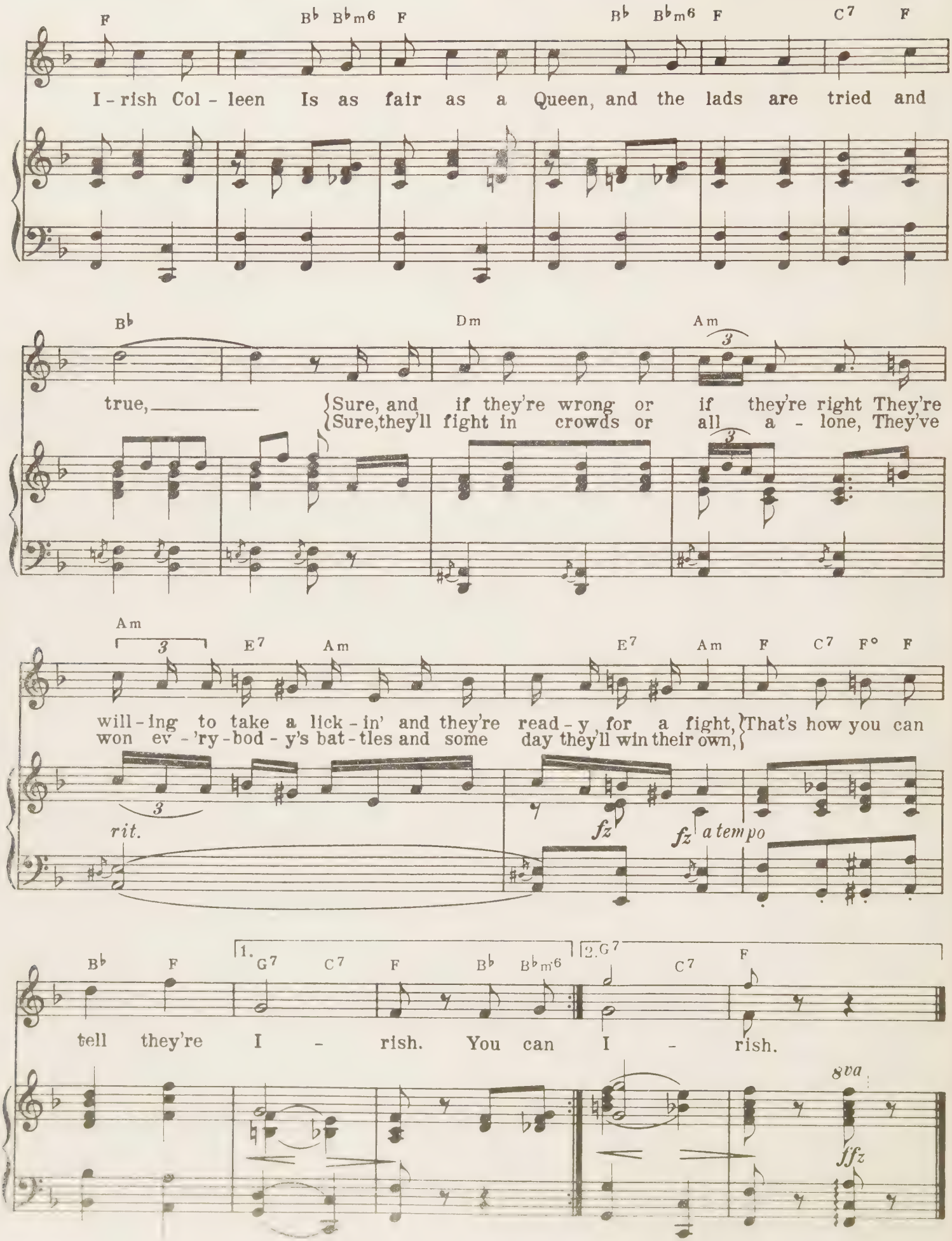
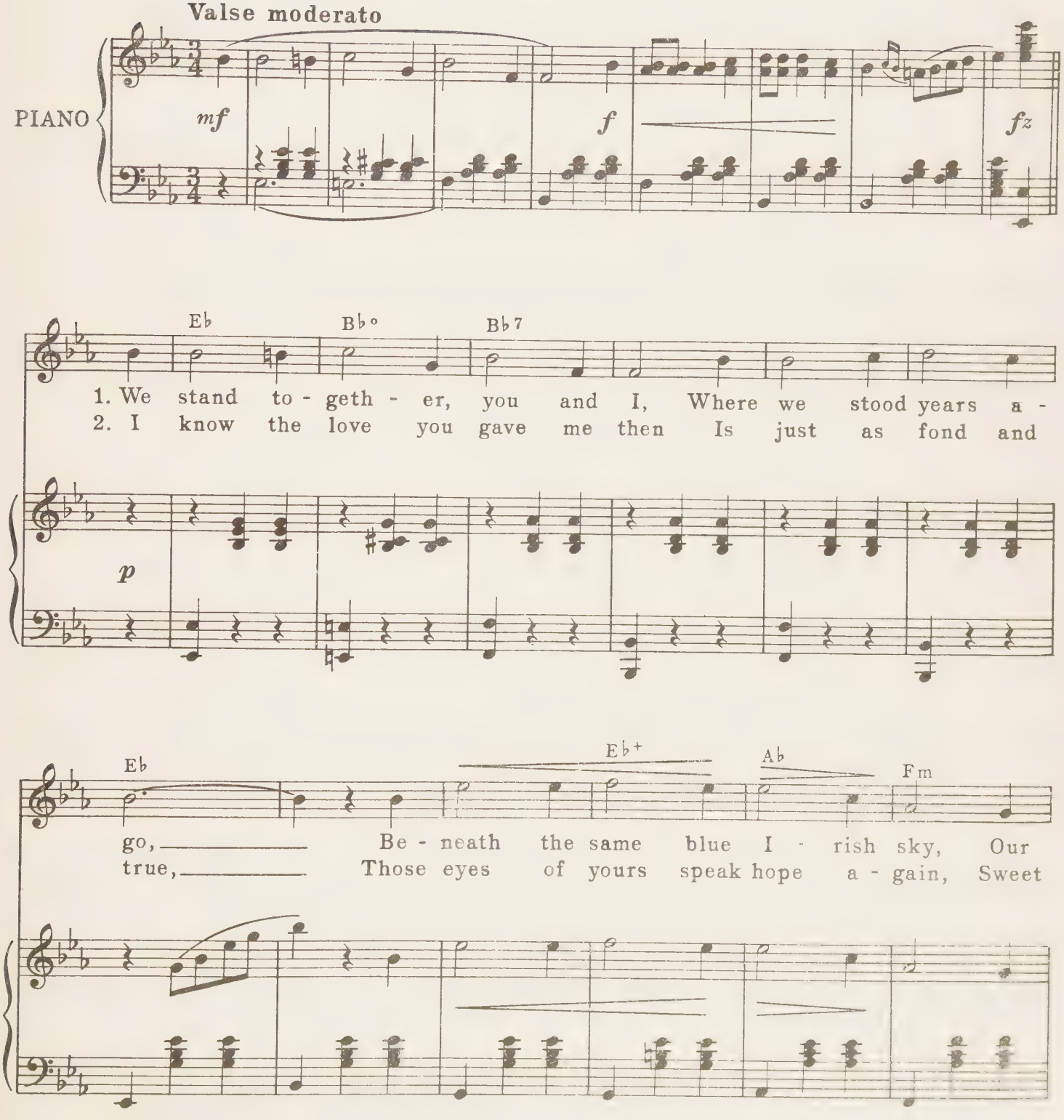
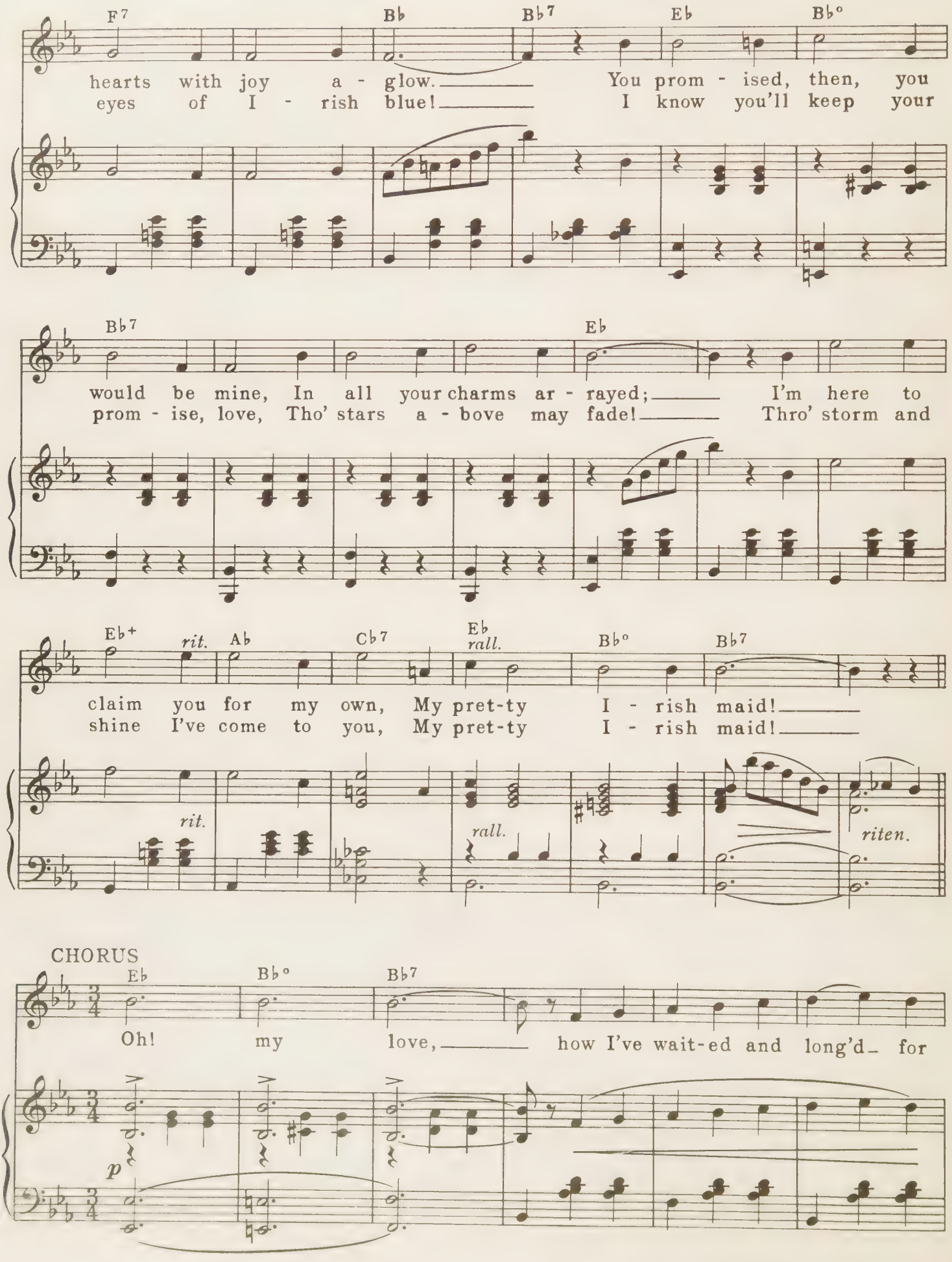

C C7 C° C7 C Fm C° C7
-gor - ra, you know well, That you can tell an I - rish-man, If he's off a mile.
on - ly been a year Since Kel - ly land-ed o - ver here, Now he's on the force.
REFRAIN
B♭ B♭m6 F B♭ B♭m6 F B♭ B♭m6 F
You can tell by their walk, You can tell by their talk, You can tell by their
p-f
a tempo
F C7 F C7 C° C7 C7+5 F F°
eyes of blue, You can tell by their blar-ney Sure they're from Kil-
F Fm6 C Am D7 G7 C B♭ B♭m6
-lar - ney, By the way they smile at you. Ev-'ry

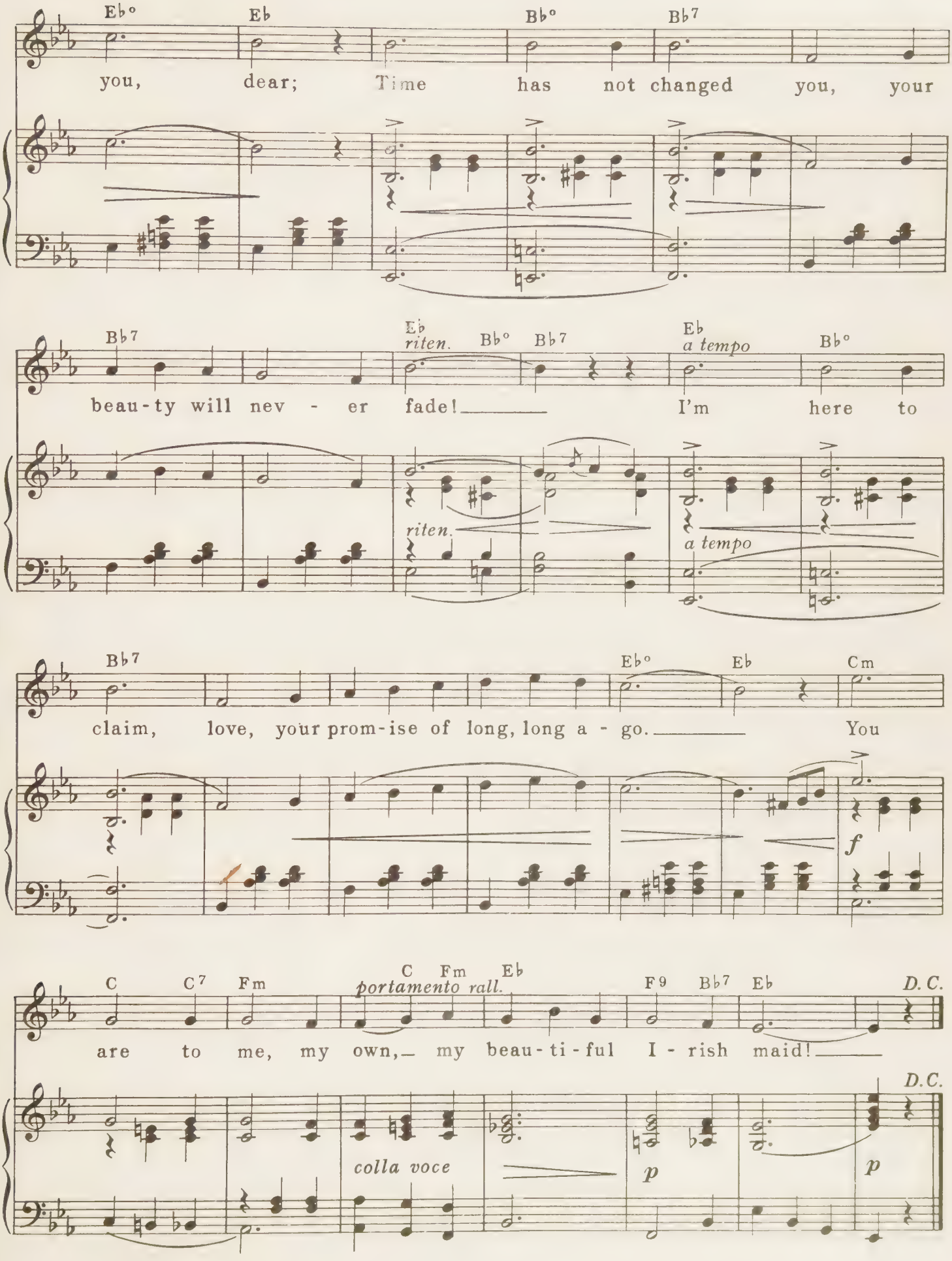

F B♭ B♭m6 F B♭ B♭m6 F C7 F
I-rish Col-leen Is as fair as a Queen, and the lads are tried and
B♭ Dm Am
true, Sure, and if they're wrong or if they're right They're
Sure, they'll fight in crowds or all a-lone, They've
Am E7 Am E7 Am F C7 F° F
will-ing to take a lick-in' and they're read-y for a fight, That's how you can
won ev-'ry-bod-y's bat-tles and some day they'll win their own,
rit.
fz
fz a tempo
B♭ F 1. G7 C7 F B♭ B♭m6 2. G7 C7 F
tell they're I-rish. You can I-rish.
8va
fffz

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID

Words and Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT




F7 B♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭°
hearts with joy a - glow. You prom - ised, then, you
eyes of I - rish blue! I know you'll keep your
B♭7 E♭
would be mine, In all your charms ar - rayed; I'm here to
prom - ise, love, Tho' stars a - bove may fade! Thro' storm and
E♭+ rit. A♭ C♭7 E♭ rall. B♭° B♭7
claim you for my own, My pret-ty I - rish maid!
shine I've come to you, My pret-ty I - rish maid!
rit. rall. riten.
CHORUS
E♭ B♭° B♭7
Oh! my love, how I've wait-ed and long'd for
p

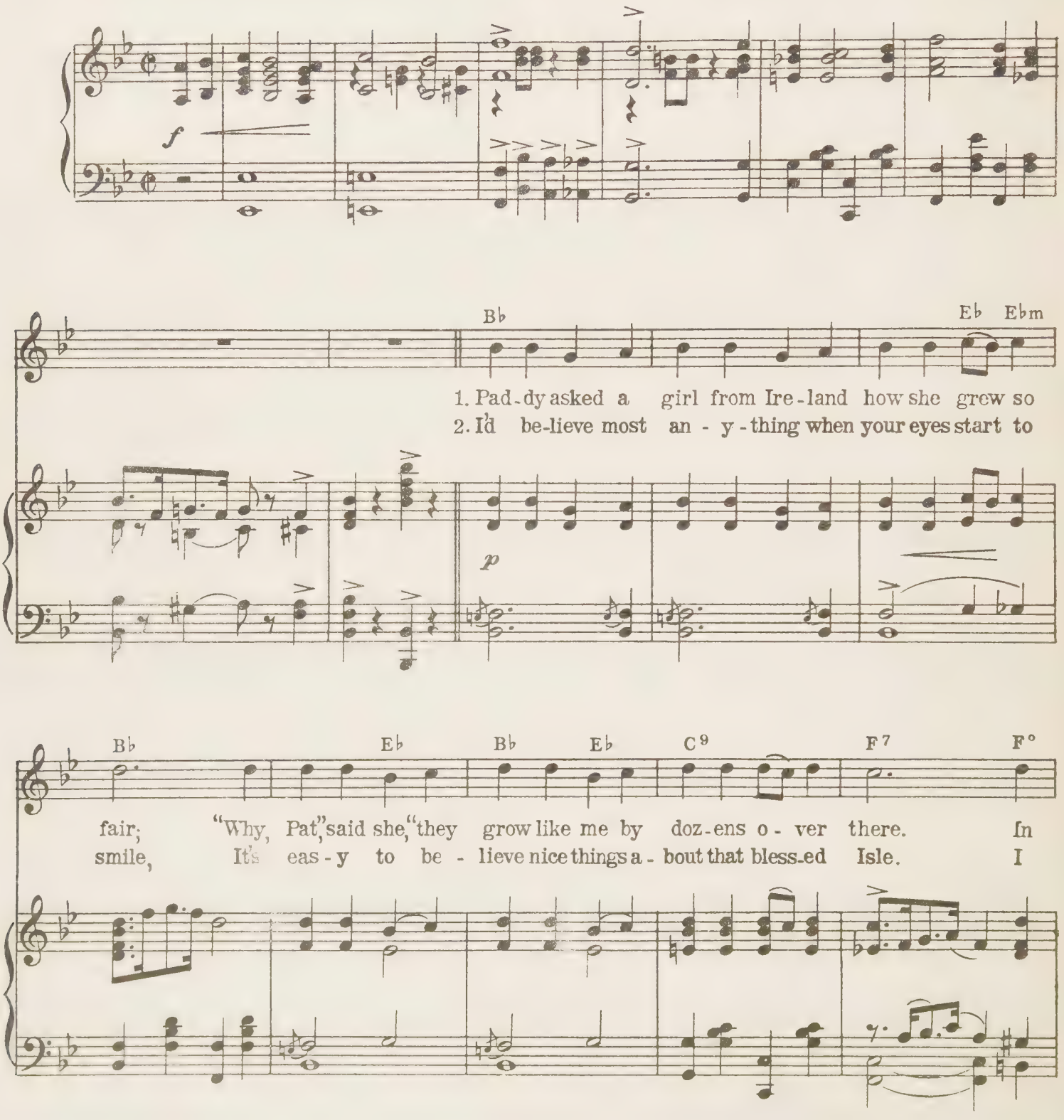

E♭° E♭ B♭° B♭7
you, dear; Time has not changed you, your
B♭7 E♭ riten. B♭° B♭7 E♭ a tempo B♭°
beau-ty will nev - er fade! I'm here to
riten.
a tempo
B♭7 E♭° E♭ Cm
claim, love, your prom-ise of long, long a - go. You
f
C C7 Fm C Fm E♭ portamento rall. F9 B♭7 E♭ D.C.
are to me, my own, my beau-ti-ful I - rish maid!
D.C.
colla voce
p
p

Ireland Must Be A Garden

If You Are A Wild Irish Rose

Lyric by
GEORGE GRAFF, Jr.

Music by
BERT RULE



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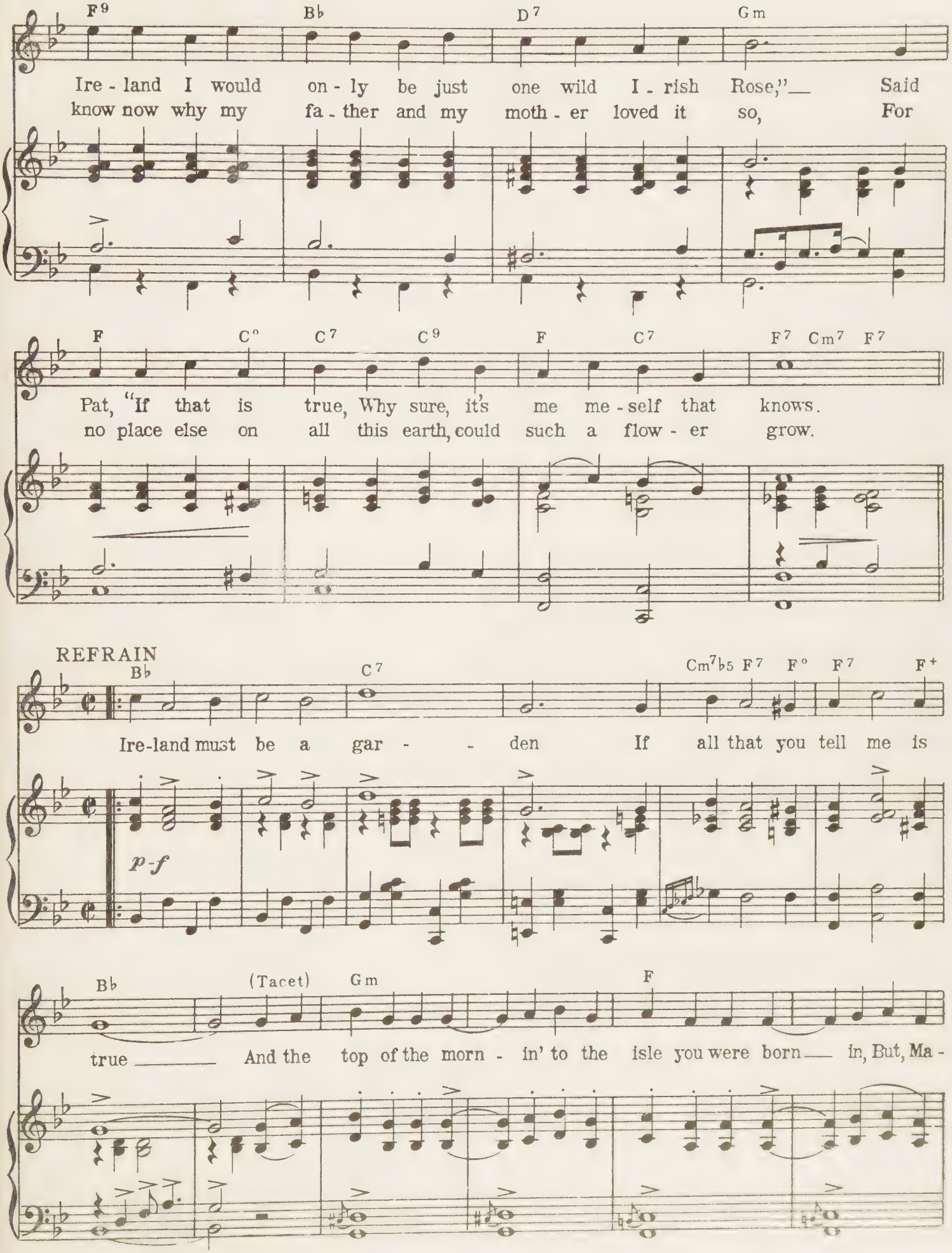
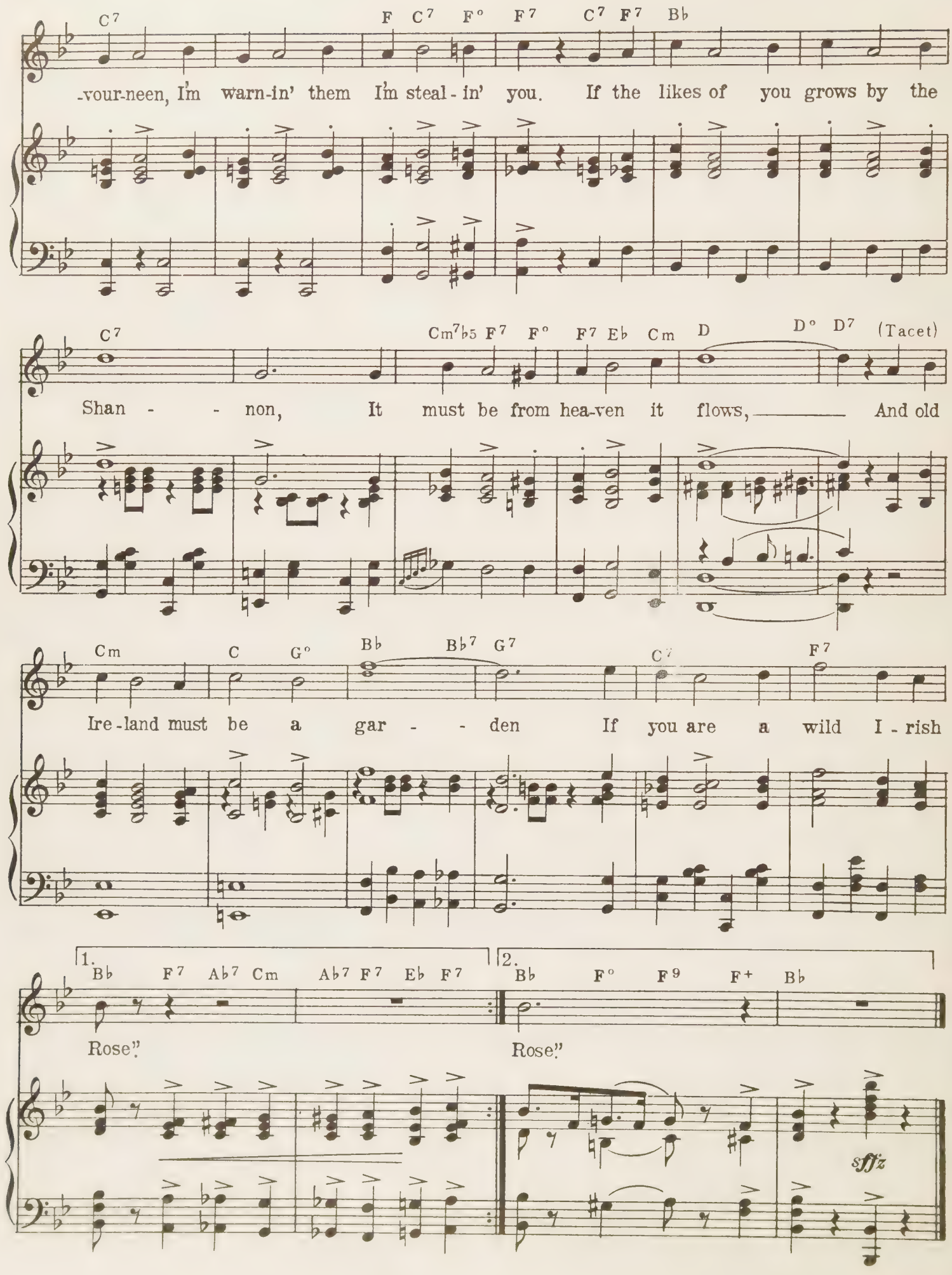

F9 Bb D7 Gm
Ire - land I would on - ly be just one wild I - rish Rose,"__ Said
know now why my fa - ther and my moth - er loved it so, For
F C° C7 C9 F C7 F7 Cm7 F7
Pat, "If that is true, Why sure, it's me me - self that knows.
no place else on all this earth, could such a flow - er grow.
REFRAIN
Bb C7 Cm7b5 F7 F° F7 F+
Ire-land must be a gar - - den If all that you tell me is
p-f
Bb (Tacet) Gm F
true ___ And the top of the morn - in' to the isle you were born___ in, But, Ma -


C7 F C7 F° F7 C7 F7 B♭
-vour-neen, I'm warn-in' them I'm steal - in' you. If the likes of you grows by the
C7 Cm7♭5 F7 F° F7 E♭ Cm D D° D7 (Tacet)
Shan - - non, It must be from hea-ven it flows, And old
Cm C G° B♭ B♭7 G7 C7 F7
Ire-land must be a gar - - den If you are a wild I - rish
1. B♭ F7 A♭7 Cm A♭7 F7 E♭ F7
Rose."
2. B♭ F° F9 F+ B♭
Rose."
sffz

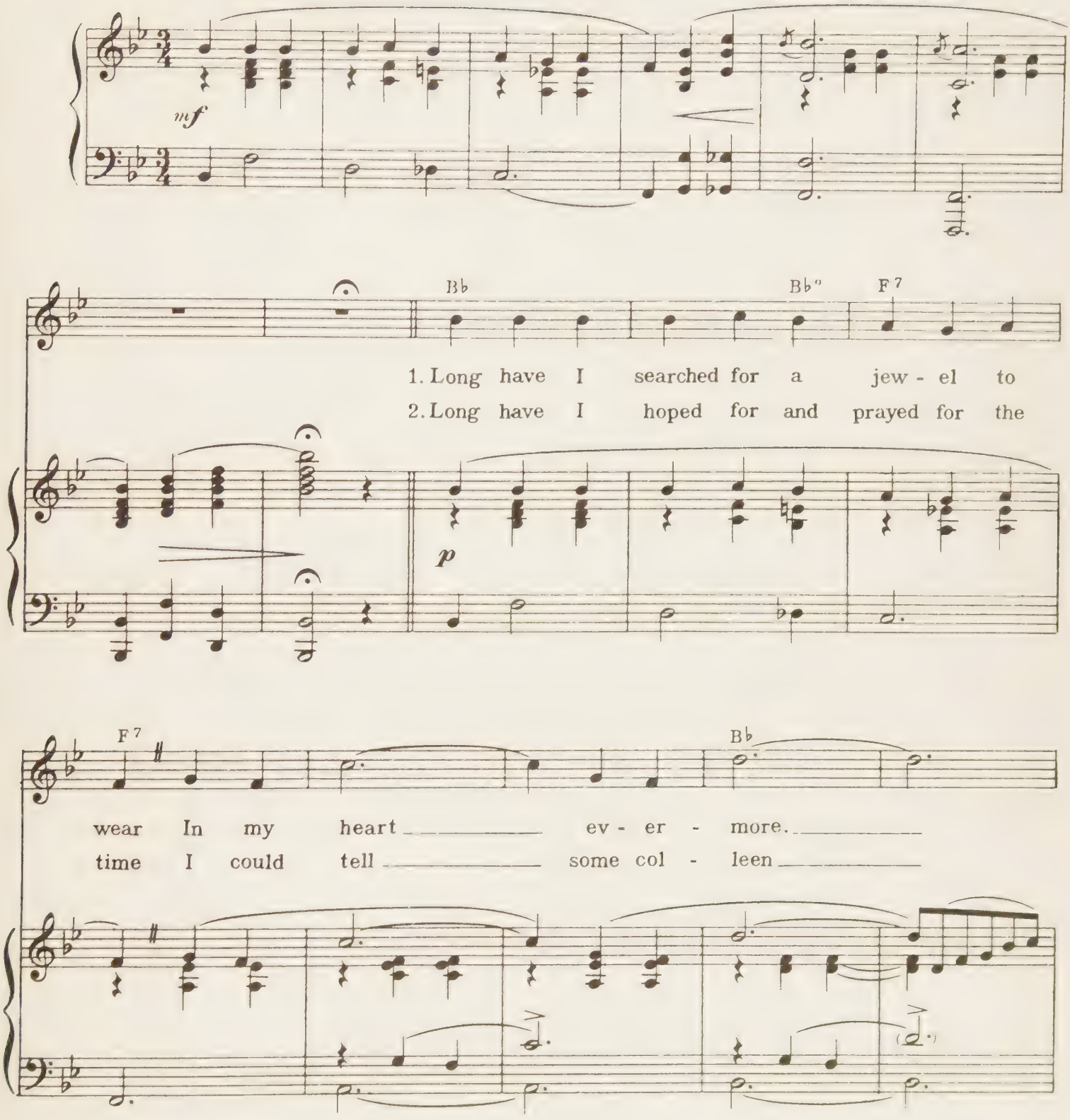
'Tis An Irish Girl I Love

And She's Just Like You

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN
& ALFRED DUBIN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderato



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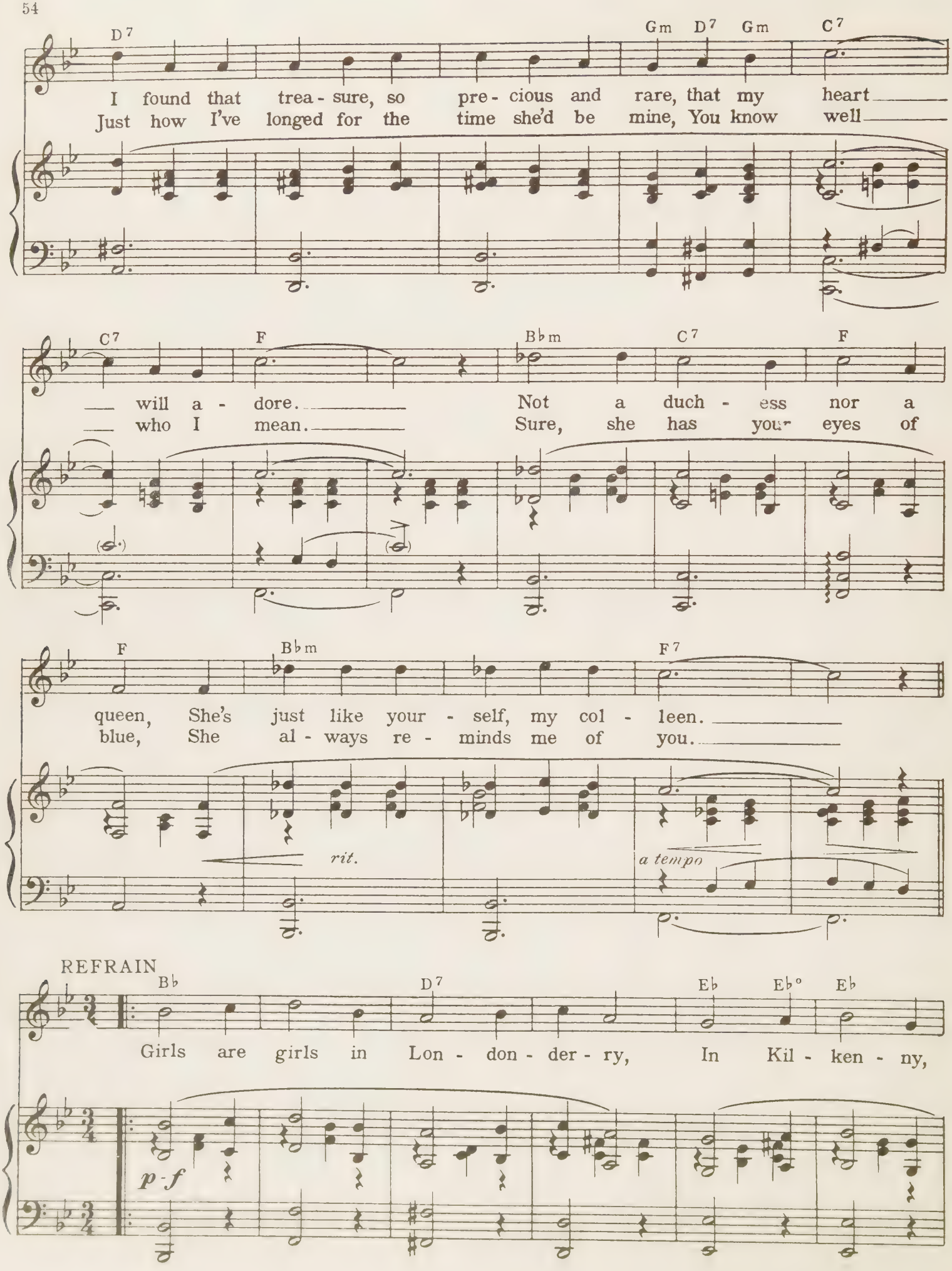
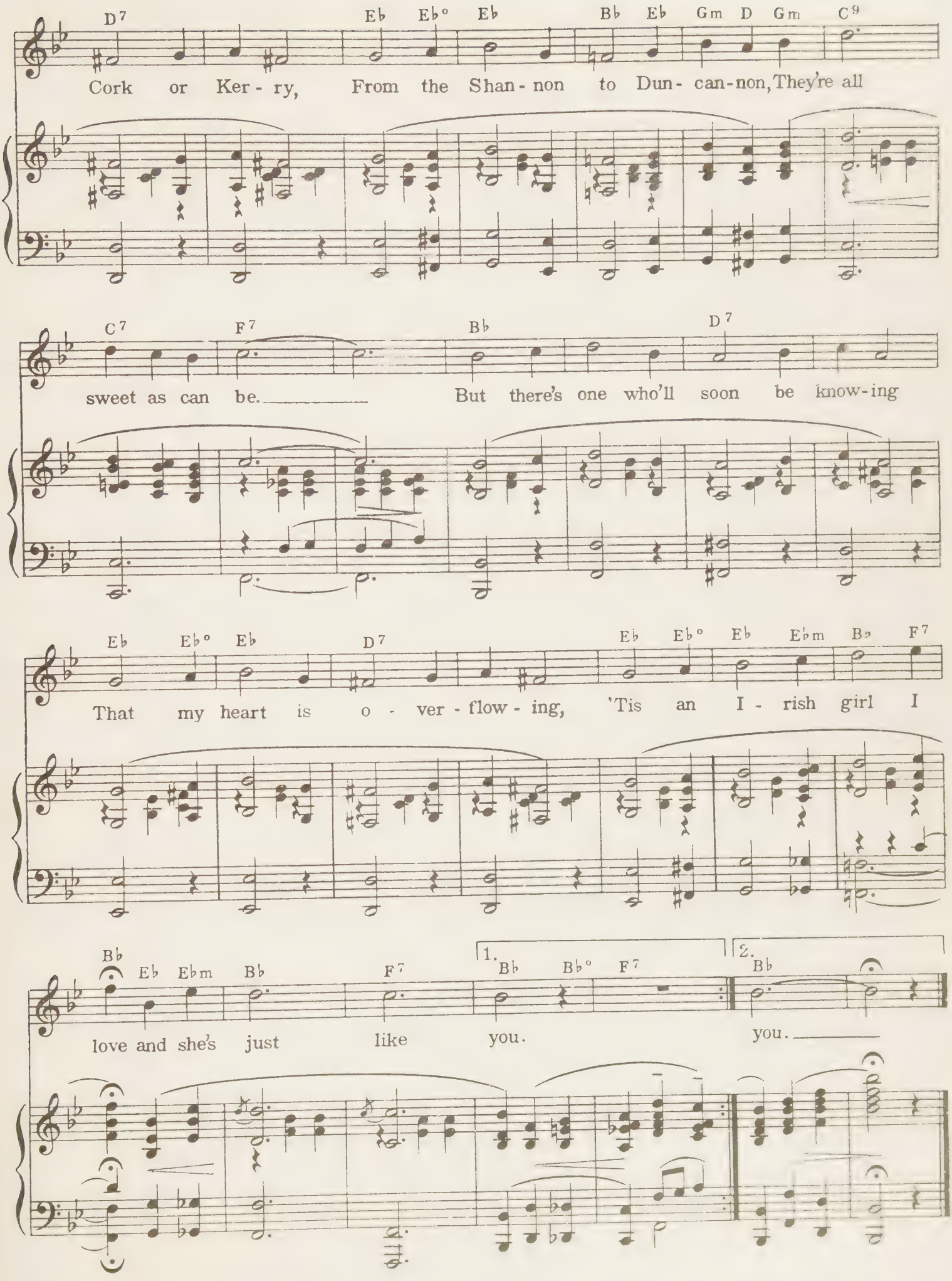
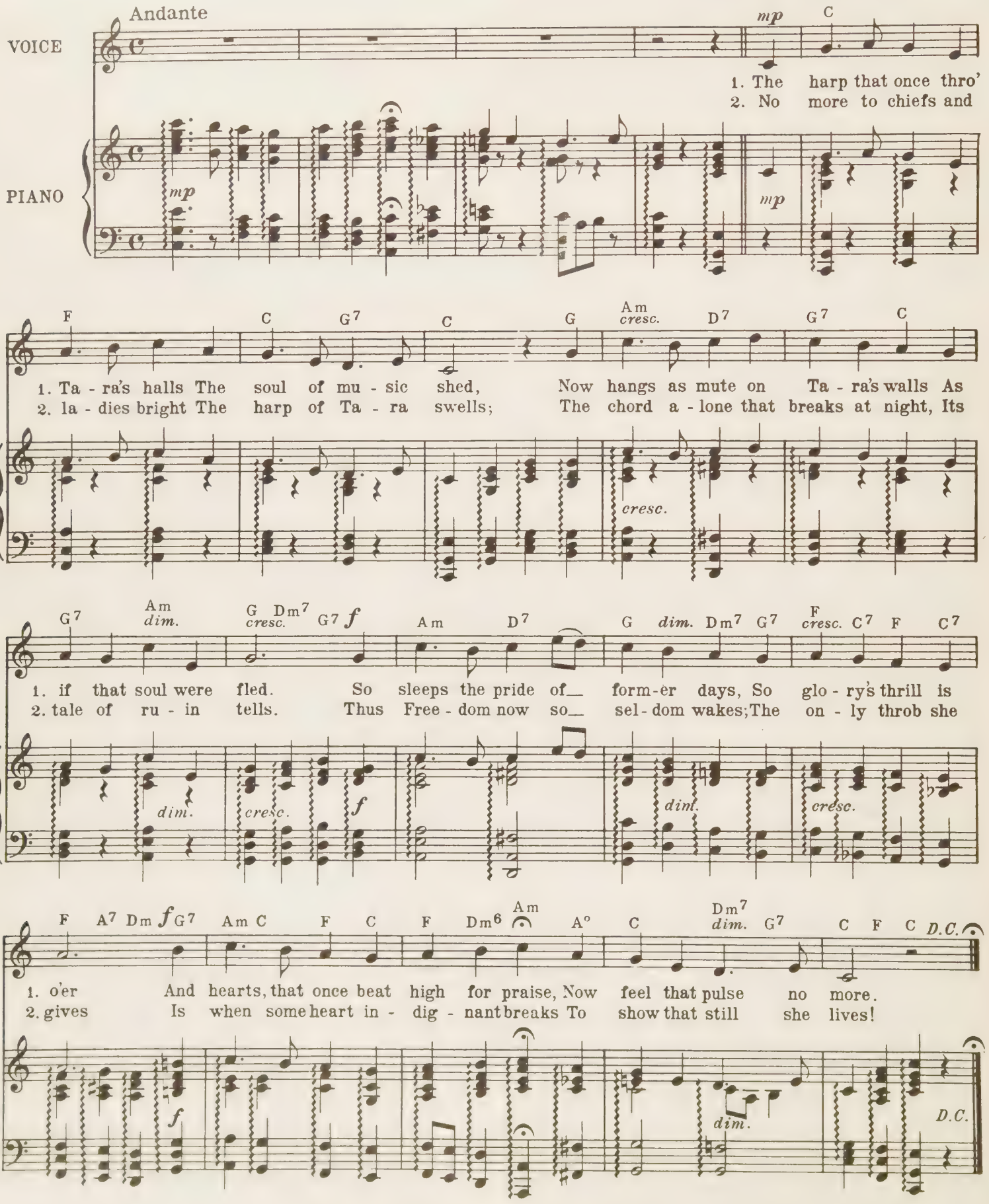

D7
Gm D7 Gm C7
I found that trea - sure, so pre - cious and rare, that my heart
Just how I've longed for the time she'd be mine, You know well
C7 F Bbm C7 F
will a - dore. Not a duch - ess nor a
who I mean. Sure, she has your eyes of
F Bbm F7
queen, She's just like your - self, my col - leen.
blue, She al - ways re - minds me of you.
rit.
a tempo
REFRAIN
Bb D7 Eb Eb° Eb
Girls are girls in Lon - don - der - ry, In Kil - ken - ny,
p - f


D7 Eb Eb° Eb Bb Eb Gm D Gm C9
Cork or Ker - ry, From the Shan - non to Dun - can - non, They're all
C7 F7 Bb D7
sweet as can be. But there's one who'll soon be know - ing
Eb Eb° Eb D7 Eb Eb° Eb Ebm Bb F7
That my heart is o - ver - flow - ing, 'Tis an I - rish girl I
Bb Eb Ebm Bb F7 1. Bb Bb° F7 2. Bb
love and she's just like you. you.

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

Air "Gramachree"
In M'Gibbon's Scots Tunes Bk. II (1746)
as "Will you go to Flanders"



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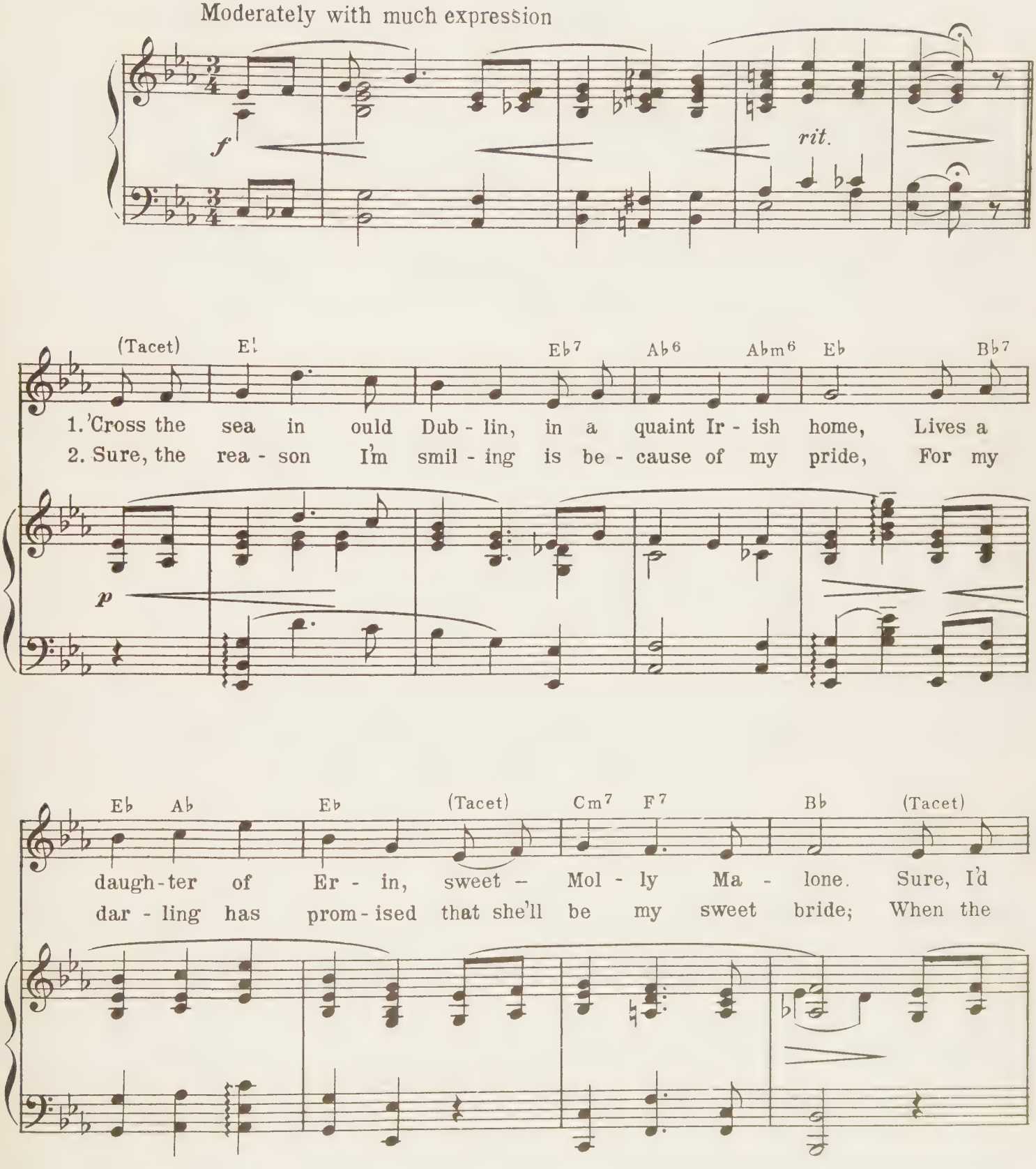
Sweet Molly Malone

By WAL BROMBY



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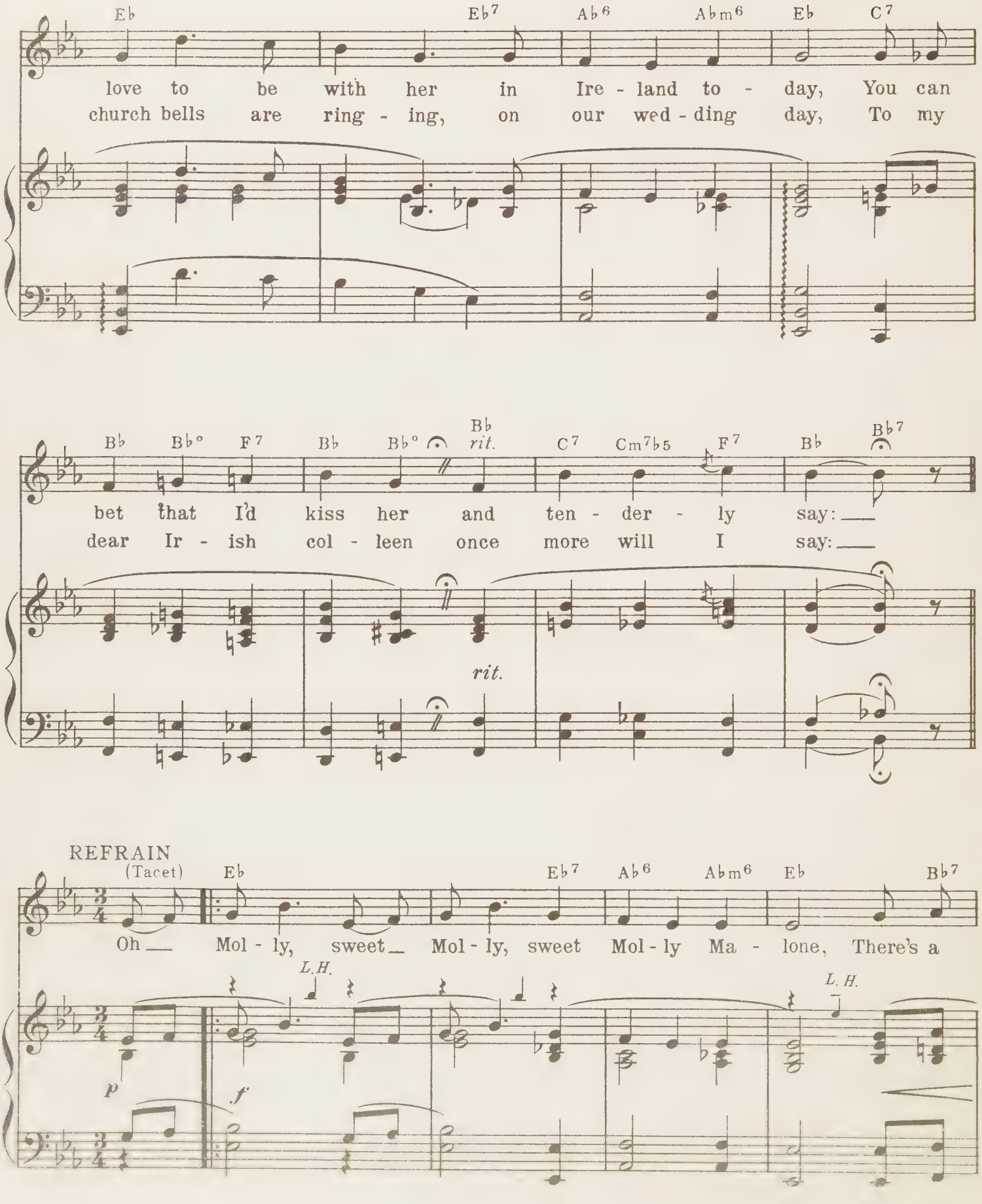
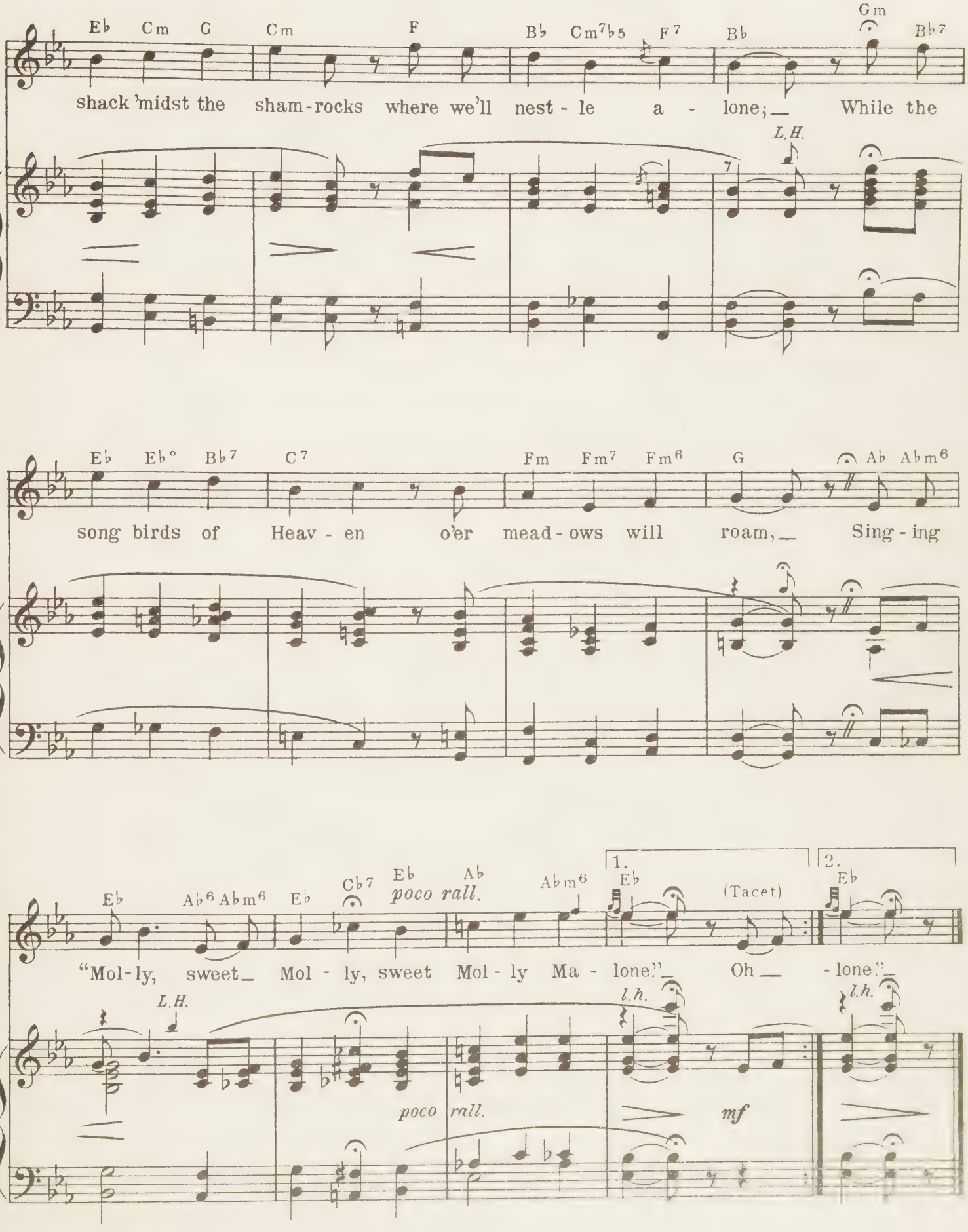
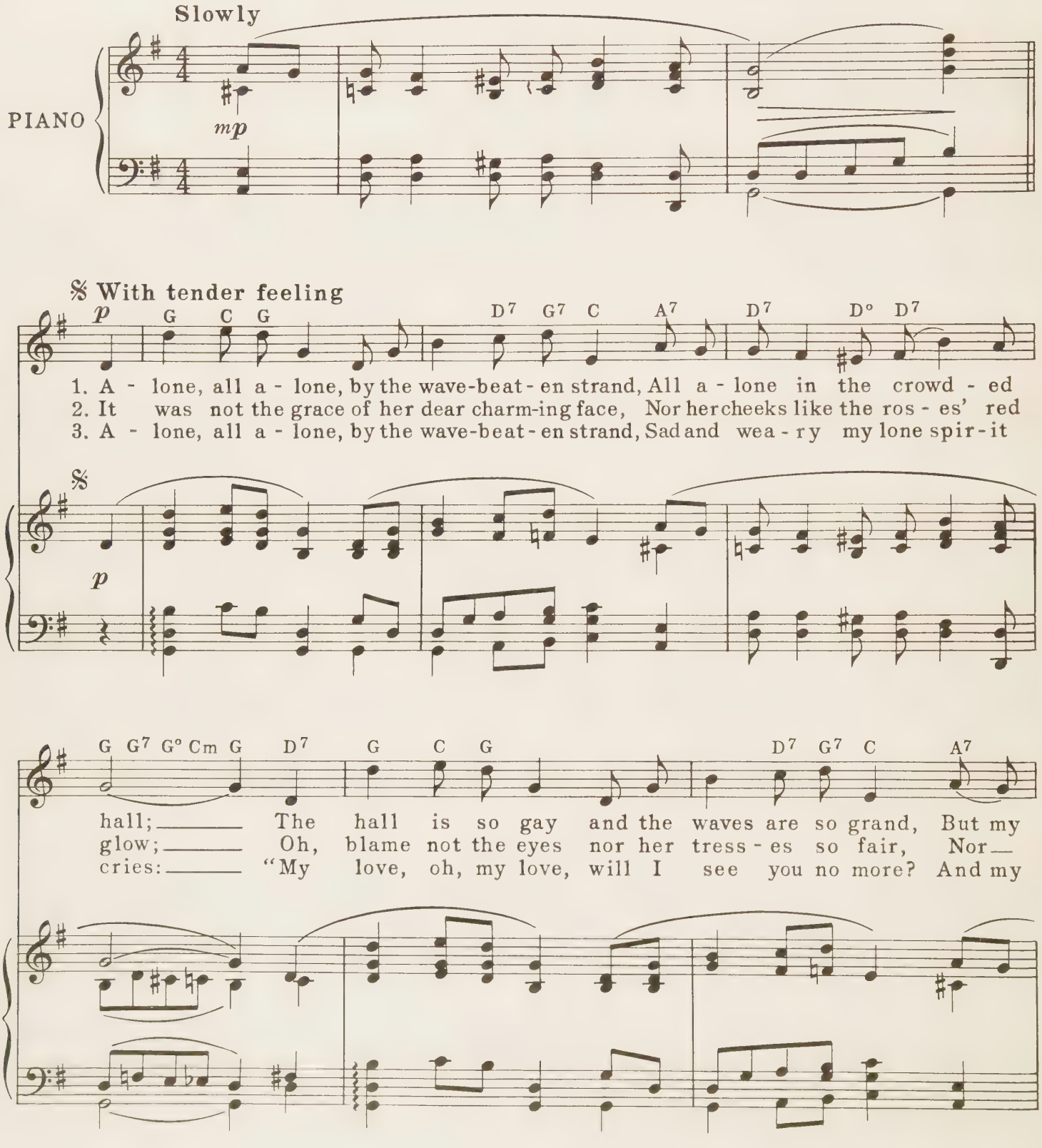

E♭ E♭7 A♭6 A♭m6 E♭ C7
love to be with her in Ire - land to - day, You can
church bells are ring - ing, on our wed - ding day, To my
B♭ B♭° F7 B♭ B♭° B♭ rit. C7 Cm7♭5 F7 B♭ B♭7
bet that I'd kiss her and ten - der - ly say: ___
dear Ir - ish col - leen once more will I say: ___
rit.
REFRAIN
(Tacet) E♭ E♭7 A♭6 A♭m6 E♭ B♭7
Oh ___ Mol - ly, sweet ___ Mol - ly, sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, There's a
L.H. L. H.
p f


E♭ Cm G Cm F B♭ Cm7♭5 F7 B♭ Gm B♭7
shack 'midst the sham-rocks where we'll nest - le a - lone;_ While the
L.H.
E♭ E♭° B♭7 C7 Fm Fm7 Fm6 G A♭ A♭m6
song birds of Heav - en o'er mead - ows will roam,_ Sing - ing
1. 2.
E♭ A♭6 A♭m6 E♭ Cb7 E♭ A♭ A♭m6 E♭ (Tacet) E♭
poco rall.
"Mol-ly, sweet_ Mol - ly, sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone."_ Oh__ - lone."_
L.H. l.h. l.h.
poco rall. mf

IN THE VALLEY NEAR SLEIVENAMON

Adapted from the Old Irish by
DANIEL J. SULLIVAN



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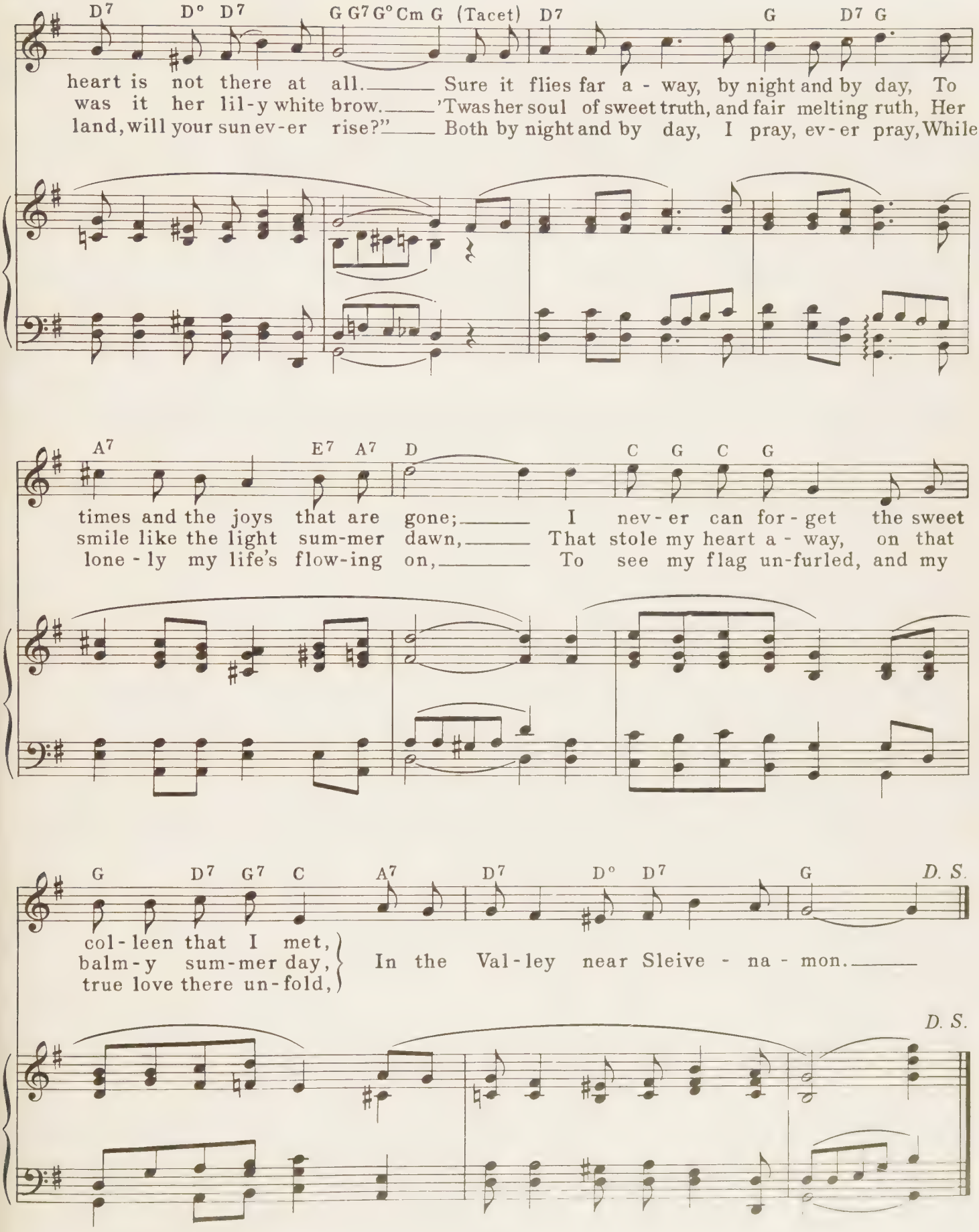
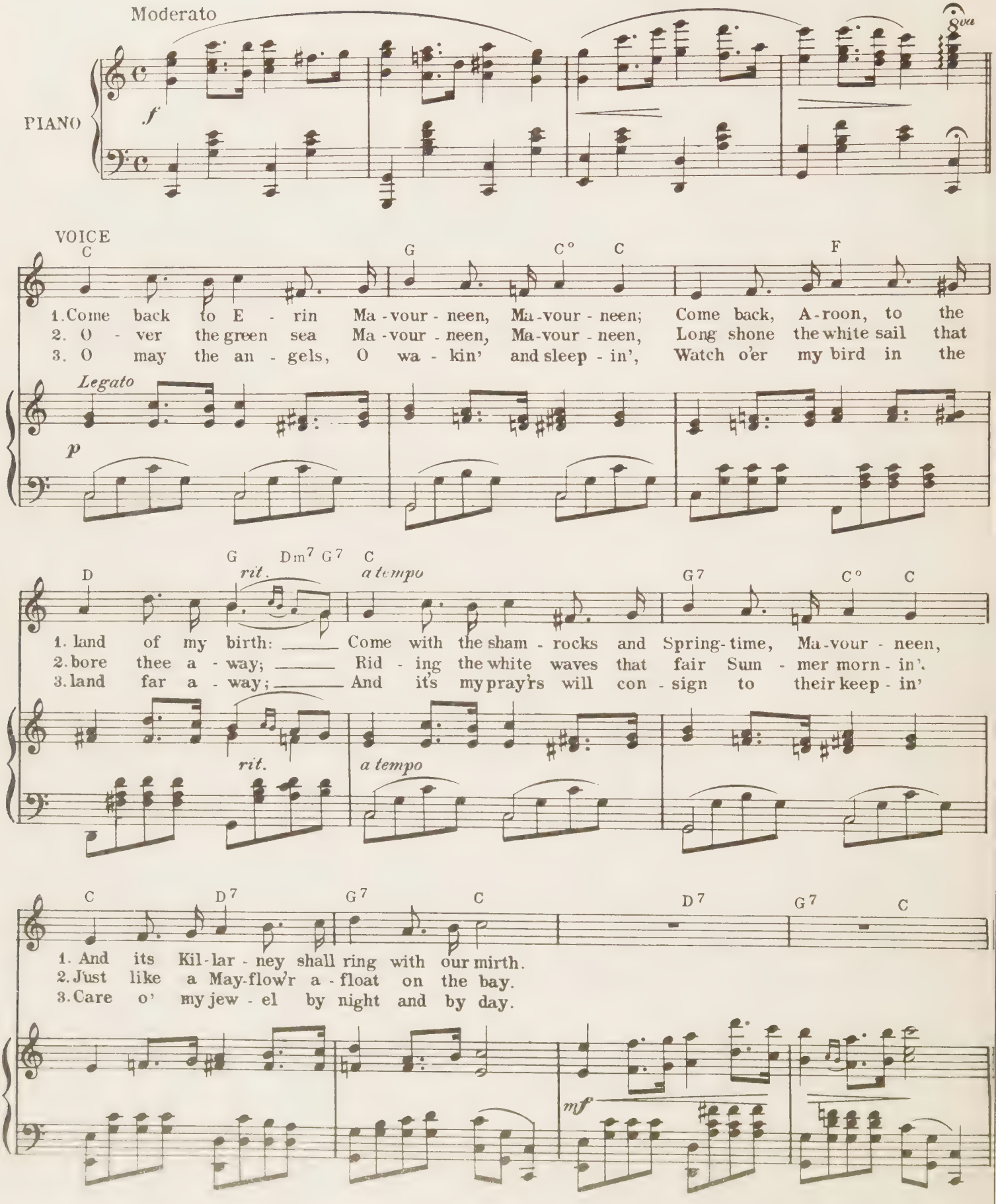

D7 D° D7 G G7 G° Cm G (Tacet) D7 G D7 G
heart is not there at all. Sure it flies far a - way, by night and by day, To
was it her lil-y white brow. 'Twas her soul of sweet truth, and fair melting ruth, Her
land, will your sun ev-er rise?" Both by night and by day, I pray, ev-er pray, While
A7 E7 A7 D C G C G
times and the joys that are gone; I nev-er can for-get the sweet
smile like the light sum-mer dawn, That stole my heart a - way, on that
lone-ly my life's flow-ing on, To see my flag un-furled, and my
G D7 G7 C A7 D7 D° D7 G D. S.
col-leen that I met,
balm-y sum-mer day,
true love there un-fold,
In the Val-ley near Sleive - na - mon.
D. S.

Come Back To Erin

Words and Music by CLARIBEL
(Mrs. Chas. (Alington) Barnard) (1830-1869)



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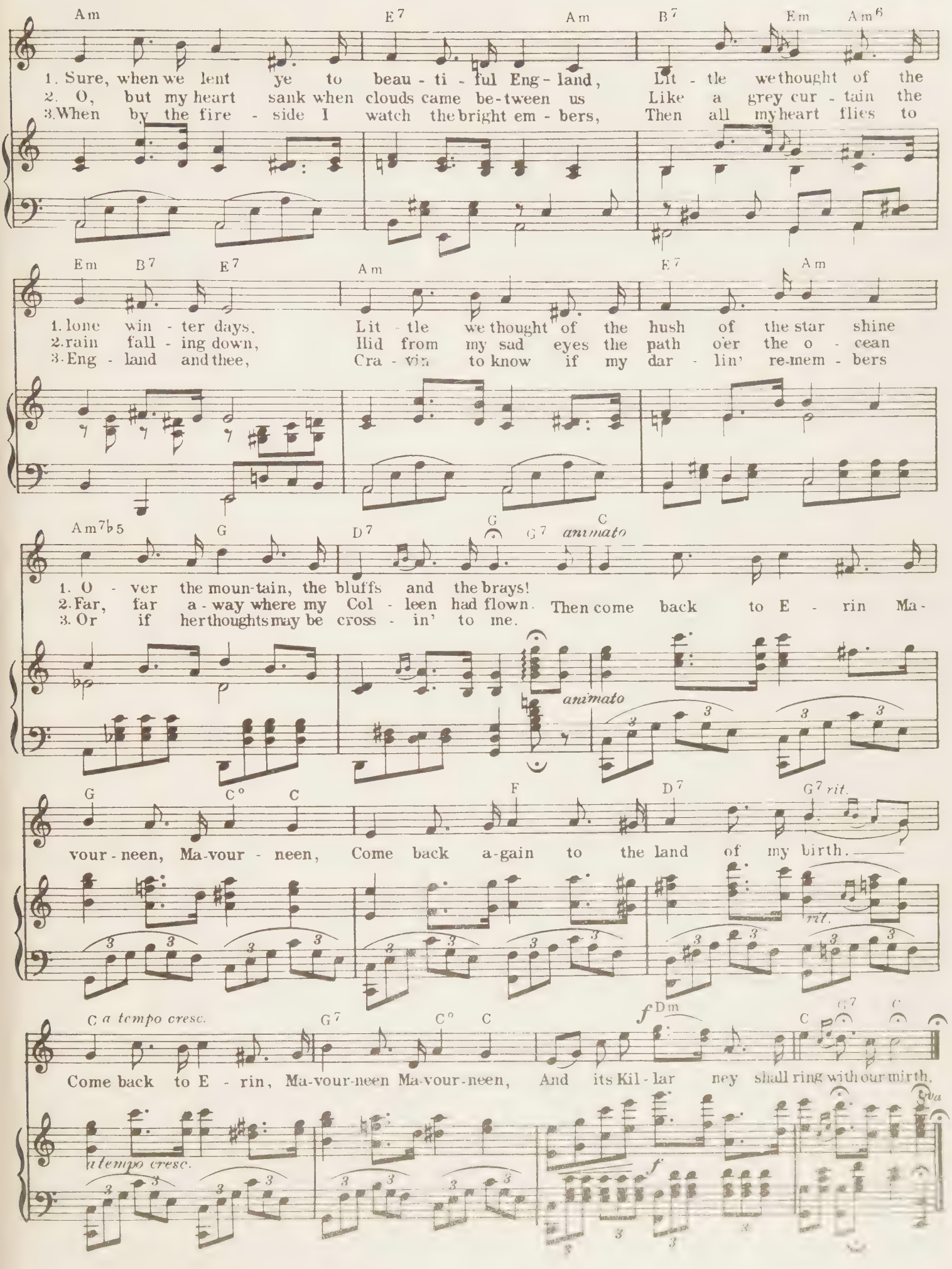
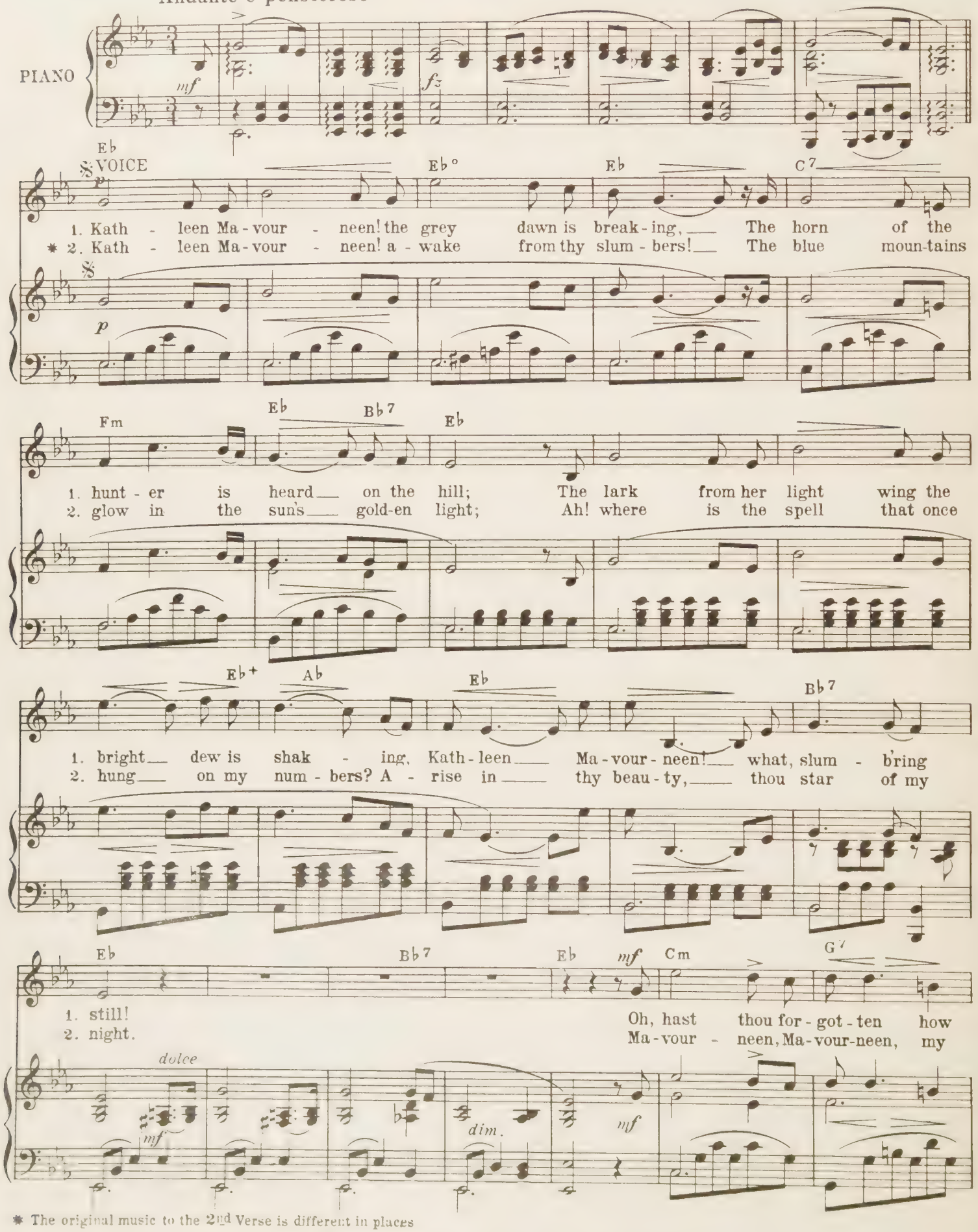

Am E7 Am B7 Em Am6
1. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land, Lit - tle we thought of the
2. O, but my heart sank when clouds came be-tween us Like a grey cur - tain the
3. When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies to
Em B7 E7 Am E7 Am
1. lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star shine
2. rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean
3. Eng - land and thee, Cra - vin to know if my dar - lin' re-mem - bers
Am7♭5 G D7 G G7 C animato
1. O - ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the brays!
2. Far, far a - way where my Col - leen had flown. Then come back to E - rin Ma-
3. Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me.
animato
G C° C F D7 G7 rit.
vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back a-gain to the land of my birth.
rit.
C a tempo cresc. G7 C° C f Dm C G7 C
Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
a tempo cresc.
f

Kathleen Mavourneen

ANNIE (BARRY) CRAWFORD (1731-1801)

FREDERICK W. NICOLLS CROUCH
(about 1800-1896)

Andante e pensieroso



* The original music to the 2nd Verse is different in places

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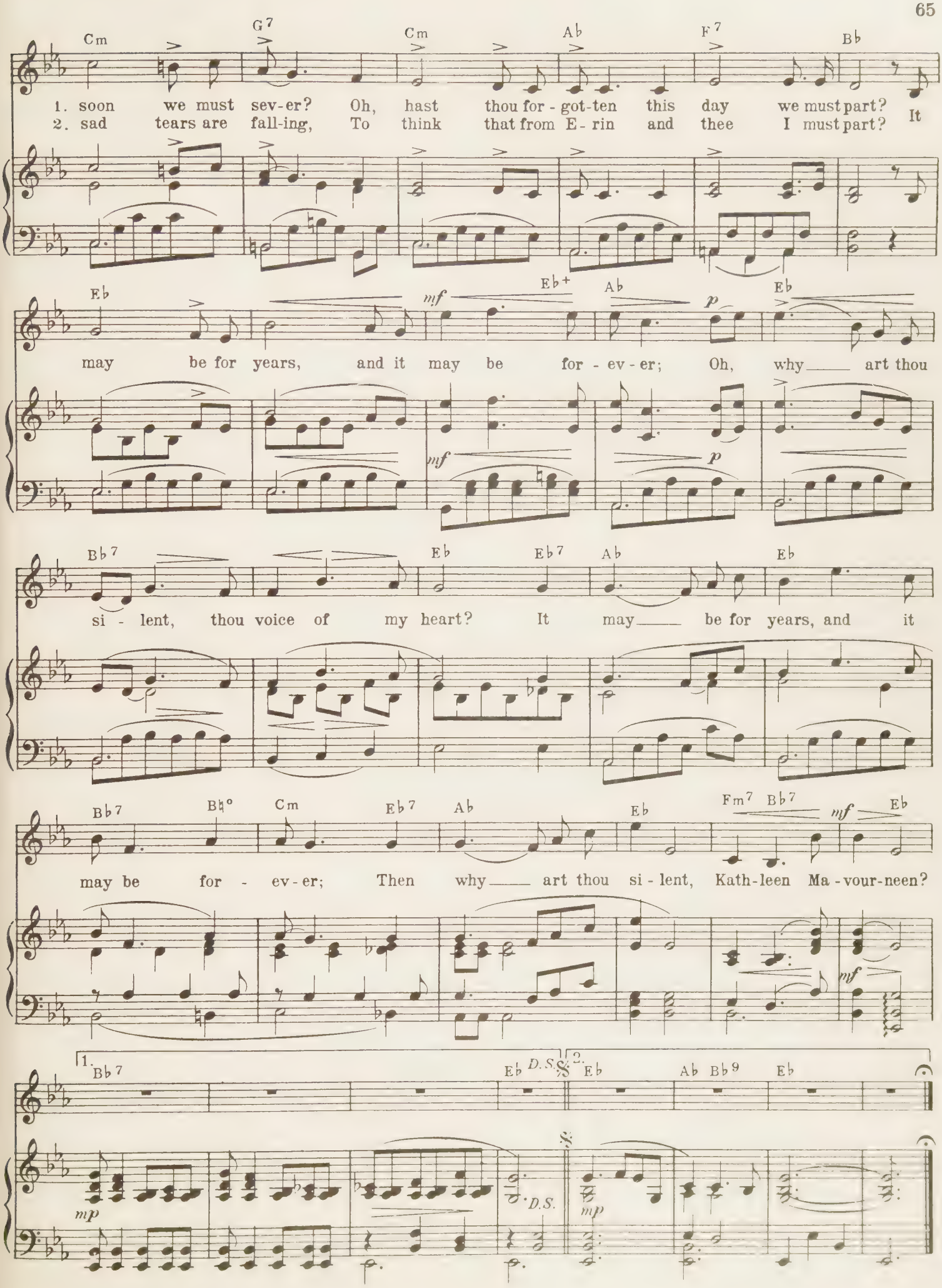
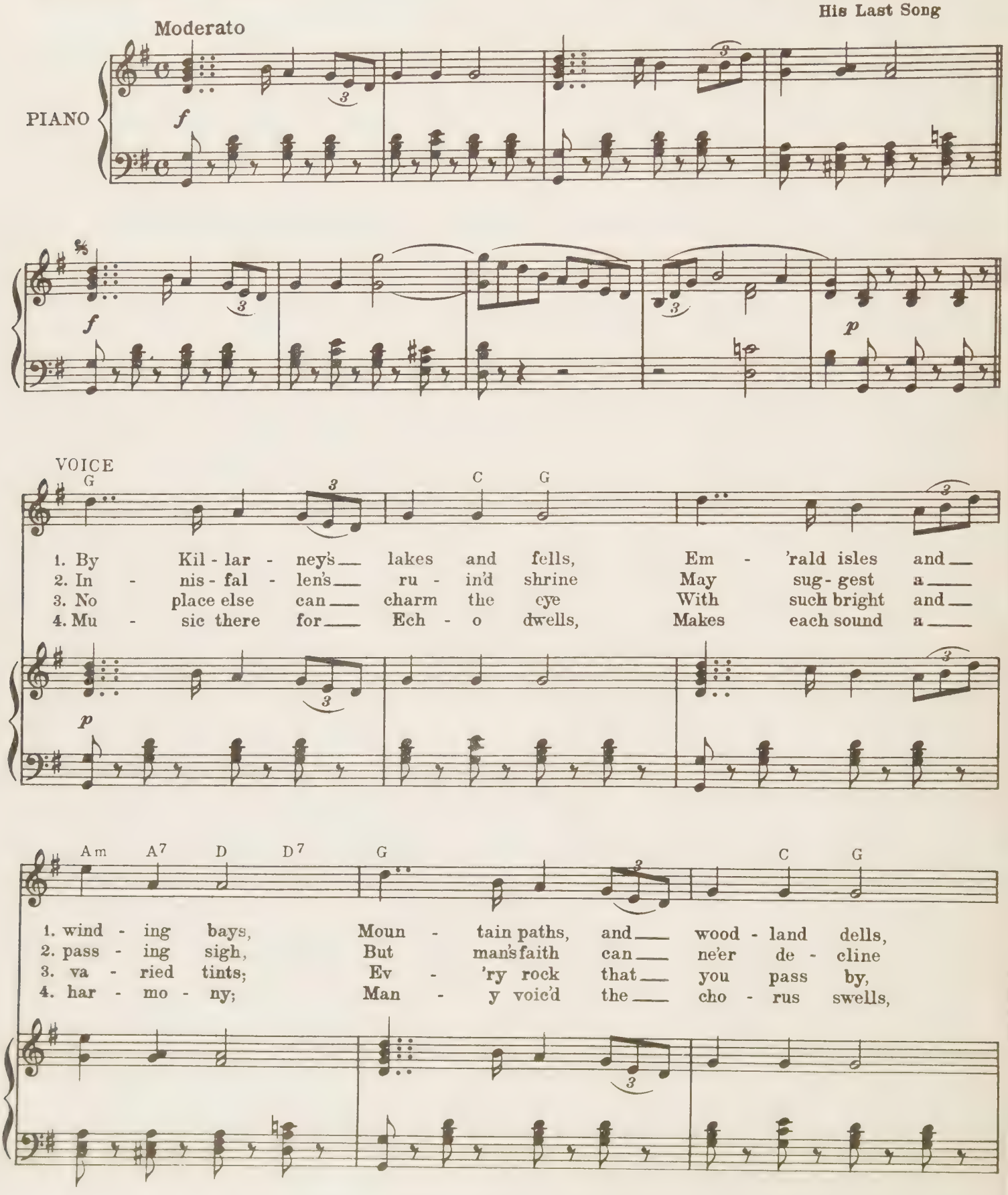

Cm G7 Cm Ab F7 Bb
1. soon we must sev-er? Oh, hast thou for-got-ten this day we must part? It
2. sad tears are fall-ing, To think that from E-rin and thee I must part?
Eb Eb+ Ab Eb
mf p
may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Oh, why art thou
Bb7 Eb Eb7 Ab Eb
si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it
Bb7 B♮° Cm Eb7 Ab Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb
mf
may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?
1. Bb7 Eb D.S. 2. Eb Ab Bb9 Eb
mp mf mp D.S.

KILLARNEY

By Killarney's Lakes And Fells

E. FALCONER (Edmund O'Rourke)
From "Innisfallen" (1813-1879)

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE
(1808-1870)
His Last Song



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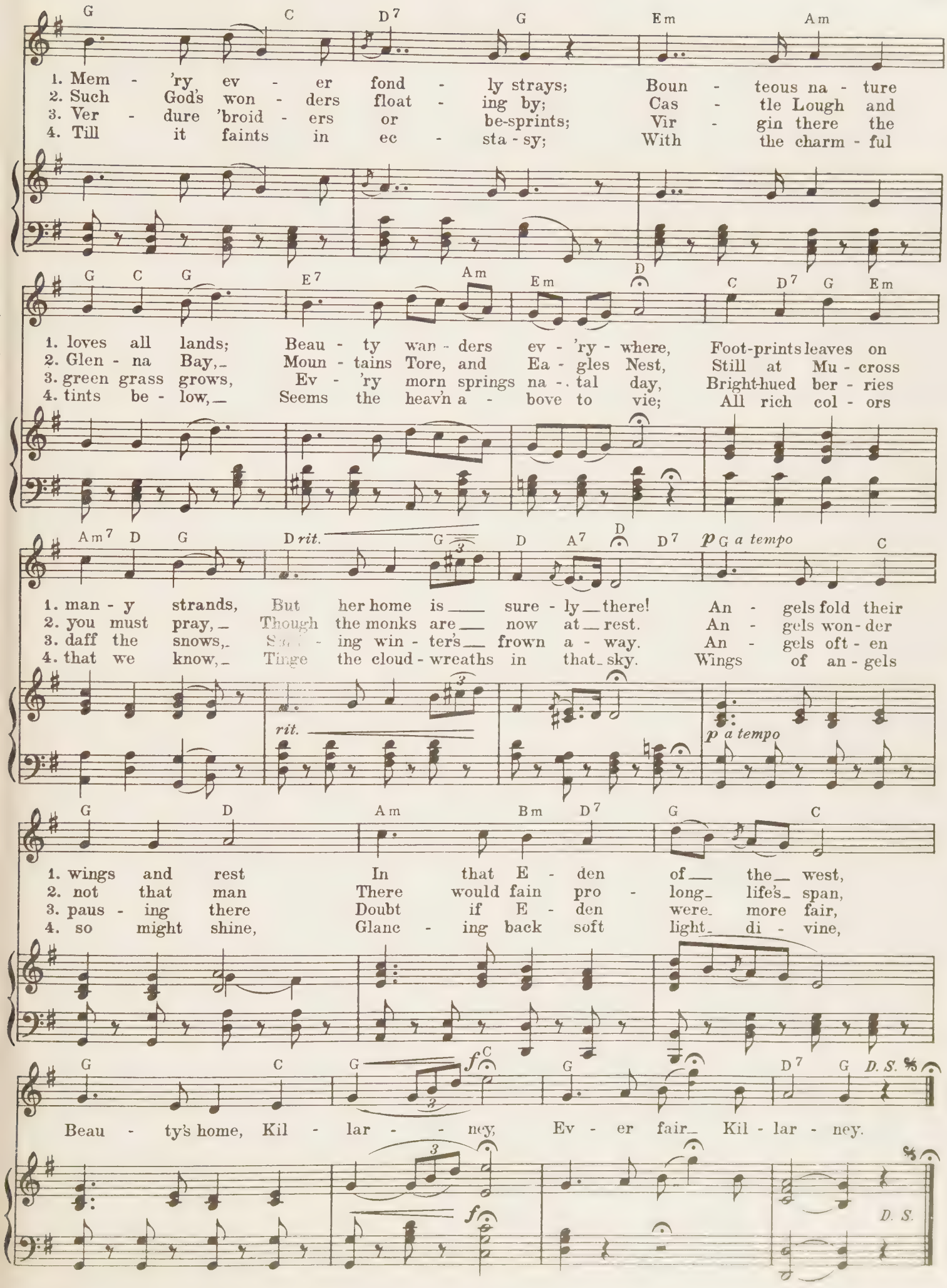
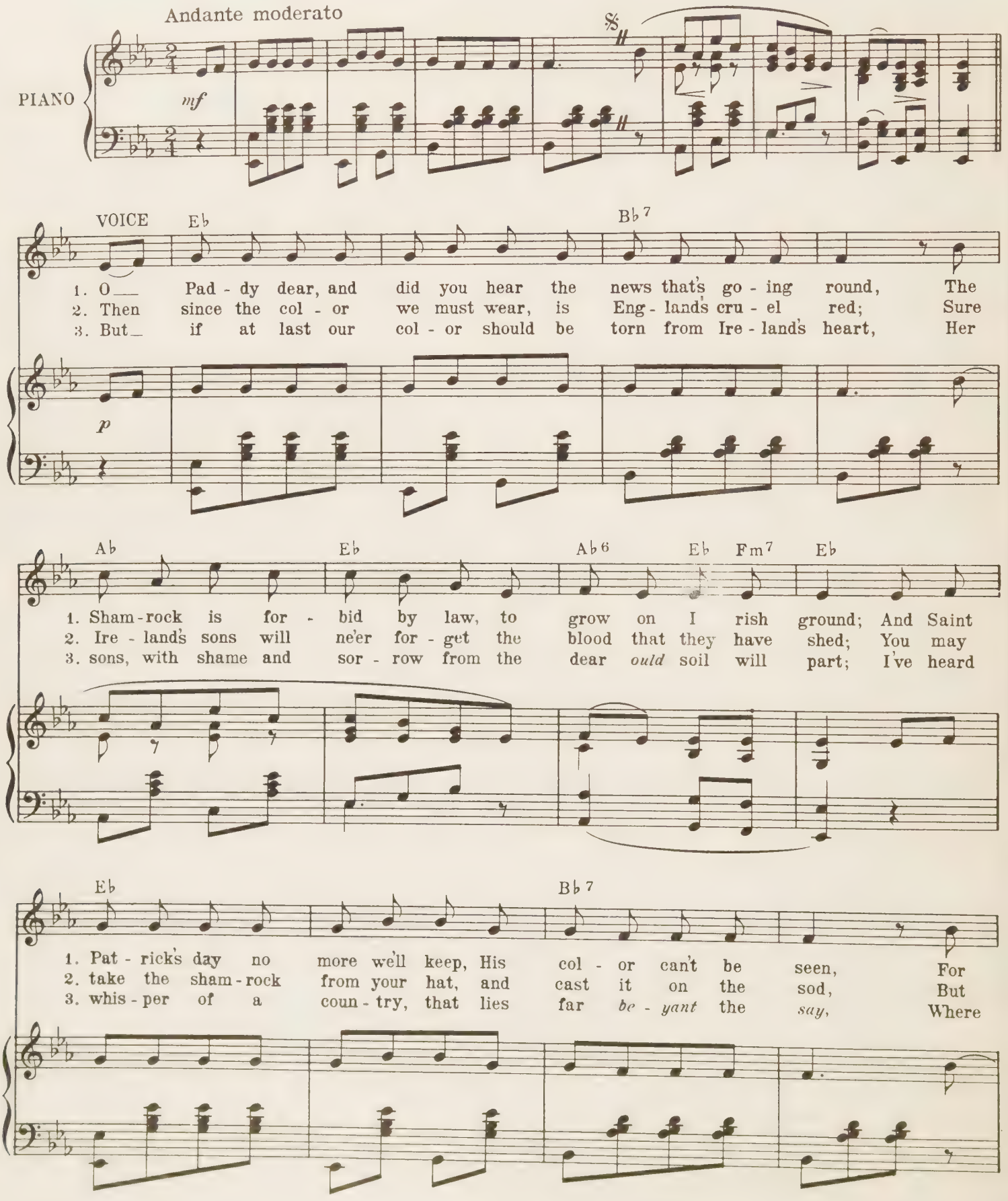

1. Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Boun - teous na - ture
2. Such God's won - ders float - ing by; Cas - tle Lough and
3. Ver - dure 'broid - ers or be-sprints; Vir - gin there the
4. Till it faints in ec - sta - sy; With the charm - ful
1. loves all lands; Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on
2. Glen - na Bay, Moun - tains Tore, and Ea - gles Nest, Still at Mu - cross
3. green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries
4. tints be - low, Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors
1. man - y strands, But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their
2. you must pray, Though the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der
3. daff the snows, Sing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en
4. that we know, Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels
1. wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
2. not that man There would fain pro - long life's span,
3. paus - ing there Doubt if E - den were more fair,
4. so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft light di - vine,
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
rit.
a tempo
D. S.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh! Paddy Dear

DION BOUCICAULT (1822-90)
Sung in "Arrah Na Pogue"

Adaptation of Scotch Air
"The Tulip" Comp. by Oswald (1757)



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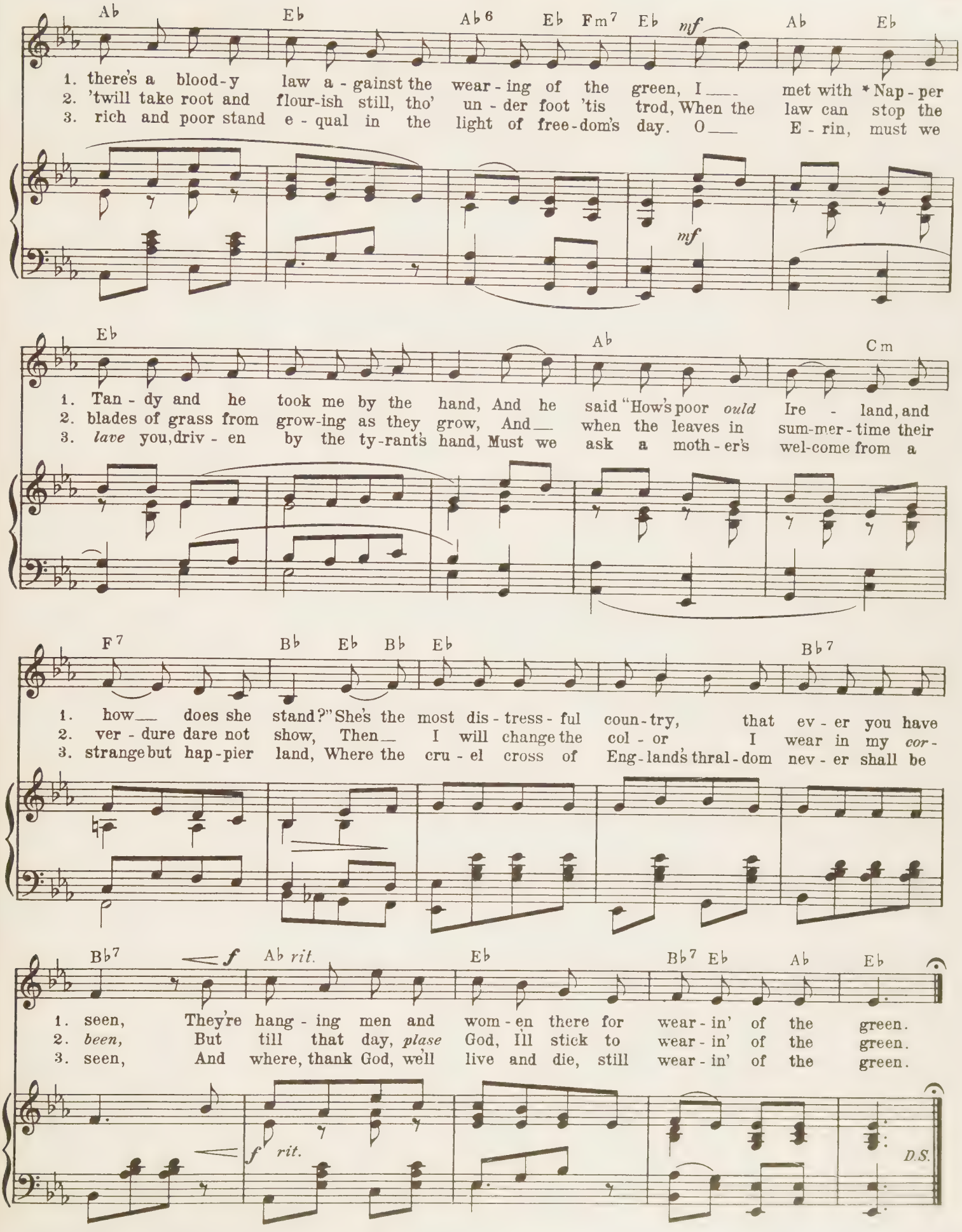


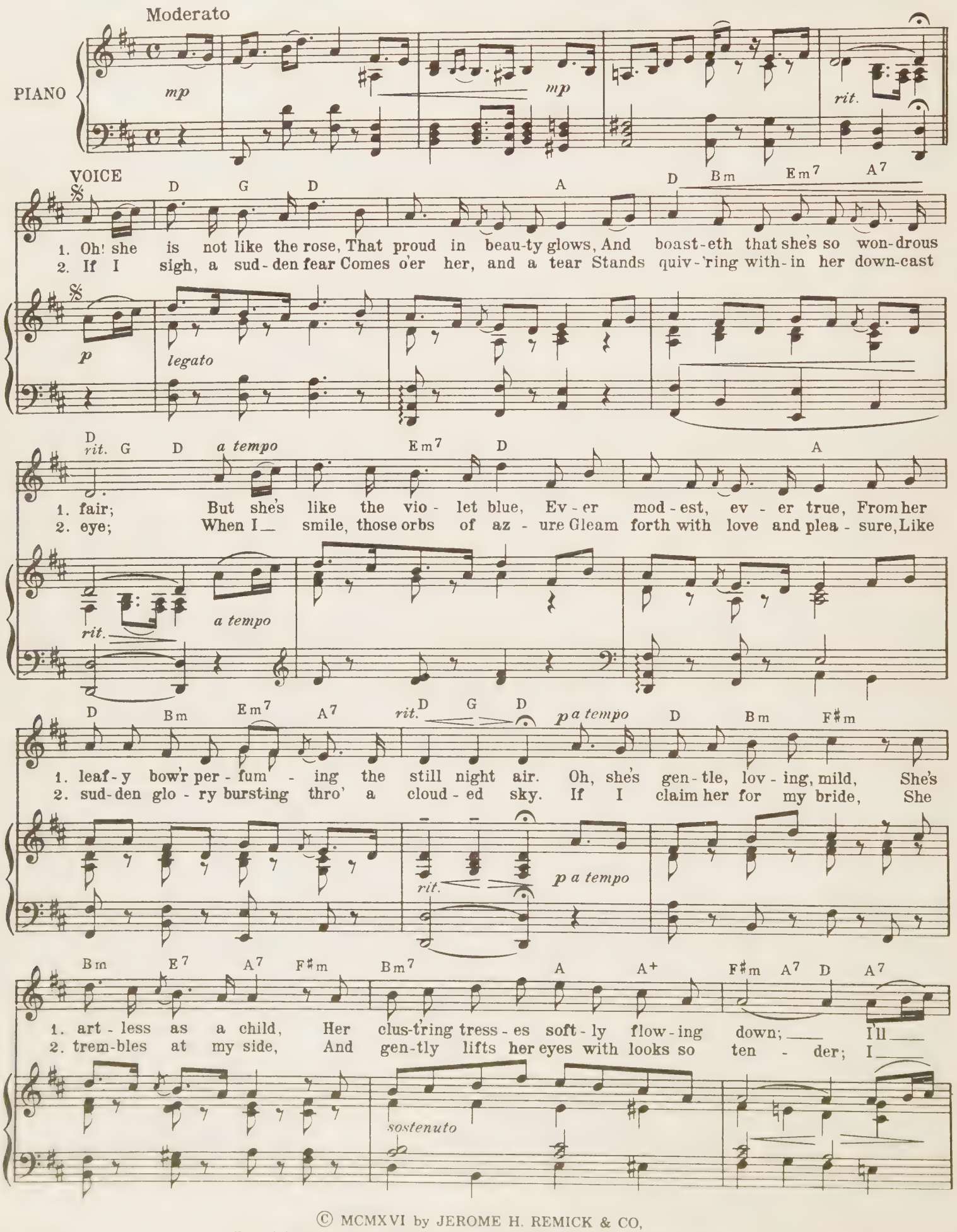
* Some versions substitute Buonaparte for Napper Tandy

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

Oh! She Is Not Like The Rose

STEPHEN EDWARD DE VERE (1812-1904)

Old Irish Air
"Pearl of the White Breast"



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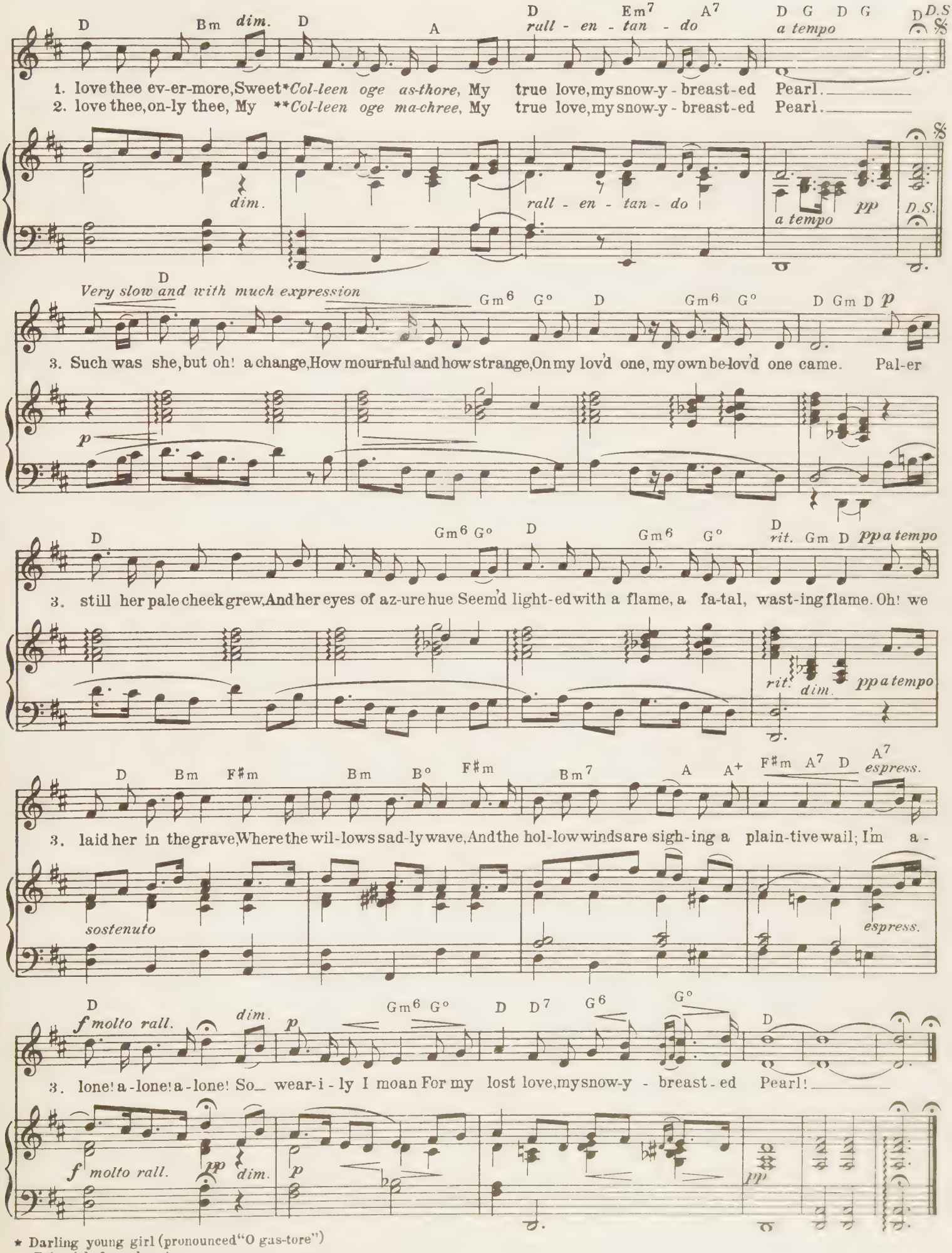
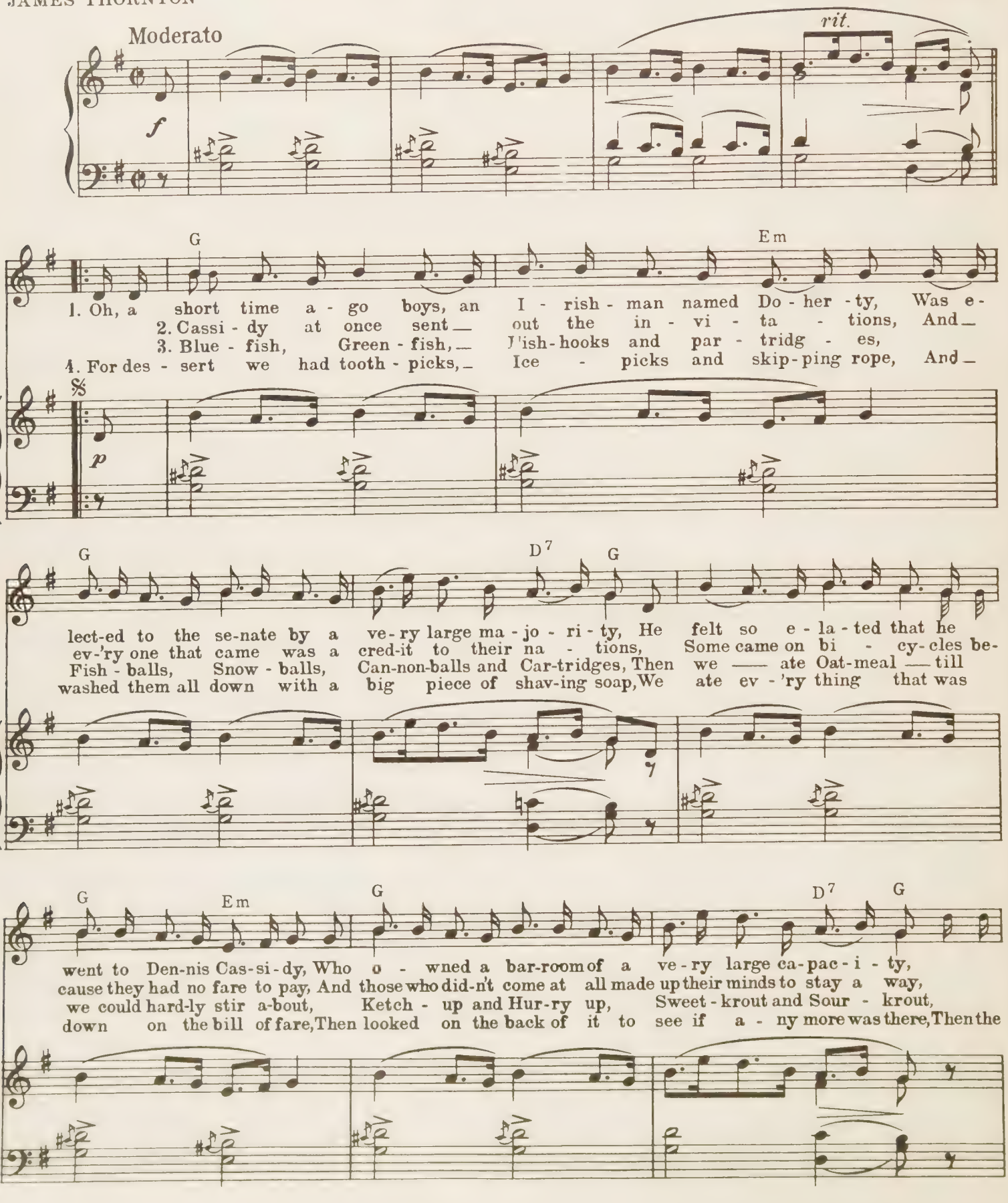


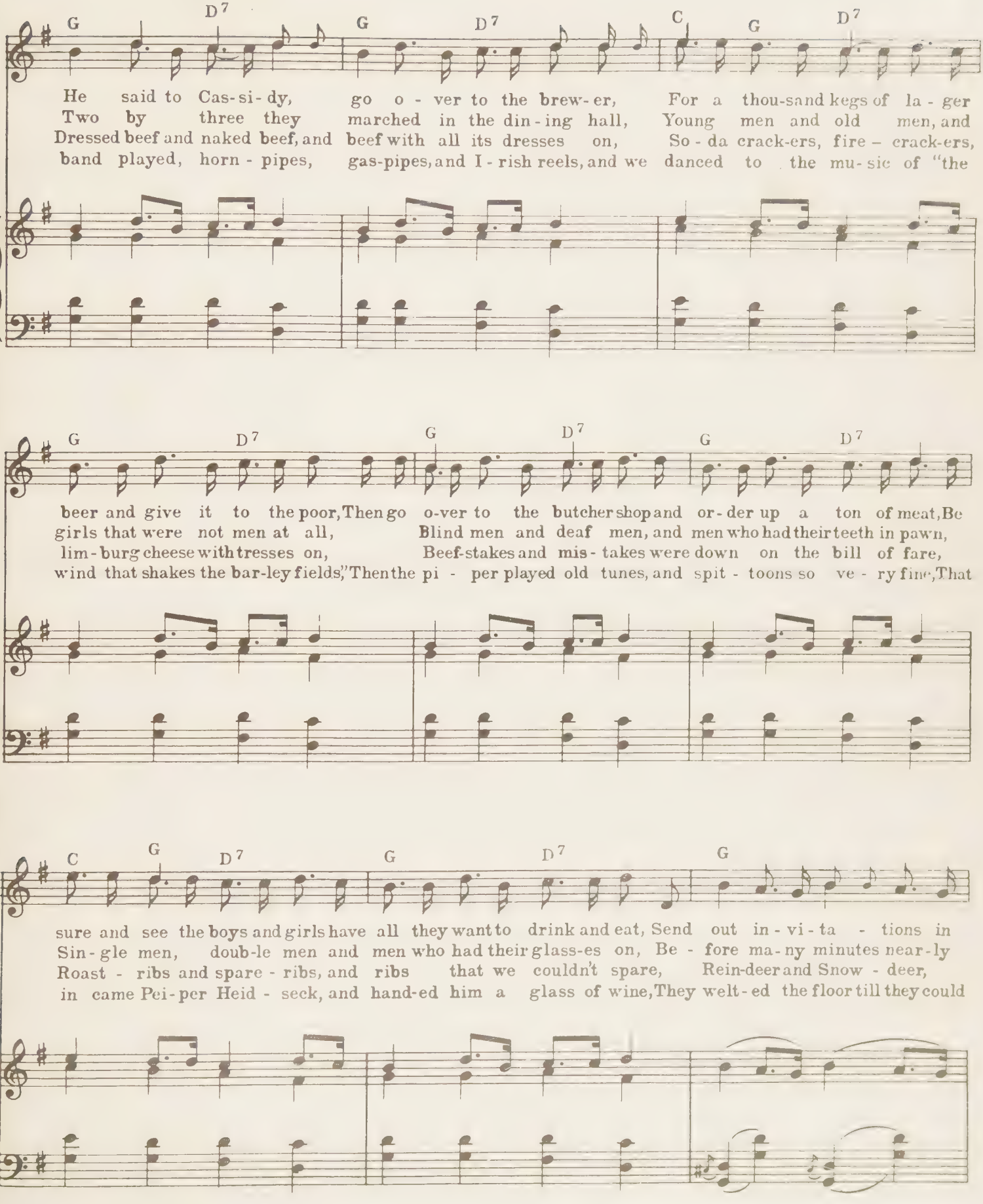
★ Darling young girl (pronounced "O gas-tore")
★★ Fair girl of my heart.

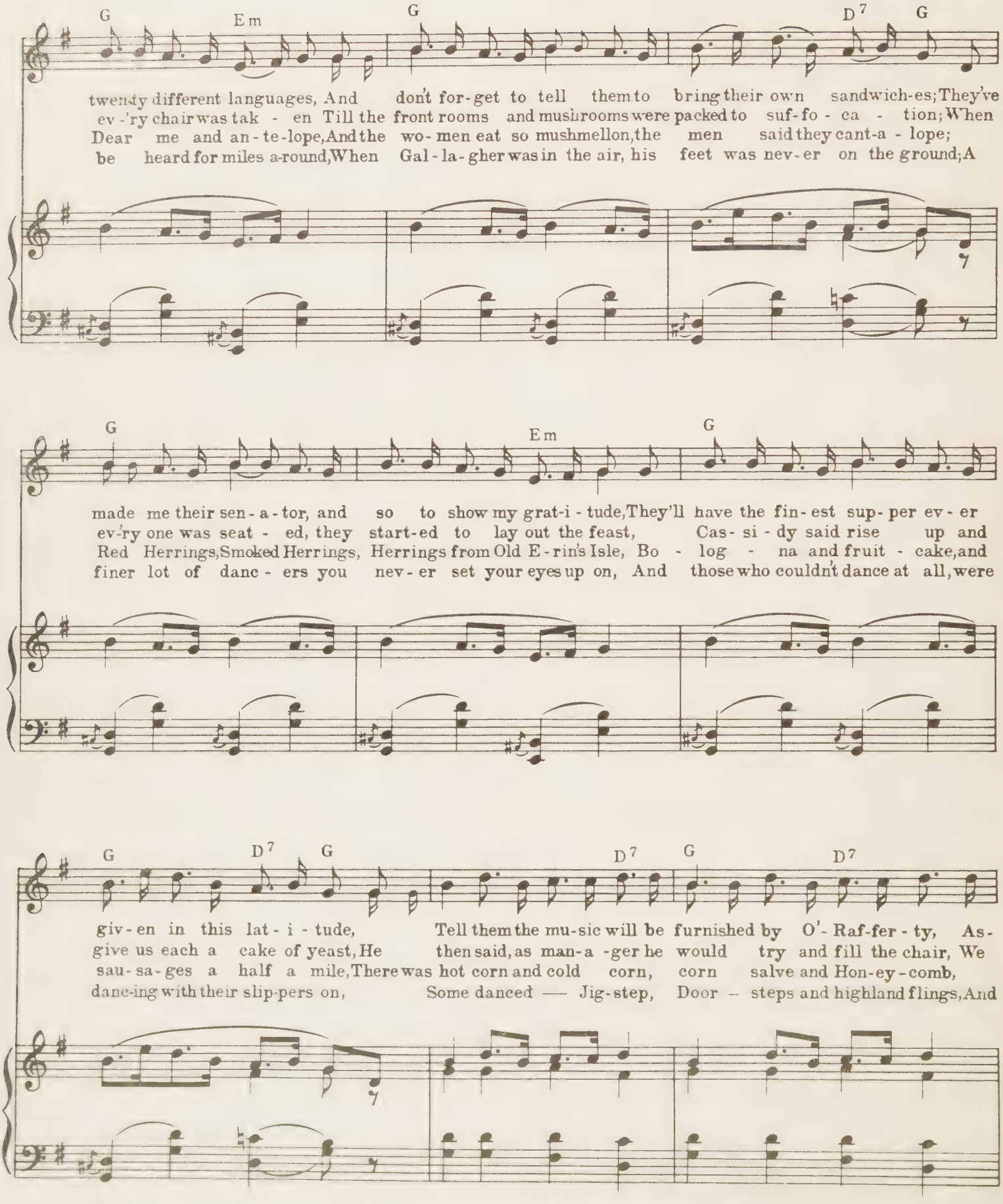
THE IRISH JUBILEE

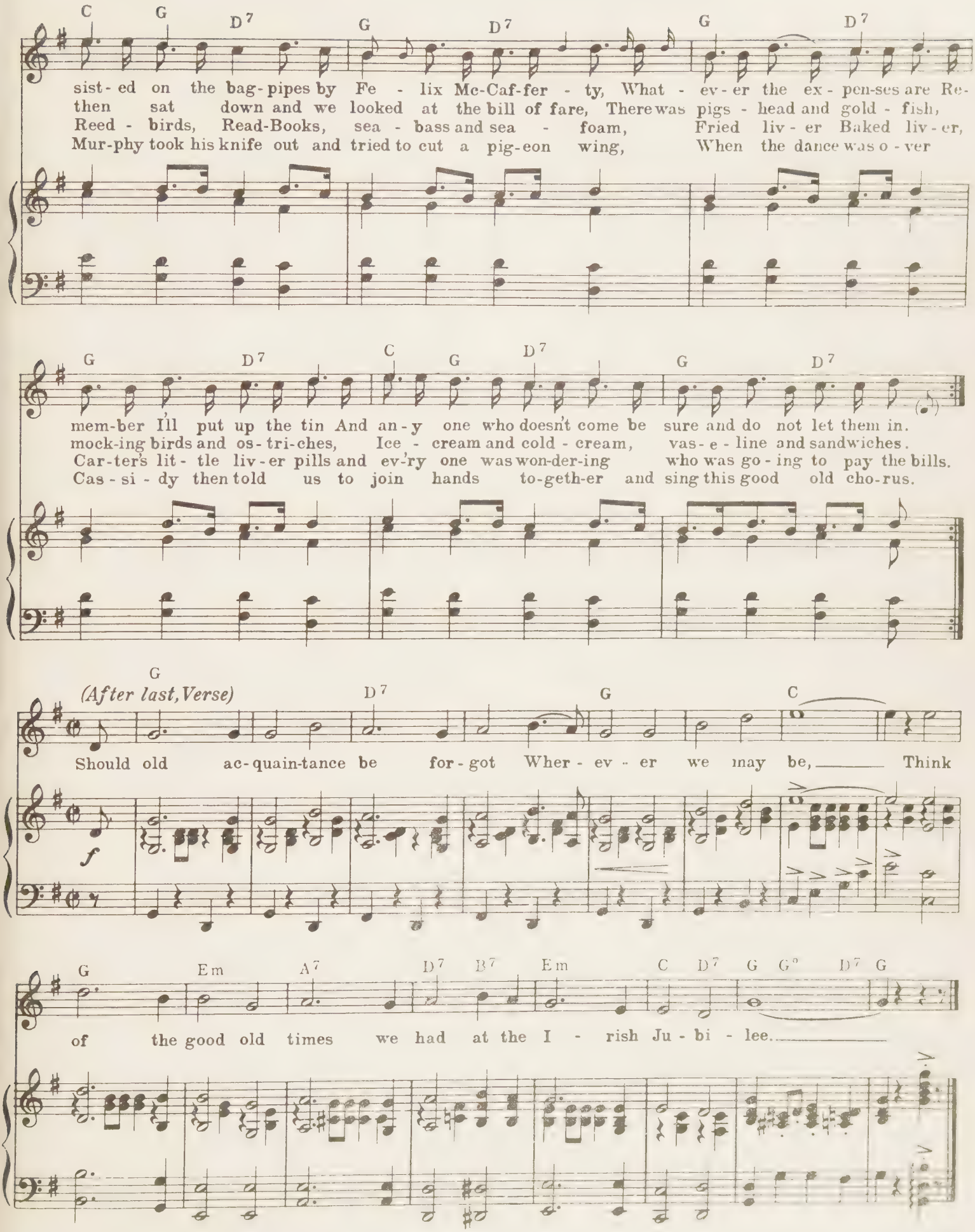
Words by
JAMES THORNTON

Music by
CHAS. LAWLER




G D7 G D7 C G D7
He said to Cas-si-dy, go o - ver to the brew-er, For a thou-sand kegs of la - ger
Two by three they marched in the din-ing hall, Young men and old men, and
Dressed beef and naked beef, and beef with all its dresses on, So - da crack-ers, fire – crack-ers,
band played, horn - pipes, gas-pipes, and I - rish reels, and we danced to the mu-sic of "the
G D7 G D7 G D7
beer and give it to the poor, Then go o-ver to the butcher shop and or-der up a ton of meat, Be
girls that were not men at all, Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn,
lim-burg cheese with tresses on, Beef-stakes and mis-takes were down on the bill of fare,
wind that shakes the bar-ley fields," Then the pi - per played old tunes, and spit - toons so ve - ry fine, That
C G D7 G D7 G
sure and see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat, Send out in-vi-ta - tions in
Sin-gle men, doub-le men and men who had their glass-es on, Be - fore ma-ny minutes near-ly
Roast - ribs and spare - ribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare, Rein-deer and Snow - deer,
in came Pei-per Heid - seck, and hand-ed him a glass of wine, They welt-ed the floor till they could


G Em G D7 G
twenty different languages, And don't for-get to tell them to bring their own sandwich-es; They've
ev-'ry chair was tak - en Till the front rooms and mushrooms were packed to suf-fo - ca - tion; When
Dear me and an-te-lope, And the wo-men eat so mushmellon, the men said they cant-a - lope;
be heard for miles a-round, When Gal-la-gher was in the air, his feet was nev-er on the ground; A
G Em G
made me their sen-a-tor, and so to show my grat-i-tude, They'll have the fin-est sup-per ev-er
ev-'ry one was seat - ed, they start-ed to lay out the feast, Cas-si-dy said rise up and
Red Herrings, Smoked Herrings, Herrings from Old E-rin's Isle, Bo - log - na and fruit - cake, and
finer lot of danc - ers you nev-er set your eyes up on, And those who couldn't dance at all, were
G D7 G D7 G D7
giv-en in this lat-i-tude, Tell them the mu-sic will be furnished by O'-Raf-fer-ty, As-
give us each a cake of yeast, He then said, as man-a-ger he would try and fill the chair, We
sau-sa-ges a half a mile, There was hot corn and cold corn, corn salve and Hon-ey-comb,
dane-ing with their slip-pers on, Some danced — Jig-step, Door – steps and highland flings, And

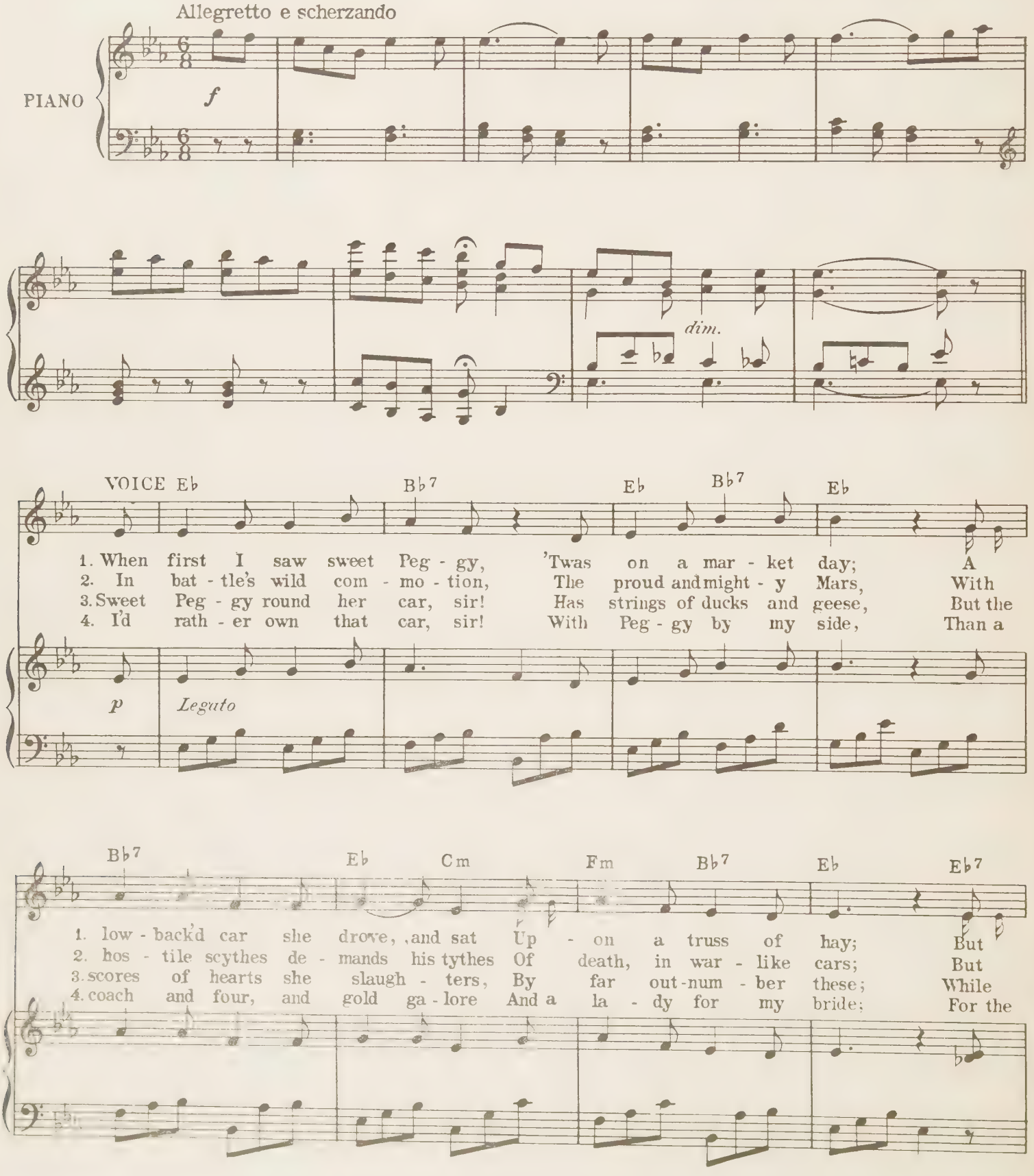

C G D7 G D7 G D7
sist-ed on the bag-pipes by Fe-lix Mc-Caf-fer-ty, What-ev-er the ex-pen-ses are Re-
then sat down and we looked at the bill of fare, There was pigs-head and gold-fish,
Reed-birds, Read-Books, sea-bass and sea-foam, Fried liv-er Baked liv-er,
Mur-phy took his knife out and tried to cut a pig-eon wing, When the dance was o-ver
G D7 C G D7 G D7
mem-ber I'll put up the tin And an-y one who doesn't come be sure and do not let them in.
mock-ing birds and os-tri-ches, Ice-cream and cold-cream, vas-e-line and sandwiches.
Car-ter's lit-tle liv-er pills and ev'-ry one was won-der-ing who was go-ing to pay the bills.
Cas-si-dy then told us to join hands to-geth-er and sing this good old cho-rus.
G
(After last, Verse)
D7 G C
Should old ac-quain-tance be for-got Wher-ev-er we may be, Think
f
G Em A7 D7 B7 Em C D7 G G° D7 G
of the good old times we had at the I-rish Ju-bi-lee.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

When First I Saw Sweet Peggy

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868)

From Lover's "Irish Evenings"
Air: "The Jolly Ploughboy" altered



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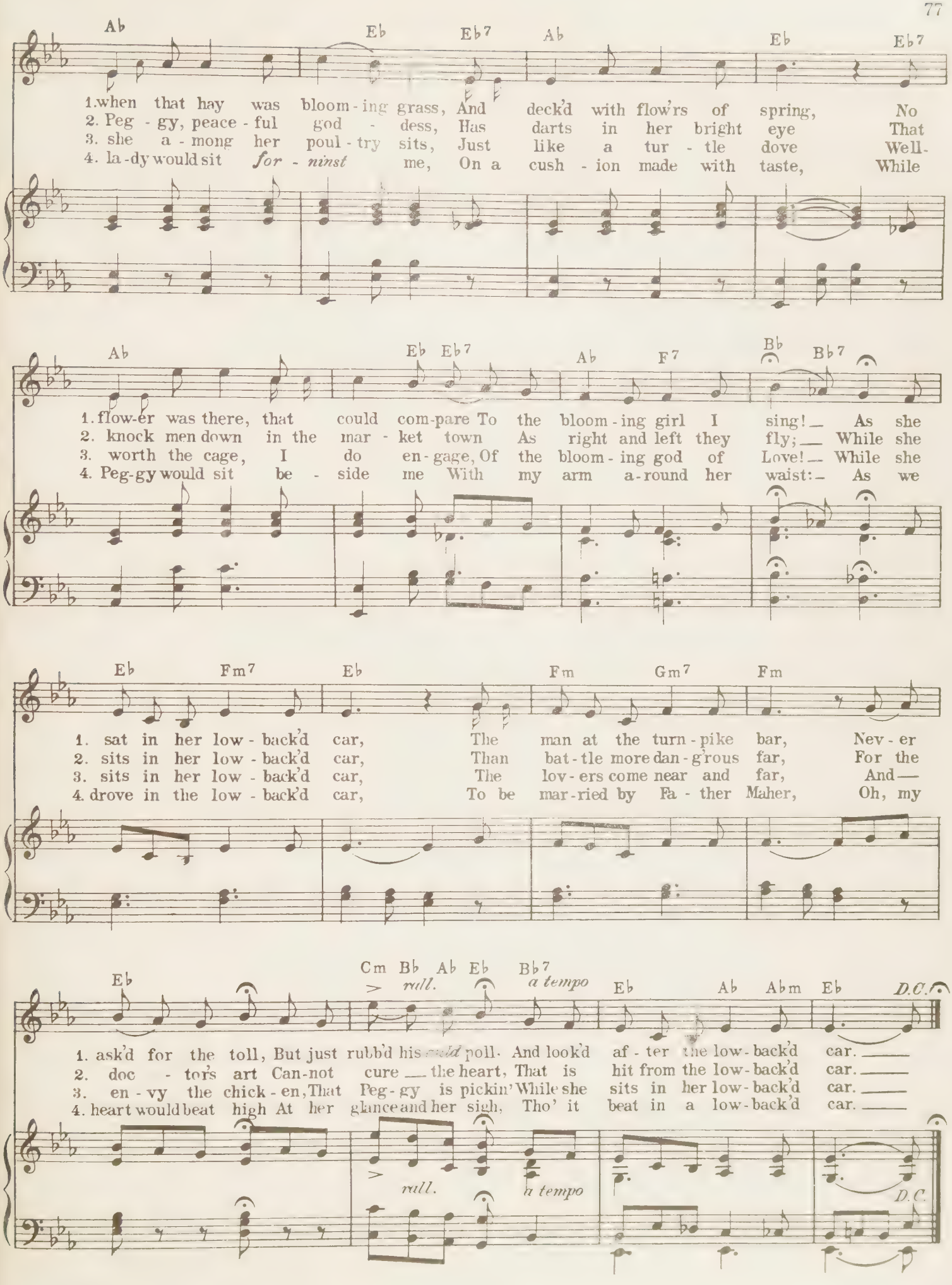
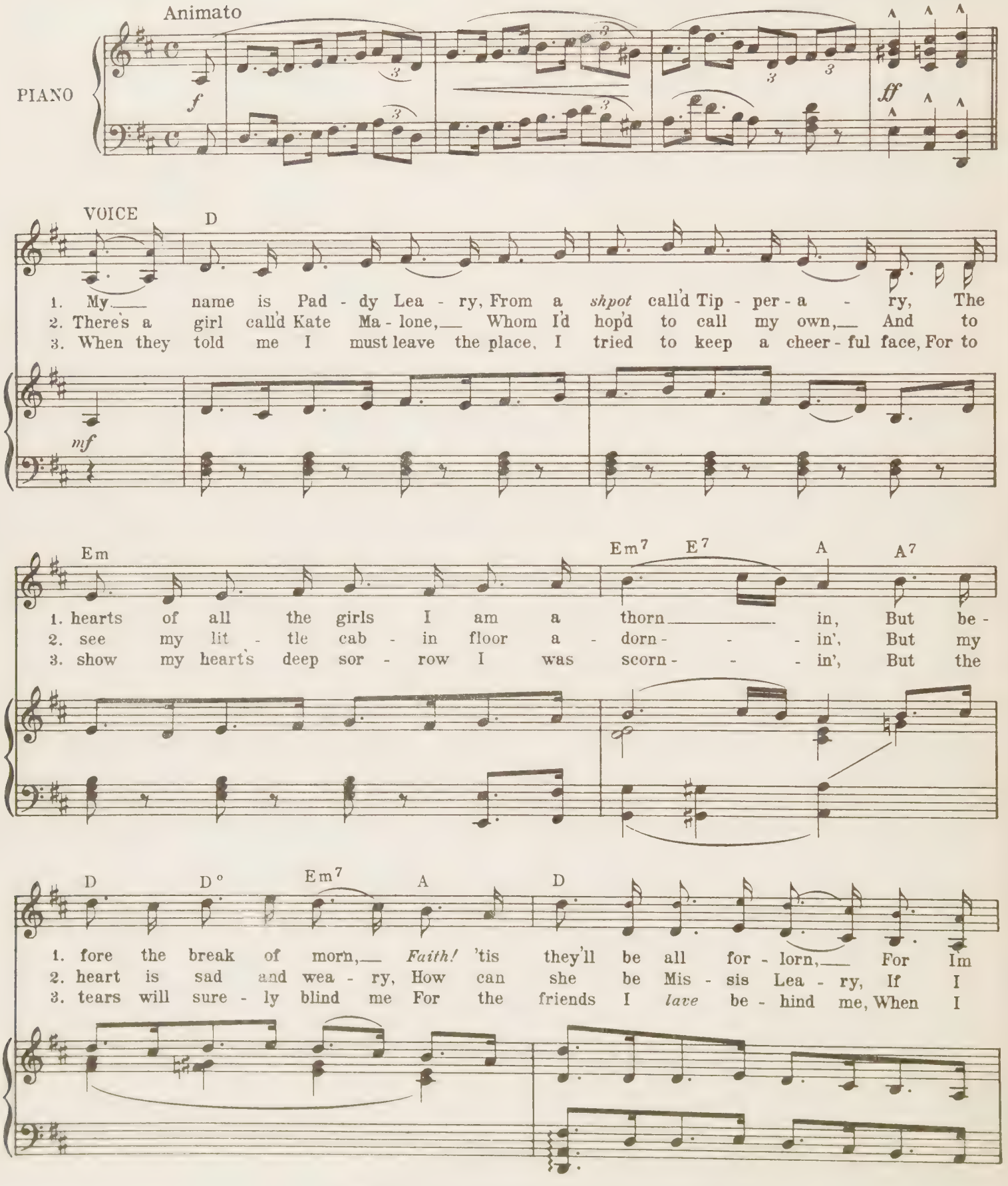

Ab Eb Eb7 Ab Eb Eb7
1.when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
2. Peg - gy, peace - ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye That
3. she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle dove Well-
4. la-dy would sit for - ninst me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While
Ab Eb Eb7 Ab F7 Bb Bb7
1. flow-er was there, that could com-pare To the bloom-ing girl I sing! As she
2. knock men down in the mar - ket town As right and left they fly; While she
3. worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of Love! While she
4. Peg-gy would sit be - side me With my arm a-round her waist: As we
Eb Fm7 Eb Fm Gm7 Fm
1. sat in her low-back'd car, The man at the turn-pike bar, Nev-er
2. sits in her low-back'd car, Than bat-tle more dan-g'rous far, For the
3. sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far, And—
4. drove in the low-back'd car, To be mar-ried by Fa-ther Maher, Oh, my
Eb Cm Bb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Abm Eb D.C.
rall. a tempo
1. ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his bald poll. And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
2. doc - tor's art Can-not cure the heart, That is hit from the low-back'd car.
3. en-vy the chick-en, That Peg-gy is pickin' While she sits in her low-back'd car.
4. heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.
rall. a tempo D.C.

My Name Is Paddy Leary

Off To Philadelphia

Words revised by
Stephen Temple

Adapted from the arrangement
of an old Irish Melody by
BATTISON HAYNES (1859-1900)



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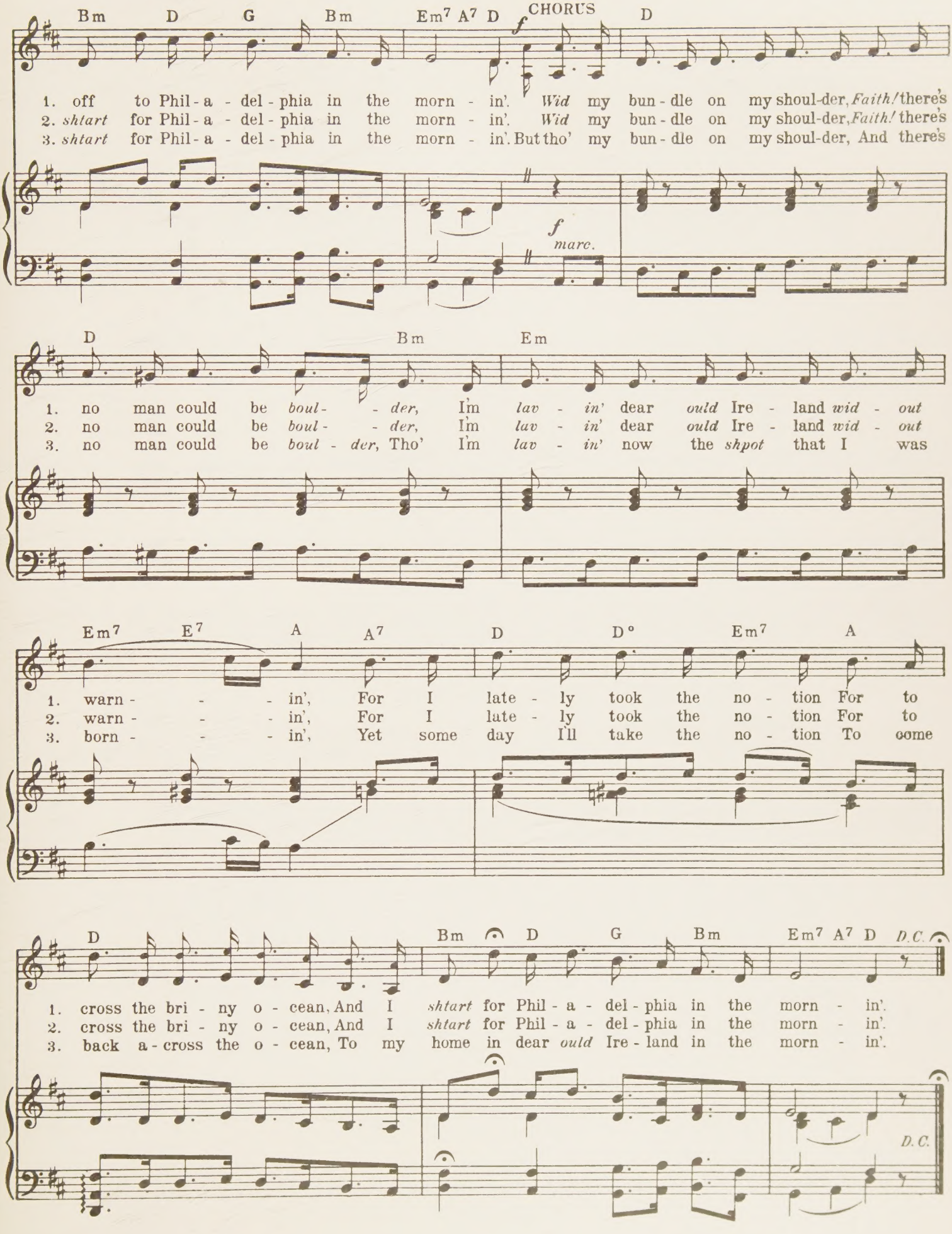
Bm D G Bm Em7 A7 D CHORUS D
1. off to Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'. Wid my bun - dle on my shoul-der, Faith! there's
2. shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'. Wid my bun - dle on my shoul-der, Faith! there's
3. shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'. But tho' my bun - dle on my shoul-der, And there's
f
marc.
D Bm Em
1. no man could be boul - der, I'm lav - in' dear ould Ire - land wid - out
2. no man could be boul - der, I'm lav - in' dear ould Ire - land wid - out
3. no man could be boul - der, Tho' I'm lav - in' now the shpot that I was
Em7 E7 A A7 D D° Em7 A
1. warn - in', For I late - ly took the no - tion For to
2. warn - in', For I late - ly took the no - tion For to
3. born - in', Yet some day I'll take the no - tion To come
D Bm D G Bm Em7 A7 D D.C.
1. cross the bri - ny o - cean, And I shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'.
2. cross the bri - ny o - cean, And I shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'.
3. back a - cross the o - cean, To my home in dear ould Ire - land in the morn - in'.
D.C.

The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow

(It Was On A Fine Summer's Morning)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

Air "Cailin Deas"
In Bunting's Ancient Irish Music (1796)

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

PIANO *

1. It was on a fine sum-mer's morn-ing, The birds sweet-ly tun'd on each bough, And
2. Then to her I made my ad-van-ces; "Good mor-row, most beau-ti-ful maid, Your
3. "The In-dies af-ford no such jew-els, So bright and trans-par-ent-ly clear; Ah!

1. as I walk'd out for my pleas-ure I saw a maid milk-ing her cow; Her
2. beau-ty my heart so en-tran-ces!" "Pray sir, do not ban-ter," she said; "I'm
3. do not add flame to my fu-el! Con-sent but to love me, my dear. Ah!

1. voice so en-chant-ing, me-lo-dius, Left me quite un-a-ble to go, My
2. not such a rare prec-ious jew-el, That I should e-nam-our you so, I
3. had I the lamp of A-lad-din, Or the wealth of the Af-ri-can shore, I would

1. heart it was load-ed with sor-row For +*Col-leen dhas cru-then na-moe.*
2. am but a poor lit-tle milk-girl," Says +*Col-leen dhas cru-then na-moe.*
3. rath-er be poor in a cot-tage With +*Col-leen dhas cru-then na-moe.*

* Play last two measures for Introduction or Interlude if desired

+ The pretty Girl milking her cow

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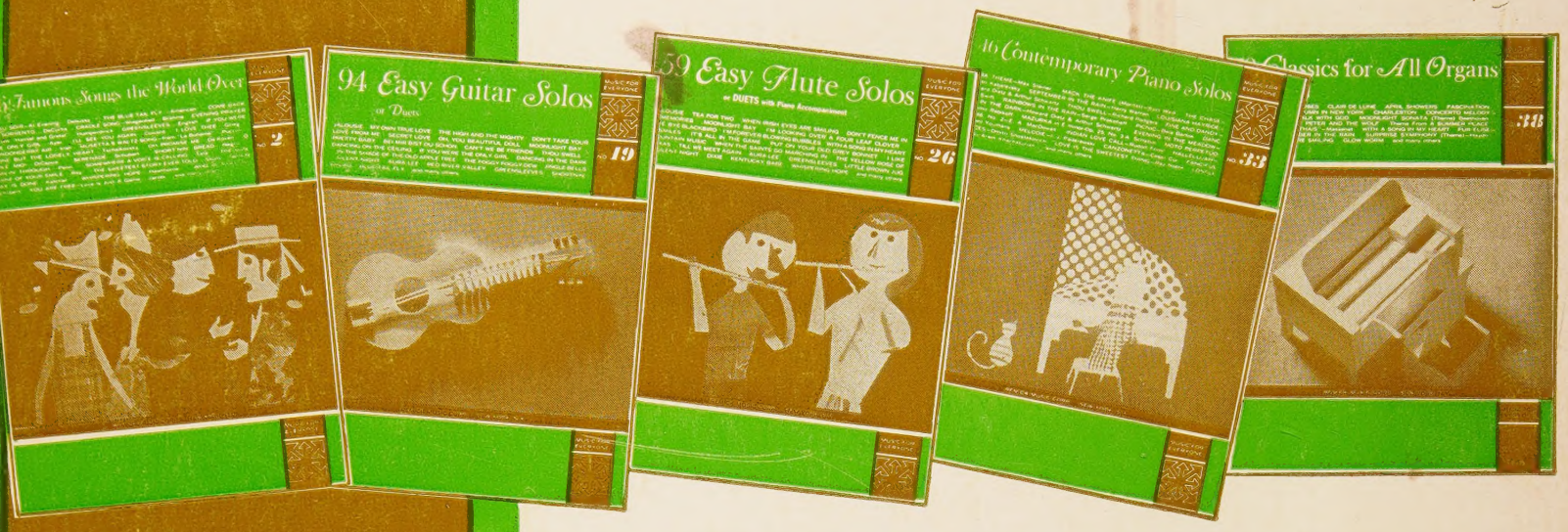

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